

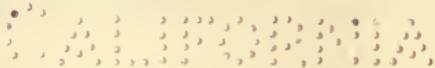
THE THREE LAWS AND THE GOLDEN RULE

THE THREE LAWS AND THE GOLDEN RULE

BY

MORGAN ROBERTSON

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A decorative floral ornament consisting of a circular arrangement of stylized flowers and leaves.A decorative floral ornament consisting of a circular arrangement of stylized flowers and leaves.

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THE THREE LAWS AND THE GOLDEN RULE

CONSIDERING the fact that they had never seen each other until the preceding afternoon, and the time of day—now about dawn—their attitude was decidedly unconventional. They stood, side by side, with arms entwined, while they gazed across the quiet lagoon and over the barrier reef at a strange object on the western horizon. Behind them was a rising wooded slope extending to the ridge of the island. To the left was wild country, unknown to the girl, known only to the boy from hunting trips; to the right, a limestone ledge, extending into the lagoon as a point, and impassable except inland at the ridge, or backbone. In this cliff was a flower-and-vine bordered cave, the home of the girl, where she had lived alone since infancy. It was decorated with strips of rotten rags; in one corner was a bed of moss, and in another a pile of nuts—for she was a vegetarian, never having discovered fire nor tasted of animal food. In still another corner was her dearest treasure, next to her new-found companion—a well-worn billet of wood wrapped in rags—her doll.

Beside them where they stood was a fresh-water pool, fed by a spray-like cascade from the ledge, and near it lay two life-buoys, one well kept, its ship's name legible, the other falling to pieces, its

printing nearly obliterated by time, wind, and sun. The first was the property of the girl, the last of the boy.

On the other side of the ledge was another cave, barren of ornamentation—the home of the boy—and other sprinkling cascades. Beyond was the sparsely wooded and sandy end of the island where he had lived his lonely life and worked out his development—where he had discovered fire and learned the taste of animal food, found flints and learned their uses, and from which he had driven all game, when hunger sent him across the ledge in quest of it. He had found it, also the girl. They had met and mated, but not married; for marriage was unknown to them. They had no language except the language of the eyes and of gesture. But they had already acquired a vocabulary of two words, Oolah, the name he had given her, and Ummah, the name she had bestowed upon him.

Shipwrecked in infancy, a few months apart, to drift ashore in life-buoys at different sides of the point, they had grown to adolescence as human animals—children of Nature.

Insane? No, for insanity is a breaking down of built-up conditions. Idiots? No, for idiocy implies degeneracy, and each was normal. They were intelligent, for they had studied and thought, though without words. Ugly, misshapen, malformed? No, they had lived in the open air in a warm climate, had missed the evils of civilization, had eaten lightly, breathed deeply, and exercised.

The boy was about twenty, tanned from head to

foot to the color of old copper, but whose Caucasian ancestry was indicated by his blue eyes and his fair hair, that reached to his shoulders. The girl was a year or so younger, whiter of skin, but darker of hair. There was a wealth of it, reaching to her waist. They were physically perfect, the realization of an artist's dream, and their raiment was as unconventional as their attitude.

The boy wore a leather girdle that supported a pouch containing pebbles, a sling, and a flint knife, while in his hand was a heavy stone tomahawk. The girl wore nothing but a look of amazement, curiosity, and concern; for she was gravely regarding the strange object on the horizon, the like of which she had never seen in her seventeen years of lonely sojourn on the far-away island. It was a schooner, close-hauled on the starboard tack, beating toward the barrier against the faint, easterly breeze.

The boy was equally interested, but, being more experienced in invention and discovery, was less alarmed, and when the schooner, evidently seeking an inlet, put about and headed south on the other tack, he turned his gaze on the girl, a more attractive object, and closer.

“Oolah,” he said, tenderly.

“Ummah,” she answered, smiling at him.

They could get no further, though waves of emotion flitted across the face of the boy, seeking expressions; then, his emotions crystallizing, his face, like that of a girl, assumed the one solely human expression—the acme of them all—and he joined the girl in smiling. Face to face they stood for

a few moments, smiling into each other's eyes; and, though there may not have been communication in their smiles, there was community of thought. The smile of the human countenance is indicative of pleasure, its anticipation, or its memory, and, like the expressions of anger, grief, and other basic emotions, is founded upon ancestral habit. It has even been asserted that the smile is the lingering remnant of a habit well established in the primordial days when the struggle for life was severe, when the only pleasure was that of eating, when the ape-like ancestor who could get his mouth open quickest was the one to first close it on food, and by so doing survive the struggle and transmit his habit to his descendants, to evolve in time into the smile. There is reason in the assertion: a hungry man's mouth will open—as well as water—at the sight of food; a quiet child becomes boisterous at the table, and, if housed, clothed, cared for, and protected, lovely woman is never so smilingly lovely as when receiving an invitation to eat—even though she decline it. Be that as it may, this wild girl, still smiling, left the boy and entered her cave. The boy, also smiling, followed in a moment and found her seated in the corner, holding her doll with one hand, and eating nuts with the other. It was breakfast time—time to eat.

He advanced to share the meal with her, and reached down toward the pile of nuts. But before he touched it, she dropped her handful, sprang to her feet, her smile replaced by a look of anger, and, with both hands on his shoulders, pushed him

away from her food supply. His face stiffened. He raised that murderous stone hatchet, and in a second more might have brained her, to spend the rest of his life in dumb grief—for, being human, he would not have forgotten—but she was too quick. Raising her wooden doll, she brought it crashing down on his head. It was of about the size, weight, and potency of a rolling pin, and, while the blow did not knock him unconscious, yet it sent him staggering backward out of the cave, where he sat down and wept, while the girl calmly resumed her interrupted meal.

The instinct of property rights may be designated as the Third Law of Nature, as, both in human and brute creation, it is so strong as to often dominate the Second Law, which is Reproduction of the Species, and the First, which is Self-Preservation. It is more ancient than the smile, or it would not assert itself among animals that have not developed the smile. It is powerful and almost universal. Nearly every living creature has something which it considers its own, even though it be but a hole in the ground. A male canary will feed its nesting mate lovingly while she remains on the nest, but will drive her away from the seed cup—his property—if she attempts to feed herself. A dog will fight to the death over a dry and exhausted bone, or cache it and forget the hiding-place. A cat knows her home, and knows that it belongs to her. She owns her favorite corner by the fire, the softest cushion in the house, the lap of her mistress, and even the stomach of her master, returning again and again

if driven away from her resting spots. A child owns its toys and resents their replevin by the parents who provided them. Many a miser has died under torture rather than reveal the whereabouts of his treasure. A millionaire, with one or both of his feet in the grave, will toil on to the last, acquiring millions that he can never enjoy. The most moral of women own their husbands, and will rifle their pockets as readily as they would nurse them while ill.

This ownership finds legal expression in dower right and alimony—denied to the male of the species. And perhaps Ummah instinctively recognized this limitation of Property Rights, for when his tears had dried, he sought a soft shady spot—the sun having arisen—where he lay down to nurse a splitting headache; and Oolah, when she had finished her breakfast, went out to look for him with a smile on her pretty face that might have indicated her confidence in the integrity of her position. She had certainly and efficiently defended her property.

“Ummah,” she called; then, spying him where he lay, she approached, still smiling.

“Oolah,” he answered, sitting up, but not smiling. Not only his aching head but his mental state prevented it. His feelings were hurt, as well as his head. He, a huntsman—who had never been conquered, who had been feared and avoided by all creatures that had come in contact with him, who had claimed as his own all land upon which he had placed his feet, who had even found and claimed as his own this attractive girl—was facing a problem that he could not solve by his code of ethics nor

by his experience. The girl was his property: he had found her. Why were not the nuts? He had found them, too.

He sank back when he saw that she had left her weapon behind her, and the girl smiled down on him until she noticed his moody, puzzled, and averted face. Then her smile left her and her face lighted with an idea and she ran quickly back to the cave, returning at once with her two hands full of nuts, which she offered him. But she had knocked his appetite out of him, and he refused to touch them, again turning his face away from her.

It is hardly possible that she had the slightest conception of the Golden Rule, for it is not congenital. It must be taught, and she had been taught nothing. The harmless wild beasts and birds of the island had avoided her; she had never been harmed, nor inflicted pain before. But she possessed an instinctive idea of generosity and justice, and as she dropped the nuts by his side, her eyes filled with tears; then, sobbing piteously, she sank down beside him. The boy turned his head and looked at her, his own eyes filling, and he spoke her name, which she answered with his. Then they wept together, mutely expressing the emotions for which they had no speech, and it had the usual effect; it relieved the headache of the boy and the grief of the girl. But still he would not touch the nuts, and after a few attempts to induce him, she rose to her feet and again went to the cave, returning this time with her treasure—her beloved doll.

It was too much. Even though she held it out to

him with both hands, he could not see that it was a peace offering; he only recognized the club with which she had struck him, and with an inarticulate snarl of rage, he sprang up, snatched the precious thing from her hands, and sent it whirling, far into the lagoon. It landed close to the dorsal fin of a man-eater, who scurried away a few hundred yards, then cautiously returned.

With a wild scream of outraged maternity the girl followed, and waded into the lagoon until up to her waist, then swam toward her darling doll. The boy followed slowly, his anger oozing out of him, but being replaced by another emotion that he had never felt before—jealousy. He was uneasy that she should be so deeply concerned over this worthless club—better ones than which he could find anywhere—as, first to hit him with it, then to follow it into the water. Neither of them had any knowledge of the menace beneath that creeping dorsal fin; neither had ever seen a shark in action. But the boy had felt from the beginning an intuitive hatred and fear of sharks, and since he had been able to throw stones, had made targets of their fins, to the result that they avoided the beach. This one must have been an undisciplined newcomer. It approached the doll at about the same speed as that of the swimming girl, who screamed occasionally, but not in fear, only in anger at the intrusion of the big fish.

The boy on the beach thoughtfully felt of the bump on his head, then from a desire to impress her, acted rightly. He wanted to prove his superiority to that inanimate stick of wood; so, loading

his sling, he flourished it, and sent a stone whizzing over the head of the girl to hit the doll and knock it out of water. She certainly was impressed, but not favorably. She looked back, angrily, and screamed, now at him. He loaded his sling again, and might have sent the next stone at her head, had he not learned that every living creature that he struck on the head gave him no further attention. So, that next stone hit the dorsal fin, and as she did not scream back at him, he sent another, and another, each hitting the fin, to the end that before the girl had reached her doll the shark was halfway to the reef.

The girl swam back and waded ashore, smiling again—happy in the possession of her pet, but perhaps not impressed by the marksmanship of the boy; for she passed dignifiedly by him, entered the cave, placed the doll in its corner, and returned to the entrance, where the boy had followed her and stopped.

They gravely regarded each other. Each had made a step forward in mental progress. He had learned that he must not touch her nuts, nor ill-treat that stick of wood; she had learned that he did not like her doll, and believed that he did not like nuts. Still unsmiling, they drew near each other, and the boy gently enfolded her in his arms, kissing her on the lips, cheek, and brow. It was the outward expression of the inward lesson—their first dim conception of the basic principle of all religion, and every code of morals, the Golden Rule.

But the Golden Rule is not a law of nature, and

is usually subordinate to any of the three, if they are active. In the case of the girl, though, all were satisfied and quiescent. Her life was not in danger, and she had recently breakfasted; she loved and was loved, with no rival to harass her; and her property was intact.

But the boy, however, immune, like the girl, from the Second and Third Laws, was yet troubled by the First. His headache was about gone, and he was getting hungry. There was an embargo on that pile of nuts which he did not now care to break, and which had no connection with its proximity to a hard and heavy club. He could still eat and thrive on nuts if necessary, but he knew of better food, to be had for the hunting.

Leaving the girl, he strode into the woods, and she, with a little incoherent cry of protest, followed, until she saw him whirl his sling and bring down a pigeon from the branch of a tree. Then she halted, and with a look of horror and disgust on her face watched him pass smilingly back to the beach, where he plucked and dressed the fowl, using his flint knife to split it for broiling. But feminine curiosity brought her to his side, and she stood over him, watching with interest the strange proceeding, but displaying no approval. The next step was to build a fire, and, followed by the wondering girl, he again entered the woods, and returned with an armful of dead branches, which he broke into lengths with his tomahawk, and kindled into flame with dry moss and sparks from his flint knife and a pebble. He had discovered fire years before, and had learned its

value in improving the taste of food; but it was only after repeated glances into the wide-open eyes of the girl that he was finally assured that she knew nothing about it.

He had impressed her at last, and, smiling proudly, he poked and prodded the sticks so that they would burn equally, while the girl watched the wondrous sight—to her, what it had once been to him, something alive, strange but beautiful, something which ate sticks. Frightened at first, then reassured by his confident smile, she approached, just as the last blazing stick had crumbled to embers, and raised one small foot to put it down on the dying animal and feel of it. But, with a warning yell, he caught her by the ankle just in time, and in the effort to save her from a bad burn, exerted too much strength and sent her sprawling on her back, safe from the fire, but angry at the assault. She arose, and not understanding the look of mixed concern and relief on his face, she went to her cave, while he went to the beach for the split fowl, which he left soaking in the salt water—a trick in cookery by which some civilized *chefs* could profit. Then he broiled it on the coals, and as it was a task requiring all his attention, he paid none to the girl. Curiosity, however—and perhaps the unknown but savory odor of broiled pigeon—brought her again to his side, just as the fowl was cooked. But she had not come with her weapon of defense, and he divided the meal—which bore no resemblance to the dead or living bird—offering her half. She held it in her hand while he gnawed into his own portion; then, understanding

that it was something to eat, took a cautious nibble. A delighted smile came to her face as she tasted it; the next nibble was a bite, and, though she finished after the hungry boy, perhaps it was only the previous breakfast of nuts that prevented her from mutely asking for more. For she went after wood and replenished the fire, burning her hand slightly—just enough to teach her the lesson—and kept the strange and beautiful thing alive with the food that it liked, while the boy, as was his habit after eating, sought the shade again and went to sleep.

He was aroused by Oolah's clutch on his arm and her scream in his ear. Jumping to his feet with a protective arm around the girl, he looked for the cause of her alarm—first at the fire, the only thing he knew of that could hurt her. Except for a few vapory wisps of smoke, it was dead. Then he followed her gaze to the lagoon. A large war canoe, paddled by thick-lipped, long-eared, semi-naked blacks, was approaching the beach from behind the point. Uncouth and ugly though they were, they had attained a higher civilization than had the boy and the girl; for they possessed language—they gibbered as they approached; they possessed a canoe and could handle it; and they seemed to know where they were, what they wanted, and where they were going.

Yet the boy instinctively recognized them as enemies. He looked for his tomahawk; it was gone. He reached into his pouch, finding only the pebbles; his flint knife and sling had disappeared. He was defenseless, and though they assuredly were his own

kind—as distinct from the animals that he knew—he glared menacingly at them while he drew the girl closer to his side.

There are no lies in the language of eyes, and these savages accepted the challenge. Yelling strange words, they grounded their canoe and rushed toward the pair, flourishing heavy wooden swords, spears, and clubs. The girl ran screaming to her cave, while the boy met the charge with two pebbles from his pouch, which felled two blacks; but before he could throw a third he himself was overcome, hurled to the ground, and bound hand and foot with leather thongs. Then they followed the girl, peered in, and finding no outlet but the entrance, left her under guard and returned to the canoe, from which they removed several empty gourds, and filled them at the cascade. This was evidently their object in visiting the beach.

That there was also a shortage of food was evidenced by some crouching in a circle around the boy, regarding him hungrily, while others returned to the cave, to as hungrily inspect the cowering girl. But there was disagreement, no doubt, as to which would be eaten first; for, with the forethought of cattlemen, cooks, and cannibals, they carried the half-conscious Ummah up out of the hot sun and into the cool cave, where they left him to get into good condition, while they squatted outside and deliberated.

No one but a sailor ties a knot that will not slip; and though Ummah was tightly fettered by turn after turn of leather, no sooner had the guards without the cave joined the dispute than the ends of

the thongs yielded to the deft fingers of Oolah, and he arose to his feet, bruised and numb from the blows he had received, but still unconquered. As he stretched his aching limbs, the girl, anxious and doubtful of face, approached him with his weapons—his tomahawk, knife, and sling—which she had just dug from under her pile of nuts. He took them, and first assuring himself that his supply of pebbles was still in his pouch, stepped to the entrance.

His appearance was hailed by shouts of anger and surprise. The blacks arose, and charged as before; but this time they were met by an opponent superior to any two of them in physical strength, and fully armed with weapons he was accustomed to. The first savage to come within the radius of that circling stone tomahawk crumpled like a limp rag doll and fell; the next sprawled over his body—both dead. Then the others fled to their canoe, but not all reached it. Stone after stone, sent by that whirling sling, bounced off their thick skulls and went whizzing into the air; and each victim fell to the ground, some to remain quiet, a few to crawl painfully to the canoe and climb in before the frantic survivors had launched it. But the bombardment continued while they paddled away, several more dropping at their paddles, and only when they were out of sight behind the point did Ummah cease. There were seven dead or dying on the beach, and but three erect in the canoe. He dragged the seven in the lagoon and left the tide to carry away.

Then, panting from his efforts, the successful

defender of home and fireside sat down on the sand and rested, while he watched the slow approach from the southward of the schooner seen that morning—which had found the inlet and was creeping up the lagoon on the faint land breeze. But he felt no alarm at the new visitation; he had conquered, as always, and could conquer again. Oolah approached him, smiling sweetly, approvingly, yet a little fearfully; but, though he glanced once at her face, he gave her no answering smile. Nor did he respond when she softly uttered his name. He sat, staring at the approaching schooner, with a troubling thought—if his mental processes could be called thought—that not even his strong self-confidence would down. He had memory and reason, and he knew that his weapons could not of their own volition have left his pouch while he slept. Oolah had taken them—but why? And why, having taken them, did she see fit to return them later? Without knowing it, he was considering a problem never yet solved by the husband of civilization, who finds on his way to work money that he had missed when dressing. His mind state was a jumble of the Three Laws of Nature plus his new-born conception of the Golden Rule.

As for Oolah, she sat beside him, calling his name occasionally, and only indicating by the wistfulness in her face that she felt what she could not understand—that something was wrong. She had not taken the commonplace pebbles, worthless because plentiful everywhere; she had only taken what was new to her, and valuable, and her own—as was this

strong companion—the knife, the sling, and the tomahawk. She could not by any explanation or action help him in his problem. And so they sat there, while the afternoon shadows lengthened, and the schooner, meeting a slant of wind from seaward, gathered better headway; then they both became conscious of hunger.

Rising at last, Oolah left him to do her part, as she understood it; she gathered sticks from the woods. He followed and helped her, then kindled the fire and brought down another pigeon, which he plucked and dressed as before, while she watched and prodded the beautiful fire—the strange, living creature that devoured sticks of wood.

Ummah had not spoken to her since early morning, and before the blazing sticks were reduced to embers, she went to her cave and returned with her doll, joining him as he came up from the beach with the split pigeon.

“Ummah,” she said, pleadingly, and tossed her treasure into the fire.

He looked at her, saw tears starting to her eyes, hesitated a moment, then rescued the doll from the flames, burning his hands while brushing off the blazing rags.

“Oolah,” he replied, as he handed it to her. Then he offered her his knife, his sling, and his tomahawk. But she pushed back the proffered gifts, as she smiled through the tears and caressed her unclothed doll.

The Golden Rule had won, and the Three Laws were in abeyance.

Then the bark of a gun and the splash of an anchor came from the lagoon; and, looking, they beheld the schooner sagging back on her cable with head sails down. She was a missionary craft, with a boat already in the water, filling with men.

THE AMERICANS

THE little bark *Salmon*, her cargo stowed by stevedores and her canvas bent by riggers, lay at the dock with lines singled up, waiting only for her crew. The tug was alongside; Captain Johnson was in his cabin, eating a late breakfast served by his Japanese steward; the cook was in the galley, cooking a dinner for the expected men. Mr. Billings, first mate, and Mr. Seward, second, waited impatiently at the gangway for their coming; and as the bark lay bow-in they did not observe a slim figure that stepped over the quarter rail and disappeared in the lazarette. Soon the crew came in an express wagon with their dunnage and herders—two boarding-house runners—who drove them and bundled them, bag and baggage, over the rail amidships.

“Here we are, Mr. Billings,” said one of these two, cheerfully. “Good men and two-thirds American, as the law requires. Here are the articles.”

He handed a large sheet of paper to the mate, who glanced at it, then at the crew. They certainly were a fine-looking, healthy lot of men, twelve in all, and he nodded approval.

“Pile your bags on the port side of the capstan, men,” he said, “and as I read off your names, answer and step over to starboard. If any man didn’t

sign these articles, let him speak out. Now: John Jackson."

"Here, sir," answered an intelligent-looking fellow, shouldering his bag and stepping across the deck.

"American?" asked the mate.

"Born in Montreal, sir."

"You'll do," said the mate, quickly, not anxious to press the question further.

"Michael McSorley," read the mate.

"Here, sorr," answered another, kicking his bag to starboard.

"No need of asking you," ventured Mr. Billings.

"Lars Larsen," he read again.

"I was here, sir," answered another, bag on shoulder. "I bane sail in American ships for——"

"Of course, you're an American. America is full of you. Pietro Parello, stand forth. You an American?"

A huge Italian went across the deck without replying to the query.

"Where were you born?" thundered the mate.

"I wasa born in Sorrento, Meester Mate, and I hava de nat—de natum—de paper, sir; I cannot speak de name."

"Right, but that will do. Hermann Guggenheimer."

A German said: "Here I was, sir," and followed the qualified ones to starboard. "I serve by the American navy, sir, and it make me American."

"Don't let the Kaiser get hold of you," advised the mate. "William Arsdale."

"Here, sir," answered a burly, red-faced fellow, stepping over.

"You an American?" asked the mate.

"I'm an Englishman, sir, born in Liverpool; but I'm rather glad o' that, and as for being an American for purposes of shipping, why, to be an Englishman born and bred is much better, as America rightfully belongs——"

"Shut up!" roared the mate. "I'll soon show you the difference. François Allaire."

A Frenchman stepped over with his dunnage, answering politely.

"Where were you born?" asked the mate.

"In Paris, sir; but I have been ver' long in dees country, and I feel—— Oh, I feel"—he held his hand to his heart—"that I am one good American."

"Glad you're proud of it," grunted the mate. "Donald McCullough."

A rawboned Scot stiffened up, said: "Here, sir," but did not move.

"American?" queried the mate.

"I am not, sir; I am a Scotchman, born in Aberdeen, and I consider your quastion supairfluous in view o' the fact that I am an able seaman."

"That's right," said the mate, with a twinkle in his eye. "Get over to starboard."

Donald followed, and the mate read off the next: "Alomano."

A brown-skinned, slightly-built man answered:

“Yes, sir,” and stepped over. Anticipating the question, he said: “I am born in Honolulu, misser, and Honolulu is American soil.”

“Good for you,” chuckled the officer. “Ivan Petropskly.”

A bearded man answered in good English, and stepped over.

“I was born in Russia, sir, and have never been naturalized. Yet I have sailed many years in American ships.”

“All right,” said the mate, glancing at the articles for the next name.

“George Washington,” he read, and a huge, dark man answered:

“Here, sah,” and quickly bore himself and belongings to starboard.

“No doubt that you’re an American,” said the mate.

“I consider maself an American, sah, as most all of ma race do in this heah hemisphere; but unfowtunately I was bawn in Jamaica.”

“You’ll be an American soon, then. John Smith,” called the mate. “No doubt about this fellow,” he added to Mr. Seward, for a tall, erect, copper-faced man with high cheekbones and straight, snaky, black hair, answered and stepped over. The mate laid the articles on the capstan head, and asked: “Where were you born? You seem to be the only real American in this crew.”

“I was born in America, sir—just north of the United States boundary line. You’ll find I know my work, sir; I sailed on the Lakes.”

"The Lakes! Oh, thunder!" sighed the mate wearily; then, glancing at the articles, he called: "Cook, come out o' that galley. Sin Soon, come out o' that."

The smiling Celestial appeared, rubbing a pot.

"You're an American, too, aren't you?" asked the mate.

"Velly much Melican. Cook fore time chop suey lestlant in Pell Street. Cook chop suey, cook hash, dundy funk, duff—cook scouse, cook beans——"

"Crawl back into your hole," yelled the irate Mr. Billings. Then, looking around, he spied the Japanese steward in the cabin companion.

"Ito Matsumoto," he called, after another glance at the articles, "come here." And the Jap approached.

"You an American, too?" asked the mate.

"Yes. I do not hab taken out my papers, but I one time steward on the *Oregon*, and I——"

"That's enough," growled Billings. "The skipper shipped you and the cook, and it's up to him. Get aft to your work, and you other Americans"—he turned to the crew—"take your bags into the forecastle and turn to. Bear a hand, now. And here, you; give me your receipt, and I'll sign it for twelve American sailors."

One of the runners produced another paper, which the mate signed, and then, while the runners took the articles and the receipt into the cabin to collect their "blood money," Mr. Billings and Mr. Seward went forward to hurry the men into their working clothes, which was soon accomplished. The tug went

ahead, the lines were taken in, and the little bark left the dock, bound down the bay for the open sea.

And before she reached the open sea the happy family in her forecastle was officially and effectually "turned to."

Captain Johnson had come on deck when the tug went ahead, and when the Narrows were passed he took the wheel—as is customary in small craft—and sent the helmsman forward to assist in making sail. It was now that the "turning to" began. Captain Johnson was a kindly faced, bearded man of forty, and his two mates were pleasant young men, a little younger than himself—all good fellows among their kind on shore, but devils incarnate at sea.

While the skipper looked on approvingly as he steered, men were cursed, kicked, and knocked down, at times with fists, but oftener with belaying-pins. These three were bred on the doctrine of American deep-water seafaring—that sailors, like mules, could only be governed by fear. Having been so governed themselves at the beginning, they could believe in no other method. So, before the topgallant sails were set, every man of the twelve but one had been more or less maltreated.

The exception was Smith, the Indian, who, when McCullough was stretched prone upon the fore hatch, deliberately left his place at the fore- topsail halliards, and going to the grindstone under the windlass, began sharpening his sheath knife. He was sternly called out, but did not come until the edge of his knife suited him. Then he appeared, trying

the edge on his thumbnail and looking darkly at the two mates with a dangerous glitter in his eyes.

“ My knife was dull, sir,” he volunteered in a throaty, guttural tone, “ and a sailor always needs a sharp knife.”

“ You’ll get along without any, if you don’t watch out,” responded Mr. Billings. But he said no more, and not one noticed the slight paling of his face. But all noticed that Smith was not struck, while they were being taught their places. Once broken in, however, causeless brutality ceased, and by this time all sail was made, the tug dropped outside of the lightship, and the little bark was heading out into the Western ocean, bound for Hongkong.

Then Mr. Billings, his good-humor restored with the successful upholding of his position, dragged out of the lazarette a slim, whispering creature in a good suit of clothes, whose hair was curly and parted in the middle, and whose nose was large, aquiline, and characteristic.

“ Stowaway, hey? What d’you mean by it? Where’d you come from? ”

The stowaway extended his hands, palms upward, and inclined his head to one side while he answered: “ I wanted to get away for a time, mister. Der bo-lice were after me, but I done notting, mister, I done notting.”

“ You’re one of the chosen people of the Lord, I take it. Which one of the ten tribes of Israel do you belong to? ”

“ I do not know, mister, but I was born in Hester Street, and I——”

“Hurray!” yelled the mate. “An American at last. Good. Get forward while I report your case to the skipper. On your way, now.”

He collared the poor Hebrew and flung him into the alley. Then he kicked him forward and down the poop steps, and sought the captain.

Captain Johnson came up, looked him over as he stood disconsolately amidships, and said: “We can’t turn back, nor waste time stopping an inbound ship. Put him to work, but he’ll get no pay. Send him down, however, and I’ll put him on the articles at a quarter a month for the passage. That’ll give him a dollar in Hongkong.”

So the name “Isaac Shapiro” was added to the articles, and Isaac was bundled forward into the arms of the stricken and sore-headed crew, who gave him the worst and wettest bunk in the port forecastle, and laughed at his tale of the fire in his little clothing store which his father had placed him in; of the suspicions of the insurance people when he went to collect; and of his being warned in time by his friend, Aby Slumpsky, who worked in the insurance office.

Isaac was only eighteen, but the burden of the battle of life was heavy upon him. He could not readily adjust himself to the ways of the sea, and complained bitterly at being called from sleep when eight bells rang. He could not go to sleep in the day watches below, and kept his watchmates awake with descriptions of his aches and pains; his little clothing store that an enemy had set fire to; the inhuman attitude of the insurance company; and

the hard fate that had sent him out upon the ocean, bound he knew not where.

On deck his work was scrubbing, scouring, and sweeping, overseen by an unkind first mate who called him names, until he learned—in spite of himself—the sails and some of the ropes, and to take the wheel in fine weather, while the more sailorly incumbent worked in the rigging.

As his usefulness increased, his ill-treatment decreased, so that by the time the ship had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, Ikey, as they called him, was in good standing with the crew; and the crew, fully disciplined and impressed, were in good standing with the after-guard, which, however, in its three units, stood ready to forcibly correct an unwise sailor who should so far forget the etiquette of the sea as to pass to windward of an officer, or omit the “Mr.” and the “sir” when addressing one.

Ikey learned this lesson early—about the time that he learned the compass—and never transgressed again. He even “mistered” his shipmates, who, when they had found out that no amount of punishment could thoroughly silence his voice, tried the other tack, and when not too tired and irritated by fatigue or loss of sleep, joked with him good-naturedly. And Ikey, under the influence of kindness, became companionable and entertaining.

He could furnish little of the latter, and that in his only specialty; he was a business man, a graduate of the grammar school and a commercial college, and he was a splendid arithmetician. He learned the probable length of the voyage, and calculated

the pay due each man at the end, comparing the result mournfully with his own hard-won stipend.

And so, with the "sweet little cherub" perched upon the main truck, and the Angel of Peace hovering above, the bark sailed into the northern fringe of a cold Antarctic storm, the center of which was coming north; and here came events that sent the Angel of Peace to leeward, but gave the cherub a tighter grip on his perch—to "look out for the fate of poor Jack."

It was a fair wind, and Captain Johnson, hoping to escape the deadly storm center, crowded on sail instead of taking it off, and with every spar bending, and rigging singing like fiddle strings, the little craft charged on, sliding down long slopes of half a mile length to becalm her topsails in the trough; then rising slowly as the sea passed on, to have them nearly whipped out from the sudden contact with the blast.

Steering was difficult, even with two men at the wheel, and to make it easier Captain Johnson clewed up and furled the mainsail and cro'-jack.

This helped the steering, but brought a heavy strain upon the foresail—a good sail to scud under, but in this case old and weak. To save it from blowing away he decided to reef it, and to this end coils of running gear were thrown to the deck, and buntlines, clew garnets, and leachlines were cast off the pins in readiness.

Here was where the Angel of Peace took flight. Ikey, mistaking the foretopgallant sheet for a buntline, a rope of the same size and belayed on the next

pin, cast it off, and in a minute the topgallantsail was in ribbons.

Loudly swore the skipper and mates, and roundly and soundly they hammered poor Ikey, until he nearly lost his senses. And when the crew—all hands on such a job—had been sent aloft and bent a new topgallantsail in that howling gale, and had come down, they further added to his punishment.

At the end they lifted him into his bunk, too full of sprains, broken small bones, and contusions to be of use. Then they were sorry; for Ikey had made but a very usual and common mistake, as ships are rigged; but for the first time on board Ikey's tongue was silent. He was too sore and enraged to speak.

But they charged on, with the wind increasing and the barometer falling; and at last when it had become a dangerous maneuver Captain Johnson decided to heave to—that is, put the craft to the wind.

As the storm center was surely overtaking him, he chose the port tack, in order to drift away from it. Everything was furled but the topsails, spanker, and foretopmast staysail, and the yards braced to starboard.

Then, before putting the wheel down, Captain Johnson called his two mates aft to give them specific instructions, as the crashing of seas and the increased noise of the wind while headway was stopped might prevent orders from being heard.

But headway was already lessened, by the shortening down and the bracing of the yards, and no sooner were the three together on the starboard quar-

ter than a huge hill of water lifted up, crashed over the stern, and pinned the two helmsmen against the wheel, luckily amidships, so that it did not spin, and kill them.

But the sea produced other results. The three men on the quarter were engulfed by the small Niagara which seemed to beat the stern of the bark down; then they were lifted high above the quarter rail, high above the house and its monkey rail, and over the side. The ship was making twelve knots, and before the helmsmen were able to sing out, and the half-drowned men forward able to comprehend, they were half a mile astern.

They were clad in tightly buttoned oilskin coats and hip rubber boots; every boat on board was upside down on the forward house, and there was not a life-buoy on deck. The bark went on, before the wind, until the crew, under the influence of the master spirits, Jackson, Arsdale, McSorley, and others, and spurred by other big hills that climbed on board, watched for the last of three big seas, and put the wheel down.

The bark struggled a while in the trough, then came slowly to the wind, and rode the seas well. Then the watch went below, and at eight bells the other watch went down, and when both sides were rested there was a powwow in the port forecastle, to which the steward and cook were invited, and in which all had their say—but to the same conclusion: Not a man on board knew where they were or had the faintest inkling of navigation.

“Then it’s up to you, Ikey, me boy,” said Mc-

Sorley. "Can you study navigation from the skipper's books an' git this ballyhoo into port?"

"I can, but I won't," snarled Ikey, sitting up and glaring at them. "Lo-ufers what you are. Lo-ufers, I say. You hit me, you kick me, when I do notting."

"Oh, that's all right, Ikey," said Arsdale, soothingly, "we didn't mean to hurt you—not a bit. But you let go the t'gallant sheet when you shouldn't, don't you know, and made us lots o' work, you know."

"Navigate yourselfs; I haf nottings to do with you. I wish I was dead, or back in mine store, where I call a boliceman when you hit me."

"I t'ink, if you will permit me," said Frenchman Allaire, "zat it will be bettaire if I talk to heem politely. You men are—ah—somewhat sudden in your conversation. I will speak to him. Ikey——"

"Shut up," said Ikey. "I want none of your politeness. I stay in my bunk, and when I get home I haf the law on you. On you all, I will."

"I think you's de mos' unreasonable man I ever seen in all my bawn days," said Washington. "Heah you is, de only eddicated man in dis heah crew, and we offer to make you captain of dis ship, and you refuse."

"I don't want to be captain. Go 'way with you all."

"Give him another bat on the nose," suggested McSorley.

"Pool him dot bunk oudt," said Guggenheimer. "His watch on deck it iss."

“Na, na,” said McCullough. “Dinna ye see that the man’s only in a temper, and he’ll listen to reason whin he comes round?”

“And the ship driftin’ Hell knows where,” said Jackson. “Get him out o’ that and drive him aft.”

“You will not drag me out,” shrieked Ikey. “I stay mineselup right here in mine bunk where you put me.”

“I once heard a skipper say,” said Petropskly, in his pure diction, “that any schoolboy could master navigation in three months. Surely this man can learn enough to lay out a course in a few days. I would attempt it, only that I cannot read English, much less understand figures.”

“Get out o’ thot bunk, ye hook-nosed—— Raus mit him—— Be reasonable, mon, be reasonable—— Ay, me lad, we’ll use force upon you—— Get a rope’s end, and hook on—— Get chain hooks—— Wait, wait, politeness is best, politeness—— Shut up, Frenchy—— I think mineseluf proud to be made cappen——” and they all joined in, even Sin Soon, the cook, adding his contribution to the polyglot protest. And over the uproar rose high and shrill Ikey’s defiance and disdainful refusal. Never was so modest a candidate in the face of certain election.

But it was McCullough who diplomatically quelled the riot and brought back the Angel of Peace overhead.

“Wait,” he said, when he could be heard. “We’re forgettin’, I think, the main incentive to labor in any capacity, remuneration. Ikey, we’re willin’ to reimburse you for your trouble.”

"What?" answered Ikey, the frown vanishing from his brow, and the glare from his eyes. "Pay me? You pay me? How much?"

"A reasonable amount out of our pay, of course. The consul of the nearest port will settle it."

"No-ah. Oh, no-ah," said Ikey, laying back in his bunk. "You want me to study navigation. Very well, I make mine own terms mineselup."

"And fwat are yer terms?" asked McSorley, his brogue increased by his excitement.

"All der money what you all earn until we get to port."

"You dommed inhuman robber and thief!" stormed McCullough, his sympathies turning at the outrageous demand. Again the uproar began, and through it all Ikey remained quiet and recumbent, until the last voice had spoken.

"I haf told you my terms," he said, with what dignity he could assume while horizontal. "You can accept or refuse, as you blease."

"Come out on deck, boys," said McSorley. "We'll talk it over out o' reach of his long ears."

Out they trooped, and McSorley reminded them, first, that they had already drawn three months' advance money, and that the nearest port could be reached before the three months were up; second, that under the circumstances it was best to accept, even though they lost every cent lawfully, as they had expected to be "worked out" in Hongkong, anyway.

"Working out," be it explained, is so ill-treating a crew on arrival in a foreign port that they will

desert to escape it, thus forfeiting by law all wages due and clothing left behind.

Mike's argument was logical, and they all voted in the affirmative, also in the affirmative upon an amendment proposed by McCullough—that in lieu of the extra month's pay which they expected to lose they would draw from the skipper's slop chest, and supply themselves with clothes. Whereupon the cherub aloft slid down to the royal yard for a firmer grip, for his job was reaching its limitations.

They filed in, and apprised Ikey of their decision, and he painfully climbed out and went aft, saying that he would see what he could do. He appeared in an hour and announced that navigation, as concerned the plotting of a course, the taking of the sun for latitude, and the taking of sights for chronometer time, were well within his powers, provided that he had a few days for study.

They gave him time, and without electing mates they busied themselves for a couple of days in watching the ship and making sail as the wind went down. Then Ikey appeared, announced that he had the ship's position by approximate drift from the last entry in the log; that he had figured the course east on the fortieth parallel, and that he was ready to begin when they had signed the agreement, which he read to them.

In was a long, comprehensive, and iron-clad document, to the effect that every last cent of every man's pay while the passage lasted to a safe consular port should fall due to Isaac Shapiro in return for his services as navigator and captain.

They cheerfully signed their names, even the Asiatic steward and cook, who had drawn no advance and had no fear of being worked out. But McSorley's fists were hard and their ribs tender, while the objurgations of the rest were deafening and persuasive. So, about eighteen hundred dollars of wages were signed away.

Thus fortified, Ikey chose, on the advice of all, McCullough and McSorley first and second mate, and began his duties as student and navigator, while his mates, better sailors, handled the bark and accepted the courses given them.

Ikey did well, but there was nothing remarkable in his so doing. Navigation is applied science, and has been so simplified for its study by unlettered men of the sea that—as the Russian had quoted—it can be mastered in all its details in three months. A keen, shrewd, and quick-witted mathematician like Ikey needed less time.

The skies were no sooner clear than he was taking the sun at midday, and in a week had instructed McCullough in taking morning sights for longitude, also intrusting to him the keeping of the log book, much to the disgruntlement of his fellow-officer, McSorley, who remarked in the hearing of Donald that it "wuz sympathy of race—that the Scotch were descended from the two lost tribes of Israel, and that wuz why a Jew couldn't make a livin' in Scotland." McCullough won in the little friction that followed, and after that the second mate was more careful in his remarks.

As agreed upon, they drew clothes from the skip-

per's slop chest, and forgot to turn in an account to Ikey; then, having formed the habit, they looted it, and threw away their old clothes to make room for the new in their bags; whereupon the cherub up aloft quit his job, and Ikey, keenly observant—for he had secretly clad himself—entered their offense in the official log, the use and value of which he had learned.

But the Angel of Peace held on, and the little bark sailed smoothly on across the Indian Ocean, Ikey making a good landfall of St. Paul's Island and then hauling to the northward, not for Java Head and the Straits of Sunda, where the tide ran only one way and winds were light and variable, but for Malacca Pass at the head of Sumatra, from which he could sail down the Malacca Strait without interference from consuls, and the shortening of his service and its emoluments.

He successfully achieved the difficult feat, declining a Strait pilot, and passing Singapore into the China Sea without molestation. Success made him confident and at times authoritative. He grew stouter on the good fare of the cabin—some of which was served in the forecastle, however—bore himself well, and declined all but official conversation with the rest.

And so, with clear sailing up the China Sea, and good weather to aid him, he took a pilot off Hong-kong, and paced the top of the cabin in the most approved captainish manner, while the bark went in and his former masters hauled, and pushed, and panted at furling sail and getting anchors ready.

Donald and Mike moored the bark, as this maneuver cannot be learned from books; then Ikey, hailing a sampan, went ashore, with the ship's papers—for so far had his nautical education progressed—and reported at the customhouse. Then he hied himself to the American consul. And in his pocket was the official log and the signed forfeiture of pay. He found the consul a rather bluff and direct individual, who quickly scanned the log and the agreement, and listened to his story.

“Got the articles with you?” he asked, and Ikey produced them. The consul glanced at the heading, read the names, and laid them down.

“Now, as I understand,” he said, “you, as acting captain, want these men punished for robbing the slop chest.”

“Of course,” said Ikey, shrugging his shoulders. “They robbed the dead captain of his clothing, and they ought to go by the jail, I say. A man who will rob a clothing store will do murder. He should be in jail for life.”

“Possibly,” said the consul dryly. “We'll have to figure out how much they got. The punishment is forfeiture out of their pay of an amount equal to the amount of the theft, and also a possible year's sentence to jail.”

“But a year is not enough,” protested Ikey. “They hit me, they kick me, they call me names, so helup me. And besides, they have no money coming to them. They signed it all over to me if I navigate. I had to study, and I did navigate. All the money what they haf earned comes to me, for there is

the agreement, signed—signed by all, over eighteen hundred dollars I have earned."

The consul picked up the articles, and looked at the names. His face puckered.

"I see," said he, "that this ship sailed from New York on December twenty-sixth of last year—that is, eighteen ninety-eight, and two or three days after the enactment of the new Seamen's Law, which prohibits a three months' advance to sailors and allows for only a month's allotment to a favored creditor before sailing. If these articles stand—though I don't see how or why the shipping commissioner put them through, the men are only entitled to about a month's pay, and if the agreement stands, that's all you'll get after they pay up the slop-chest account."

Then Ikey swore. "Only one month they get!" he exclaimed. "I am ruined."

"Perhaps you are," said the consul. "Perhaps all you'll get is the twenty-five cents a month you signed for. Now keep still while I read up a little."

He consulted his law books, and soon found what he sought.

"Listen," he said. "I'll read what bears upon this case. Forty-five, thirty-six of the Revised Statutes says this:

"Every payment of wages to a seaman or apprentice shall be valid in law, notwithstanding any previous sale or assignment of wages, or of any attachment, incumbrance, or arrestment thereon; and no assignment or sale of wages or of salvage made prior to the accruing thereof shall bind the party making the same.

"Captain Shapiro," he concluded, emphasizing the

prefix, "the men have been paid three months' advance, and have got it. It can't be taken away from them. They have about a month's pay, and this will about pay for the clothes. Did you take any clothes?"

"I took this suit," answered the dazed Ikey. "I was ragged, and I was captain, and I——"

"That's enough. I'll take charge of the bark *Salmon*, pending cable advices from the owners, and you'd better find a job and add something to that dollar due you, or I'll put you in jail for a year—that is, if I catch you."

"And the men!" screamed Ikey. "The men that hit me and kick me!"

"I'll send a marshal out and arrest the lot for breaking into ship's stores."

"And I get notting—notting?"

"Yes, jail, if I catch you around here again."

A groan of anguish broke forth from Ikey, and he departed, waving his hands above his head. He was not arrested, because the consul did not see him again. Nor were the men arrested; when the marshal boarded the bark *Salmon*, she was empty of all but the cook and steward, who proved their innocence by showing well-filled trunks of clothing other than slops.

And again on the main royal truck was the cherub, and high over all soared the Angel of Peace.

DIGNITY

CAPTAIN BILL STIMSON was drunk. There was no question about it. He wabbled slightly as he walked, and his face was red as tomato sauce, while his voice was thick, throaty, and incoherent. One thought dominated his clouded intellect—that his ship was nearly loaded and that he needed a first mate at once, to relieve the ship's husband who had looked out for the craft during her stay in port, and whose job, in view of the coming departure, was already too heavy for a man with no future interest in her welfare. So, looking for a first mate, he sought Sandy Ferguson, who kept a high-class sailors' boarding-house, and Sandy introduced him to a six-foot Irishman clad in Broadway garments, who showed him his discharges.

They were A 1. There were three, marked "V. G." (very good), certifying that he had sailed three voyages as first mate in English, French, and American ships, and each of the three bore marginal notations of three captains' good opinions of him. Back of these were a bundle of discharges testifying to his worth as boy, ordinary and able seaman. Also, there was a diploma from the University of Dublin.

"For ye'll know, sir," said Mr. Flannagen, "that this diploma transcends in value all the other papers that I'm showing you. I can not only pick out the numbers from a table of logarithms, but I calculate

the tables. I'm an educated man, sir, but I took to the sea from the love of it. I could ha' been a lawyer, a doctor, a litheary man, or a poet, but the irresistible song of the sea hit me heart strings, and I couldn't resist. So I shipped, and am lookin' for'ard, like a true seaman, for a command."

"Good!" said Captain Stimson. "You'll do. Come aboard to-morrow morning and sign articles, as first mate. We sail in a few days."

"I will that," said Mr. Flannagen, and they separated.

Captain Stimson went over to South Street, took a few more drinks, and forgot all about Mr. Flannagen; but he still remembered that he needed a mate. So he went back to Cherry Street, and, possibly from the fact that his objective consciousness had closed business with Sandy Ferguson, he sought another boarding-house kept by Mike Murphy. Mike had the man for him, and brought him forth.

"He's a Dootchman, skipper," said Mike, "but a good Dootchman, see? He's served in the Garman navy as bos'n, an' he has papers galore. Papers, begob, that I don't know the meanin' av. He's been skipper av a four-master, an' second mate av the big *Prushen*—know her? Five masts, all square-rigged."

The "Dootchman" had waited in the background while Mike sang his praises, but now was beckoned forward. He was big, bearded, and muscular, but with the eye and face of a scholar.

"I have here my discharges, sir," he said. "But what are discharges given by a mediocre skipper who

cannot judge beyond mere seamanship? Never have I sailed with a skipper who could meet me or understand me. But I think that you, sir, are a man able to appreciate the value of education in any walk of life. Here are my papers, captain, ranging through a period of fourteen years, and embracing my service as boy, ordinary seaman, able seaman, third, second, and first mate, and an English board of trade license as master. Also, which is of more importance, I think, my degree from Heidelberg."

The papers looked good to Captain Stimson, and he forthwith shipped him as first mate—with no thought of Mr. Flannagen, and told him to come aboard in the morning and sign articles for the voyage. Then he left him, drank further, and forgot them both, until having found his ship with the homing instinct of cats and carrier pigeons, he slept through the night and far into the morning. When he wakened he summoned his steward, and from him received his breakfast and certain stimulating liquids that put him into about the same state of mind as when he had talked with Mr. Flannagen the day before. And then Mr. Flannagen appeared.

Captain Bill remembered him, and signed him on the articles as first mate, telling him to come on board with his dunnage on the following morning, and meanwhile to look through the boarding-houses for a good crew. So instructed, the six-foot graduate of the University of Dublin departed, and Captain Bill continued his libations until, when Mr. Wagner, the graduate of Heidelberg, appeared, he was in a condition of mind to forget Mr. Flannagen,

and remember only Mr. Wagner. He gravely produced the articles, and handed a pen to Mr. Wagner.

"You ship me as first mate, sir?" asked the German. "I see here a name signed by another man as first mate."

Captain Bill looked blindly at the blur on his articles, but could not read the name, much less remember Mr. Flannagen. So he said thickly and hotly: "Never mind what's on the articles. I've shipped you as first mate, an' that's all you need to know. Take these articles to the shippin' office an' look for a crew. I always 'low my mate to ship the men. Ship the men to-morrow an' bring 'em aboard. Twelve able seamen, an' no ordinary or boys. Hear me? Now, along with you. I'm goin' to sleep."

So he took a nap, and when he wakened remembered that he had shipped two mates, who were to be on board in the morning, and also that he had instructed one, or both, to select and ship the crew. He put this matter from his mind, finished up the concluding business of his departure, drank himself into further stupidity, and went to sleep for the night.

His sleep extended far along toward noon of the following day; and while he slept things were happening in his name over which he had no jurisdiction. Mr. Flannagen, with no definite knowledge of the time when the crew were to sign articles, had yet spread the news around the boarding-houses. Mr. Wagner, on the other hand, with the articles in his possession, and armed with definite instructions as

to the time for their appearance, had mustered another contingent into the shipping commissioner's office at ten o'clock, just about the time that Mr. Flannagen's contingent began straggling in.

Soon the office was filled with the unkempt men of the sea, and Mr. Flannagen and Mr. Wagner met at the rail before the deputy's desk, each announcing himself as the first mate of the ship and the representative of Captain Stimson.

There was a warm argument, punctuated by profane criticism and recrimination, during which each candidate produced his discharges and diplomas, and to which the deputy listened with open mouth and ears. Never before had he known of two first mates to one ship. So he called his chief.

"It's all right," said this worthy at length. "Captain Stimson has merely made a mistake, it seems, and put you both down as first mates, when he certainly had one of you in his mind as second. As he has signed you each for the same pay, I don't see the need of quarreling. You'll both stand watch, and the difference will be merely nominal. Shake hands and pick your men."

They shook hands, and smiled. But each claimed the privilege of choosing the men. Again the commissioner overruled them. "Take turns, man for man," he said. "As Mr. Wagner had brought the articles, he will pick the first man."

So Mr. Wagner looked over the crowd and beckoned a six-foot German to the front. He came, but another six-foot sailor, thinking himself the man invited, arrived before him. Mr. Wagner looked at

him indignantly and waved him aside; whereat Mr. Flannagen's eyes opened a little.

"Your name and discharges?" demanded Mr. Wagner of the man he had chosen.

"Ludwig Meyer, sir, und I was born by Hamburg, und here is mine papers."

Mr. Wagner inspected the papers. They satisfied him, and Ludwig Meyer signed his name to the articles as able seaman. Now it was Mr. Flannagen's choice, and he asked of the man waved aside by his associate his name and record.

"John Casey, av Dublin," answered the man tartly; "an', though I'm not much av a deep-water man, havin' done me sailin' on the coast, still, it's the foorst time in me life thot I've been shoved aside for a Dootchman." He looked threateningly at the "Dootchman," who returned his look with the confidence born of winning.

"Where are your discharges?" asked Mr. Flannagen.

"I have none, sor," answered Casey, "but here's a bunch av newspaper clippin's thot'll vouch for me bein' the champeer heavyweight av Hoboken. I can pull a rope, an' I can steer. If thot's enough, sign me on, sor."

Mr. Flannagen inspected the clippings and signed him on.

Again Mr. Wagner had the choice, and he beckoned the largest man of Teutonic countenance among the crowd. His name was Wiegand, and his discharges satisfactory. Next, Mr. Flannagen questioned another, the biggest Celt of the lot. His name

was Sullivan, and his discharges, though perhaps not up to the mark, satisfied Mr. Flannagen. Sullivan was signed on.

And in this manner the crew was shipped—Mr. Wagner choosing the largest and ablest Germans of the crowd, Mr. Flannagen choosing the largest and ablest Irishmen. Toward the last of the choosing, discharges played a small part in the applicant's value. Size, health, muscular development, and the mysterious attribute named as personality dominated written records; and six Germans and six Irishmen were signed as able seamen, the latter of whom hardly knew the masts, much less the ropes; but each was six feet tall or more, and each had his racial self-respect.

Mr. Wagner's choice was Meyer, Wiegand, Dinkel-spiel, Lieberkrans, Guggenheimer, and Kolbt; Mr. Flannagen selected Casey, Sullivan, McSorley, Devlin, Hooligan, and Lynch. And as the commissioner read down the list on the articles, he muttered: "God help this ship, unless Captain Stimson gets on the wagon."

There were a few more preliminaries attended to such as the signing away to various boarding masters a month's allotment of pay, for board, clothes, and spending money; then the crew went on board the ship, where Captain Stimson was still asleep.

Mr. Flannagen and Mr. Wagner, having agreed tacitly upon an armed neutrality, wakened him, and apprised him of the situation, whereupon Captain Stimson, groaning forth an oath of protest, told them to take the ship to sea and to let him alone.

He rolled over to further sleep, and the two mates went on deck.

A tug, already engaged, was alongside, the lines were singled up without conflict of authority, and with other lines to the tug on the quarter, the last moorings were gathered in and the ship started down the river. Later on, a towline was passed, and the tug went ahead of the ship, for the long tow down the bay and out past the lightship.

The day was spent in stowing away fenders, gangway planks, and anchors, and, later, in sending down the fish tackle and the securing aloft of chafing gear; then followed the making of sail, first of the fore and after canvas, then of the square-rigged. The two mates, bound by their native good breeding, had worked in harmony, waiting for Captain Stimson to wake up and decide the supremacy of one or the other. But the two halves of the crew, bound by no such considerations, had conflicted more or less, so that several black eyes and swollen noses had resulted from the mix-up.

But at about seven bells in the last dogwatch, just as the two officers were choosing watches, Captain Stimson appeared on deck. He had slept as long as he could, and, with a necessary bracer in his rather hot "coppers," he was fairly clear-headed. So he delicately refrained from asserting himself until the watches had been chosen—all the Irish going to Mr. Flannagen's watch, the Germans to Mr. Wagner's. This done, there was an embarrassing silence, for neither mate could so override the position of the other as to order the port watch below, as is custo-

mary on the first night out of home. But Captain Stimson relieved the momentary tension by calling out:

“Lay aft here, the first mate.”

Both officers obeyed, and stood before him under the break of the poop.

“I didn’t want you both,” said the captain, ill-humoredly.

“It seems, Captain Stimson,” said Mr. Flannagen, “that you shipped both Mr. Wagner and myself first mate, and neither of us second mate. It’s for you to decide, sir. Both names are on the articles as first, but we haven’t disagreed as yet.”

“But,” said Mr. Wagner, “if you will only to your articles refer, you will find, against my name in my own handwriting, your own handwriting where you wrote me first mate.”

“And, if I remember correctly,” added Mr. Flannagen, “you’ll find your handwriting against my name, sir. First mate, it says, sir.”

“But,” said Mr. Wagner, warmly, “you gave into my hands the signing on of the crew, sir. You distinctly told me the time to ship the men.”

“But you signed me first on the articles,” rejoined Mr. Flannagen, with equal warmth. “In the first place, I say; and what man you ship after that is a second mate. My name heads the lists, as you’ll know when you look, Captain Stimson.”

“At the same time, captain,” said Mr. Wagner, “you were not only my, papers impressed with, but you shipped me because of the fact that I was a graduate of the Heidelberg University.”

"You've got nothing on me," retorted Mr. Flannagen. "I'm a graduate of the University o' Dublin."

"What's all this!" gasped Captain Stimson, who had listened to the argument open-eyed and open-mouthed. "Which one o' you did I ship first mate, and which second? I was drunk, I admit, but not so drunk as to ship two first mates and no second."

"But that's what you did, sir," said Mr. Flannagen, "unless Mr. Wagner here has made a mistake. I took him at his word, though, and have not contested his claim."

"Let me look at the articles," said the captain, turning away. "Send the watch below, however, and wait till I come up."

He descended, and the two officers, mindful of the etiquette of the sea which prescribed that the second mate and the starboard watch take the ship out of port, and the first mate and the port watch take her out when homeward bound, marched side by side to the waist, and called out almost simultaneously: "Go below, the port watch."

"And which is the port watch, sir?" asked the heavyweight champion of Hoboken.

"Go below, my side," said Mr. Flannagen firmly. And "Go below, my men," said Mr. Wagner, equally as firmly.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered several voices, and all hands flocked to the port forecastle.

Then the two officers dignifiedly went aft, unmindful of the rumpus that ensued when eleven men essayed to people a forecastle holding but six. Be-

yond mention that the Irish contingent won, and the German—sailors all, and unmindful of where they slept—took to the starboard forecastle, this particular friction has no place in this story.

As the evening was fine, the sea smooth, and a light, northwesterly breeze blowing the ship along, only the man at the wheel was really needed on deck, provided one of the mates kept a lookout. But neither of them did this. Each submerged in his dignity, they faced aft, silently waiting for the captain to appear and decide the case.

Thus no one knew that a four-masted schooner beating up the coast had put about when four points off their starboard bow, and was heading toward them, with the right of way.

Captain Stimson appeared in time—the redder tinge on his face indicating more liquid nourishment—and, as dignified as they, joined his two officers.

“ You must toss up for it,” he said. “ It is a case I cannot settle at a minute’s notice. If one of you should prove incompetent, I could disrate that one. But neither of you has so proved himself to me, and—and I do not wish to be unjust. Toss up for it.”

“ Captain Stimson,” said Mr. Flannagen, drawing himself up, “ had not Mr. Wagner so forgot himself as to bring forward in his own behalf such irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial testimony as your giving to him the signing of the crew, I would settle this as you suggest—by pitch and toss. As it is, my dignity as a gentleman demands that I hold to my position.”

"But you have given me the articles, captain. That is proof, is it not?"

"I don't know," yelled the puzzled skipper, backing way. "You ask me to choose, and then prevent me."

"I do not prevent your choosing rightly, sir," said Mr. Flannagen.

"Yes, sir," added Mr. Wagner. "You must choose rightly. Choose me."

"If you choose Mr. Wagner, sir," rejoined Mr. Flannagen, "you will do me a professional injustice for which I will summon you to court to stand suit for damages—not before the commissioner, but before a civil judge."

"I will, too," assented Mr. Wagner, "I will sue you by the courts."

The exasperated skipper swore and consigned the pair of them to warm regions.

"I've got some rights here," he roared. "I'm master, at least. Who's got the deck?"

Neither answered, except by looking pointedly at the other.

"Where are the men?" cried the skipper. "I see no one on deck for'ard."

"I sent my watch below, sir," answered Mr. Flannagen, "at your directions."

"Those directions were to me," added Mr. Wagner. "And I sent my watch to the forecastle."

"Damnation!" roared the angry Captain Stimson, backing close to the poop steps for something substantial to lean again. "This is the worst proposition I've ever been up against. Two first mates,

and neither willing to give way! You're willing to stand watch, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," they both answered.

"Well, here," said the captain. "Here's a fact—an actual fact to go by. Whose watch are you in?" he shouted to the man at the wheel as he climbed the poop steps for a look at him.

"I wass by Mr. Wagner's watch, sir, und I haf steered mine trick, und eight bells haf gone und no one come to relief me!"

"That settles this much. It's after eight bells. Mr. Flannagen, get your side on deck, relieve the wheel, and stand first watch. Mr. Wagner, go below."

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Wagner, darting into the companion, thence to the first mate's room, on the port side of the alley. But Mr. Flannagen did not budge until he had expressed himself. "I accept this ruling under protest, sir," he said, in suppressed fury; "for, should I accept it unqualifiedly, it would be a surrender of my rights."

"Your rights be hanged!" answered the captain. "I'm thinkin' o' mine. I want the watch on deck, first thing. I'll settle matters to-morrow, when I can size you both up."

Mr. Flannagen went forward to rouse out his Irishmen, and Captain Stimson climbed the steps and went aft for a look at the compass.

"What's your course?" asked the skipper, sternly.

"Sou'west, half south, sir," answered the helmsman.

Captain Stimson looked astern. On one quarter

Fire Island Light glimmered faintly, on the other flashed the powerful searchlight of Navesink.

“Fine time o’ day to take a departure,” he grumbled, as he squinted over the compass and took the approximate bearings of the two lights. Then he drew a notebook from his pocket to jot down the bearings and the time of night. But the draft from the spanker disturbing the leaves, he drew aft toward the taffrail, yet still in the light from the binnacle. The light was dim, and he strained his eyes over the page; the man at the wheel was steering by compass, and his eyes were blinded to all else. Mr. Wagner was below, Mr. Flannagen forward on the main deck, rousing his watch, his vision blocked by a high rail. Hence no one saw the oncoming schooner on the starboard beam.

It was only when her jibboom thrust itself over the quarter, and the slanting martingale stay ground along the rail, that Captain Stimson looked up from his notes. Then it was too late.

The jibboom had shot in abaft the helmsman, who, still intent upon the compass, did not see or hear for the moment. But the steel martingale, slipping around to the taffrail, scraped along toward the captain, and, as the spanker sheets parted from the pull of the heavy jibboom, the wire rope caught him at the waistline and bore him backward.

Wildly he clutched upward, but his hands could not reach the other part of the stay. Unable to even gasp a call for help, he gripped the stay at his stomach, and went over the taffrail, swinging like a trapeze performer, his breath squeezed out of him.

He managed to hook one leg over the rope and slid down to the dolphin striker, where he found his voice.

“Help!” he called faintly.

Then he heard his helmsman, who had waked up.

“Man overboard!” he yelled, and, over the sounds of disapprobation coming from the poop deck of the schooner, he heard Mr. Flannagen’s voice calling men to the braces. Satisfied that his ship would heave to for him, he crawled inboard on the back ropes and over the bow of the schooner.

The lookout berated him, but Captain Stimson paid no attention and went aft, to where an angry Cape Cod skipper called him all the names known to those that go down to the sea. Put him on board his ship? Not by a jugful! He was bound to New York, and wouldn’t stop for the devil himself, let alone a poor unfortunate fool that didn’t know that a craft before the wind must steer clear of a craft on the wind.

And so—exit Captain Stimson.

II

The ship was not immediately hove to. Even though the helmsman’s wild vociferations that “der captain wass overboard!” called Mr. Wagner on deck, and Mr. Flannagen’s stern voice brought both watches up, still a temporary conflict of authority—Mr. Flannagen would have luffed and braced the fore-yards, while Mr. Wagner would have put the ship on the wind—prevented united action until the ship had sailed a quarter of a mile from the scene of the collision.

Then Mr. Wagner, by dint of a better understanding with his watch, all of whom were square-rigged sailors, had his way. The big ship was close-hauled on the starboard tack, but by this time they knew that the schooner was heartlessly sailing on.

Then followed a difficult launching of a boat, stowed upside down on the forward house, and an indeterminate pull to windward in the hope of finding the swimming skipper; and when, after an hour's search, the boat came back, there was much bungling on the part of Mr. Flannagen's men, severe criticism on the part of Mr. Wagner's, and a few blows passed, nothing of which escaped the observation of the two mates. At last the boat was stowed, and the two, before giving a further order, faced each other just forward of the after house.

"Is it your opinion," asked Mr. Flannagen, "that, having lost the skipper, we had better beat back for a new one?"

"I am a competent skipper myself," answered Mr. Wagner, serenely.

"That is beside the point," retorted the other. "If you were the real first mate of this ship, would you go on or go back?"

"As I happen to be the real first mate, I shall take the skipper's place and go on. The owner's time and money would be wasted in turning back."

"I agree with the last part of your sentiments," rejoined Mr. Flannagen, darkly, "but not the first. I am mate o' the ship, and I decide to take her along. I am now the skipper."

“And I am the skipper, too.”

“Is there no reason in ye?” cried the Dublin man.

“If you are the skipper, I am, too,” returned the German.

“Well, Mr. Wagner, as a gentleman and a university graduate, I forbear quarreling with ye. My men can do all the quarreling necessary for the good of this ship.”

“I see that, and I suppose that my men must all the sailoring do. Aside from your Casey and your Sullivan, not one man you’ve got is a sailor, and your Casey and your Sullivan are schooner sailors. They do not the ropes know. All they can do is fight—fight—fight.”

Mr. Flannagen winced at this, for the incompetence of his watch had been all too apparent.

“Now, I tell you, Mr. Flannagen. You claim to be the skipper. I claim to be the skipper. Like you, I will not to quarreling descend. But for the good of this ship, and because I will not like to turn out some night to find everything carried away, I propose that you trade me half of your watch for half of mine, which will three sailors make and three fighters for each.”

This was reasonable. Mr. Flannagen bowed assent, and—as it would involve no further loss of dignity—suggested that he and his half should stand the first watch as decided by the skipper. “But understand, Mr. Wagner,” he said, “I do not by this surrender my contention that I am the acting skipper o’ the ship.”

“ That is all right, Mr. Flannagen ; no more do I. I am acting skipper.”

So the interview ended. The men were mustered, and the two skippers made the exchange, Sullivan, Hooligan, and Lynch going to Mr. Wagner’s watch in place of Meyer, Dinkelspiel, and Guggenheimer. This made three able seamen, one “ schooner ” man, and two nondescripts to each watch ; and, though it was certainly good for the ship, it was bad for the men. But the yards were squared, and the ship swung off to her course, while Mr. Wagner and his watch turned in. And so, with two captains and no officers, the ship proceeded to the southward.

Had it not been for the centuries-old observances of the sea—the ethics and etiquette of seafaring, all might have gone well ; for both men were competent commanders, and upheld rigid authority over the mixed elements of the crew. But in spite of themselves they conflicted one with the other ; and not only that, but each with himself and his estimate of his value.

Mr. Wagner, who, on being sent below by Captain Stimson, had taken the first mate’s room on the port side of the forward passage, now foolishly re-entered it after the agreement with Mr. Flannagen ; but Mr. Flannagen, on being relieved at midnight, did not go to the second mate’s room opposite. Instead, secure in his preassertion of his captaincy, he turned into the captain’s berth in the after cabin, where was kept the official log and the chronometer.

On learning of this, Mr. Wagner made no comment, but next noon, after taking the sun side by

side with Mr. Flannagen, he entered the happening in the ship's log in his room, which he reached before Mr. Flannagen.

As keeping the ship's log is the first mate's work, Mr. Flannagen did not contest this, but went aft, and entered Mr. Wagner's action in the official log, which is exclusively the prerogative of the captain. He secured the steward's and the helmsman's signatures as witnesses, thus giving to the entry the value of an affidavit. Mr. Wagner fumed silently, and, for the sake of necessary peace, made no comment.

This did not prevent him from sneaking aft in his next watch below, taking notes, and moving himself and dunnage into the spare berth on the opposite side of the after cabin. However, as Mr. Flannagen possessed the starboard berth, his slight supremacy remained intact. The chronometer and official log were lodged in the cabin proper, and he now had access to both, and also to the ship's log, which Mr. Wagner, perforce, had brought aft.

There was no further conflict or friction. Each a gentleman, each adhering strictly to his rights while respecting those of the other, and each so thoroughly a seaman and navigator that a reckoning or a course made out by one was not corrected by the other, they took the ship onward, never meeting but at the change of watches, and never speaking except to name the course and the routine happenings of the watch.

Foolish, childish, undignified it may be thought. Not by those who know the unwritten laws of the sea, which will impel a lonely skipper to dine alone for a whole passage, will impel a Yankee third mate

to knock down a sailor for the heinous offense of passing to windward of him in the hurry of work, or induce the same sailor to strike a lesser shipmate for the bad taste of reaching for a higher grip on the rope they are pulling.

But the unwritten laws of the sea were sadly violated in the forecastle. As Mr. Wagner had remarked, the six Germans were able seamen, efficient on deck, aloft, or at the wheel; while the six Irishmen, excepting Casey and Sullivan—who could merely steer and splice—were highly incompetent, and very much in their own way.

McSorley was a “broken” policeman, down on his luck; Hooligan, a man after his own name; Lynch, an ex-bartender, and Devlin, a boarding-house runner traveling for his health.

In vain did the sea-cultured Germans endeavor to teach these tyros etiquette. They were meek enough in the austere presence of their superiors, but rebellious at the unreasonable objections of their “Dootch” watchmates when one of them reached above on a rope, took a bar at the capstan while a seaman held slack, or failed in his turn at forecastle “Peggy,” or housekeeper for the week.

Hardly a watch passed without a German being chastised; but as these happenings did not militate against the work, neither officer took notice. Yet they fostered an enmity that later on brought results.

In the nature of things, the Irishmen could not help learning something of seamanly work as the voyage progressed. By the time the ship had reached the vicinity of the River Plata—past which no ship may

sail without a blow—they could steer, shorten sail, or find the right rope in the dark.

The non-communicative Chinese steward and cook had given the men no hint of the strained relations aft. Mr. Flannagen's watch still occupied the port forecastle, and he was referred to as the first mate and Mr. Wagner as the second. Naturally, tutored by the wiser ones, the men had disposed themselves accordingly in shortening down, and in wearing, or tacking ship, the port watch to the foremast and jibboom, the starboard to the main and mizzen masts. In these maneuvers, requiring all hands, the officer on watch had charge, the other delicately remaining out of sight. But the ship, bound to Montevideo, encountered the usual gale, and as it was fair, promising to blow her right into the River Plata, they held on before it longer than they would have done in the open sea.

At last, with two men at the wheel, and green seas climbing over the stern, Mr. Flannagen, who had the deck, decided to heave to—that is, bring her head to the seas under short sail. He roused the watch below, but failed to call Mr. Wagner. Mr. Wagner, however, realizing the urgency, generously came up and went forward among the crew, to aid by voice and example in the dangerous operation of rounding to in a heavy sea. His appearance among them non-plussed the men, who were unaccustomed to immediate supervision, and with the conversation of sailors they resented it.

The ship was first stripped to lower topsails, fore-topmast staysail, and spanker. The sheet of the lat-

ter was hauled aft and the yards braced for the port tack; then Mr. Flannagen watched for the third heavy sea to break amidships, and roared out: "Hard down! Light up that staysail sheet, for'ard, there!"

Down went the wheel, and the foretopmast staysail sheet was slackened, but not before Mr. Wagner had repeated the latter order in as loud a voice as Mr. Flannagen's, and close to the men's ears.

"What the devil hov ye got to say about it?" said Sullivan. "Don't ye s'pose we can do the work without ye bellyachin' around us? G'wan aft."

All of Mr. Wagner's nautical training prompted him to forcibly rebuke Sullivan, but, with the ship in a delicate position, he refrained, and Hooligan spoke:

"It's yer watch below, where ye allus stay when wark's goin' on. Go below, ye bag av sauerkraut."

"Dot wass all right. Shoot up," joined in Wiegand.

"Shut up, is it?" inquired Hooligan; and Wiegand slid to the wet deck under Hooligan's fist, and rolled to the scuppers. A heavy sea that boarded the weather rail nearly carried him over the lee, but he caught the royal backstay and held on.

His plight aroused the indignation of his countrymen; German profanity sounded over the gale, and Hooligan was assaulted by two—Lieberkrans and Kolbt. This brought reprisal in the persons of McSorley, Devlin, and Lynch, and further defense by Meyer and Guggenheimer, who were slightly embarrassed by the fists and boots of Sullivan, the starter of the trouble.

Casey and Dinkelspiel were at the wheel—paired off, but five Germans and five Irishmen slipped, and rolled, and fought about the reeling deck, unmindful of the commands of Mr. Wagner and the thundering orders of Mr. Flannagen to “check in the fore braces,” for the ship, with small headway, had not come up, bow to the sea, but lay in the trough, rolling both rails under and threatening to carry away her upper spars.

Mr. Wagner secured a belaying-pin, and was joined by Mr. Flannagen with another, with the result that in about five minutes ten bruised and disfigured men manned the weather fore braces, and the ship came up. Then the yards were trimmed again, the spanker sheet eased off, and the ship rode the seas easily. By this time the damage was done. The heavy rolling and straining had started a butt, and on sounding the pumps they found two feet of water in the hold.

From that time on, though the two skippers relapsed into their dignity, antagonisms were forgotten by the men. They pumped, pumped, pumped, with aching muscles and brains dizzy from want of sleep. They pumped out of the bilges water as clear as that which came over the lowering rail, and when the wind had moderated to a gentle breeze they pumped harder, because of the freer admittance of the water. Then came a moment when, with the plank-sheer awash, the two skippers looked into each other’s eyes, and one spoke two words, which the other answered by a grave bow. The words were:

“The boats.”

The speaker pointed to the north, where a cloud of smoke on the horizon, with a speck of hull beneath, indicated the approach of a steamer. The other bowed as gravely, and hoisted to the monkey gaff the ensign—union down. The order was given for the German contingent to clear away and hoist over the two best boats, and for the cook and steward to break out provisions, while the Irishmen continued the pumping—for the ship must be kept afloat until the boats were ready.

At last they were watered and provisioned, and floating alongside, while the sinking ship rolled heavily in the long swell left by the storm. The steamer on the horizon had come near enough for the letters H. F., which said “we are coming to your assistance,” to be seen at her gaff end.

The ship gave a heavy lurch to starboard, sinking the rail, then a heavier lurch to port. And so long did she lie on her side that the Irishmen quit the pumps and joined the Germans in a mad scramble into the boats. The Chinese cook and steward followed, and as in this emergency racial antipathies were forgotten, there was an even mixture of all in the two boats when they pushed off.

But Mr. Flannagen and Mr. Wagner were not among them. They stood facing each other, dignified and calm, at the wheel, while the men in the boats shouted at them to come.

“Ye’ll understand, Mr. Wagner,” said Mr. Flannagen, “that, in the event of a ship sinking, ‘tis the captain should be the last to leave her.”

"I understand. *Mister Flannagen*," answered the other. "Go into the boat. I am the captain."

"Go into the boat yourself," rejoined Mr. Flannagen hotly. "'Tis no time for your false pretensions. I am the logical skipper of this craft, and I shall be the last to leave her."

"So will I."

"Ye are not the skipper."

"I *am* the skipper."

"Howly mither!" yelled Hooligan from the boat. "They're jabberin' about who's skipper. Jump, ye fules! Jump!"

The bow of the ship was settling under and the stern rising. Under this rising stern the men pulled the boats, while a polyglot uproar assailed the misguided adherents to seafaring honor.

"Overboard wi' ye. Ye'll go down wi' the suction. Coom by der boat, Mr. Flannagen—und you, Mr. Wagner. Joomp by der boat, I catch you. Fwhat's houldin' ye, skipper? Why don't ye come? Joomp by der wasser, quick." And this from the Chinese steward: "Come velly quick, captain."

This gave the cue to the others, and for the first time on that voyage the men addressed them as they might have desired.

"Come on, skipper," they shouted. "Yer both skippers, all right. Coom, Capt'n Flannagen. Overboard wi' ye, Cappen Wagner. Grip hands and jump together. Yaas, coom together, captains."

But they stood, silent and pale, facing one another, each willing to drown rather than surrender his position. And at last the patience of the men

gave way. Inspired by Casey, Sullivan, and a few others of the Irishmen, they pulled the boats to the mizzen chains, and, leaving one man in each, they scrambled up, rushed on the two, and with oaths, jeers, and other words of reprobation, threw them overboard. Then they tumbled into the boats, picked up the two swimmers, and pulled away just as the huge hulk surged head-first beneath the sea.

In the hurry of re-embarking they had not divided themselves equally, and the two found themselves in the boat containing a minority of the men, and in which Hooligan was the ruling spirit.

“Well,” he said, “have ye settled it yet? Who’s in command?”

“I am,” said Mr. Flannagen weakly, for he was full of water.

“That is not so,” added Mr. Wagner. “I am the skipper.”

“Ye’re not,” said Hooligan, firmly. “Nayther av ye. Take an oar, there, the pair av ye, and we’ll pull for that steamer.”

And they obeyed him.

THE HONEYMOON SHIP

A TRICK at the wheel on the Great Lake steamers lasts six hours, that is, the whole watch; hence you steer the same trick each day and night, under the same watch officer. You are allowed to smoke at the wheel, and also (this is truth) allowed a stool to sit upon when your legs are tired. Yet the time passes slowly in the pilot house, and it is fair to presume that it passes as slowly out on the bridge, where the officer in charge is supposed to pace up and down, intent only upon his duty. But on fine nights duty is easy of performance. There may be a word through the pilot-house window from the officer, a tentatively jocular answer, a joke or good-humored comment in return, and democratic relations *pro tem.* are established. Thus it was that old Dutch Pete (officially Mr. Becker, chief mate of the *Sunderland*), first borrowing my chewing tobacco, began talking with me as we steamed up Lake Erie, and reeled off the yarn which follows. He was an old, wise man, who had seen all lands and all men, and he was a seaman and an officer whom I esteemed and respected, while I was a "wheelman" whose steering he tolerated. We had so assured each other. Yet there was one subject on which we could not agree—the place and value of womankind. While not being a woman-hater, the old man was certainly unjust

to the sex in some of his allegations, and I was young, with a warm recollection of a brown-eyed, dimpled, pink-cheeked young woman, with fluffy hair and a sweet smile, whom I—but never mind her.

“ Joost think of the poor fellows,” remarked Pete, as he handed in my plug, “ married men, who can’t chew, nor smoke, nor drink, nor have any fun, just ‘cause a wooman says they moosn’t. Why, terbacco is one of life’s blessings, and if weemen folks only knew it they’d use it same as men, but they haven’t sense enoof.”

“ Yes, sir,” I answered, “ but it’s a dirty habit, after all. It’s all right for men, but not for women.”

“ What?” he said, in scornful surprise. “ Why? Are weemen any better than men? Are weemen any more p’ticular about what they do? Does a wooman wash her face any more than a man? Hey? She don’t. She puts vaseline on it or glycerine or that cold cream stuff, and then she swabs it off with a towel and calls it a job. She don’t chew terbacco. No, it makes bad breath, she says, but she eats candy and cake and sweet things till her teeth are bad and her stomach’s out of plumb and her breath smells like a slaver’s main hatch, and if you offer her a chew of good navy plug to freshen it opp she’s in soolted. Yah—weemen folks be——” The old man stamped down the bridge, peered ahead and astern, sang out something to the lookout, and returned to the window.

“ Does a wooman know anything, anyhow?” he continued. “ She thinks she knows it all, and banks

on it, and when things don't go right she blames some man who didn't do what she told him. And she's always ready to tell him what to do, and how to do it, and when to do it—joost as if she knew. Did you ever notice a leetle girl, joost old enoof to go out and play—how she tells her leetle brother that he moost do this, and he moost not do that, and this was wrong, and that was not right? She don't know anything about it any more than the leetle boy. It's an instinct—joost the same as makes a leetle kitten growl and spit over a bone. Now, nobody wants that bone but the kitten, but it takes her back to the wilderness—she thinks the whole wide world is conspiring to rob her of it, and she thinks she is scaring other animals away. Same way with the leetle girl. She gets it from the time—way back—when weemen were bosses and men sawed wood—I mean they said nothing. And so she begins preaching when she learns to speak, and she never stops—no, never. She never stops. Young man, don't you get married. When a man gets married he not only binds himself to support another person, but to consult that person about everything—as to what he does, what he wears, where he goes, whom he knows, and what money he spends. Yah—men are damn fools to get married."

I thought of brown-eyes-and-dimples and smiled—pityingly. He saw the smile in the light from the binnacle and I hastened to speak.

"Must have had a hard time, sir, in your married life."

"My married life? Oh, no! I've had most kinds

of hard luck, but not that. Still, I came near it—'bout your age, too, or a leetle older."

I was interested and expressed my interest. He visited both ends of the bridge, looked at the compass amidships to see that I was on my course, and leaned his elbow on the sash.

"About your age I went to sea with a full crew of married men and their wives along with them. That cured me. I had a girl at the time—daughter of a Liverpool grocer—good girl, too, as girls go—and she was to wait joost one voyage till I had saved enough to stock a leetle home for her. I had a master's certificate, but had never commanded a ship; all I hoped for was a chief mate's berth, and I was goin' to save my money and marry that girl and be a happy man. I did not know. But I learned that the ship *Hyderabad*, loading for Singapore, wanted a skipper, and I struck for the job. Then I knew why she wanted a skipper—wanted him bad and couldn't get him. Liverpool was full of skippers lookin' for ships to sail, and I was the only man who was willing to try that ship. That's because I was young and goin' to be married. You see, her owner was a young man, too, and religious; and he read his Bible steady; and that Bible told him that it was not good for man to be alone, and he figured that it meant that he ought to have a wooman 'long with him; so what does he do but put a new forrard house in the first of his ships that come home, and sink it down to the 'tween-deck. That made two stories, with a winding stairway.

Down below was a dining-room with a table and chairs, and a pantry, and a laundry-room where the weemen could wash clothes and dishes. He knew something about weemen folks, or he wouldn't have thought of the laundry. Above was the fo'castle proper—just two strings o' two-bunk rooms with a door and a window to each. Oh, that was a fine fo'castle. Then that man gave out that only married sailors could sign in his ships, and their wives must go to sea with them. I thought that was all right for me, too, and after I'd got the berth, I wanted to splice my girl and take her along; but her old dad wouldn't hear of it. He said to wait until the floating asylum got back, and if I was still alive and not crazy I could have her. So, my girl stayed home.

“Now, I wasn't so far gone that I didn't have sense to ship two Yankee mates—buckos of the worst kind. Know what a Yankee bucko is? No? Sign out o' New York this fall and you'll know. He's a cross between a prizefighter and a locomotive. I got those two mates aboard in the dock 'fore the crew came. One was Black Dunkherst o' Cape Cod. I shipped him chief mate. T'other was ‘Mister’ Johnson of Boston. Mister was his first name, he said, and he never had any other. Both had bad records and reputations, and neither had a conscience, as far as I could see. But they were the men I needed in that ship, and I didn't care. They both said they had wives ashore, and wanted to bring 'em along; but I knew better, and wouldn't have it. Wasn't a specially moral man myself, but I didn't

want to stand alone, the only bachelor in the ship.

“Must have been three thousand people on the quay to see us haul out into the stream. All Liverpool was talkin’ about the honeymoon ship, and while I tallied off the crew—sixteen couples—at the capstan, that lunatic of an owner stood on the poop, proud as Billy-be-damn, bowing and scraping to the crowd ashore.

“Now, I said I wasn’t a specially moral man, as men go; but I was too moral to countenance that crowd of brides at the capstan. Three or four old girls, who looked like ex-barmaids, might have been lawfully married to the men beside them, but the rest were cruisers from Waterloo Road and the dance halls of Paradise Street.

“I hadn’t picked the crew—the crimps did that for the owner. And, on the whole, they’d given us a pretty good crowd o’ men; but the weemen—oh, Lord! After all, I was glad my girl wasn’t along.

“Well, we cast off and began warping down through the docks with the big hydraulic capstans they have there, and as the two mates were competent, I went below with the owner to settle up affairs, and the crowd ashore followed along the sea wall.

“Down below, I knew by the sounds that we had got to a broken-down capstan, and would have to use our own amidships. We were warping stern first, and I heard Mr. Johnson sing out to someone ashore to make fast the stern line, and to the men forrard to heave away the capstan lively; then I heard the

biggest hullabaloo I ever heard—a wooman screamin' and three thousand people ashore yellin' and that second mate o' mine shouting as loud as he could to 'heave away, my bullies, and clear this wooman.' We ran on deck.

"Now, this is what had happened. She was a Nova Scotia built ship, with a low poop and a cabin trunk with alleys. The poop rail was about as high as your middle, and there was a chock for the stern line on the taffrail and a pair of small timber-heads—like our lake schooners have—on the poop rail just at the forward corner of the house. You see, the stern line would not lead from the chocks on the taffrail to the capstan amidships without chafing the house, so Mr. Johnson had thrown the bight over the timber-heads on the rail, and that would make the line lead slantingly through the alley from the inboard corner aft to the outboard corner forward.

"Now, there was a woman standing in that alley swappin' billingsgate with someone ashore, and as Mr. Johnson sang out to 'heave away,' he kicked the line close to her heels, and up it came, taut, to a level with the rail, and it lifted that wooman's clothes with it, and squeezed her tight. Then as the men hove it in it began to saw, and saw, and saw, till it's a wonder that wooman wasn't cut in two. Oh, how she yelled, while that wet, eight-inch hawser ground past her and dragged her tighter into the angle; and all the time Mr. Dunkherst on the forecastle deck was lookin' every way but aft, pretendin' not to see, and Mr. Johnson was singin' out to 'heave away, and clear this wooman.' He was grinnin' like

a Cheshire cat when I got on deck and made 'em surge the line. Then she got clear of it, still yellin', and ran down the cabin stairs. She was a shockin' spectacle. That line had carried away all 'midship fastenings, and everything came down by the run when the pressure was off. I sent some weemen down with her duds and they fixed her up.

"That was the first trouble, but in two minutes Mr. Johnson had to lick the wooman's man, who had been forrad with the mate, and had joost got aft. Now an English able seaman is handy with his fists, but a Yankee second mate is a bad proposition, and mighty handy with a belayin'-pin, so, about the time the wooman got rigged out, her man was ready for the hospital, and I sent 'em both to their state-room to recuperate. Then I thought I'd better not reprimand Mr. Johnson. At the dock head I got rid of the owner, then we took a tug and towed to sea and were well outside the three-mile line before the watches were set for the night. Now, you know that under English law a ship captain is a magistrate on the high seas, with power to perform the marriage ceremony. I had never seen anyone married, but I ranged 'em along the deck after the mates had picked the watches, and had each man take hold of his wooman's hand, so there'd be no mistake; then I read 'em the ship's articles, then I swore 'em on the Bible, then I read off the men's names—the whole sixteen—and said, 'Do you take this wooman for your wife?' and they answered, 'Yes, sir,' one after the other. Then I said, 'Do you weemen—I don't know your names—take the man who has hold of your hand for

your husband?' And they all answered, 'Yes,' so I called 'em man and wife and sent the watch below. I have since learned that the marriage was legal. But all I wanted at the time was to make 'em think so.

"I had a notion that with all hands married and one man licked at the start things might go along smooth for a while, but in the morning a wooman—a good-looking young wooman, she was—came aft and wanted a divorce—said she wouldn't bide with a man that went to bed with a pipe in his mouth; said that as far as she could judge, the only difference 'tween a sailor and hog was that one made up his bed with his nose and t'other with his feet. I reasoned with her—told her that sailors made up their beds after they turned in, and smoked themselves to sleep; but she wouldn't believe me. I sent for her man, a husky young fellow named Jim—something—and Jim came grinnin'. He said a divorce would please him very much, as he was goin' through the world for the last time, and, though he expected hell, he wanted it after death. I jawed 'em both a little, and sent 'em forrad. But next watch Jim came on deck with his eyes nearly scratched out, and his wife's were closed tight and black as your hat, and she seemed proud of 'em—so proud that I hoped she'd stick to the man that gave 'em; and so she might, for that's their nature, young man, but the rest got to takin' sides, and for a while there was 'hell to pay and no pitch hot' forrad. A big Liverpool Irishman got too sympathetic for the wooman, and Jim slugged him; then Mr. Johnson took a hand and licked 'em both,

but Jim's wife and her wooman friends did him up, and he came aft joost able to see.

"So I had to separate this couple. I called all hands for witnesses, put 'em through some mummery, swore 'em clear o' one another, and pronounced them two. Then I entered the job in the log, and as the wooman was a grass widow now with no husband to protect her I gave her a stateroom aft, with the run o' the forrard cabin and poop. Jim was much obliged to me, and would go 'round the deck smiling, he was so happy; and he and the young wooman would pass without speakin'. But after a few days I noticed her watchin' him more than I thought he deserved, and concluded she was coming 'round. Jim paid no attention, and that seemed to worry her. She sneaked aft next time he took the wheel and sat down behind him on the grating, and I moved 'round where I could see them and not be seen myself.

"'Fine day,' she said; but Jim didn't hear.

"'How fast be we goin' now, Jim?' she said next, and Jim looked aloft and said nothing.

"'Jim!' she said again; and still Jim didn't hear.

"Then she got a pin out of her dress, and reached softly toward Jim, and jabbed him in the leg. He let a horrible yell out o' him that woke the watch below—for they all turned out. He let go the wheel, and, still yelling, rolled 'round the deck with his hand on the sore spot. 'Oh, my good Lord God!' he howled. 'Oh, I'll die, I'll die!' I ran aft—in fact, all hands were comin', and the young wooman, very white in the face and scared, ran forrard t'other side. I was mad clean through, and I lifted Jim on

the toe o' my boot and made him take the wheel and shut up; then I caught the young wooman and told her if she ever talked to the man at the wheel again I'd put her 'fore the mast. So she let Jim alone after that.

"But that was only one thing. There was a scrap or a hair-pullin' most every meal-time forrad, and I could only pretend not to hear it, and wish that damn-fool owner was along to regulate 'em. But I wouldn't have a row on deck, to break up the watch on duty, and I told my two bucko mates to stop the first signs o' trouble, even though they had to use force. Now, that was dangerous license to give such fellows, for they'd hit a wooman as quick as a man.

"The steward was a mild-mannered old codger, who stuttered badly, and as he was aft most o' the time, he didn't get well acquainted forrad. One evening, at supper-time, a big, strapping wooman met him near the main hatch and said:

" 'I say, cheward, can ye gimme me some ile? '

"Now, she may have wanted coal oil for the lamp down forrad, but the steward didn't know but what she wanted some of the olive oil he had in his basket, so he said:

" 'Wha-wha-wha-what k-k-k-kind do you want? '

" 'D-d-d-d-on't ye m-m-m-mi-mi-mike gyme o' me, ye f-f-four-legged old b-b-b-bumble bee,' she said, squarin' up to him. 'Hi'm a lydy, hi ham.'

" 'J-j-j-just tell me wh-wh-wha-what you want,' said the old man, backing off, but she followed and smashed him on the nose, and the cabin supper went

into the scuppers. You see, the wooman stuttered too, when she got worked up, and she thought the steward knew it and was mockin' her.

"Well, along came Mr. Dunkherst from forrard, joost as the big wooman's husband came from the wheel, and the mate got between the wooman and the steward; but she was encouraged by the sight of her man, and she soaked the mate 'tween the eyes. Then he knocked her down, and she lay kickin' on the deck, squallin' bloody murder, and her husband went for the mate. Then all hands came out o' the forecastle, and the second mate and I ran forrard, and pretty soon there was a general, all-round, catch-as-catch-can cotillion on that deck. Everyone was in it but the man at the wheel, and while the men, to the last one, went for the mates, the weemen sailed into me. The mates got belayin'-pins, but they were free for all, and the men got 'em, too. Now, fifteen able seamen can take the tar out of any two buckos alive, and sixteen weemen can take the good intentions out of any skipper, though I don't know to this day what they had against me. I thought I was fighting for my life, and when I got clear o' them and aft to the cabin, I was scratched and bitten and bleeding, and had hardly a rag o' clothes left on me. I saw the two mates layin' quiet on the deck, and the men were standin' over 'em waitin' for one to move, so I went below and got my pistol. The weemen saw me come out with it, and charged aft; but I covered 'em and swore I'd shoot the first one that made a break, and they stopped; but I got a tongue-lashin' that I'll never forget. They called me all the names

that a mad wooman can think of, and demanded to be put ashore.

“ Well, I considered that it was the only thing to do. Even though the mates were not dead, they’d have no more influence or authority over the crew, and there was likely to be worse trouble ahead if I went on. So, I made a condition of it. I said that if they’d promise to behave, and keep off the deck, I’d run back and land ’em. And I did; I put into Cardiff and handed the whole lot over to the police and sent the mates to the hospital. Then I wired to the owner to send another skipper or permission to go on without weemen. He did the first, and I went back to Liverpool.”

“ And what did they do to the crew, Mr. Becker? ” I asked, after a moment’s silence.

“ Let ’em go, weemen and all. The mates got well. You can lick a bucko, but he’s hard to kill.”

“ But that voyage couldn’t have made you sour so on womankind, sir.”

“ Partly,” he answered, slowly; “ yes, it was that voyage.”

“ But your girl—didn’t she show up different from that crowd? ”

“ My girl,” he answered, looking away into the night. “ My girl had eloped with another man before I got into Cardiff.”

I said no more, for I could think of nothing to say; but I knew now what had embittered him. He began pacing the bridge and so continued until mid-

night, while I, deeply sorry for him, and glad that I knew a brown-eyed, dimpled girl so different from those he had met, spent the time thinking of her and wondering what she was doing that evening.

I have since learned, she was getting married.

THE THIRD MATE

CAPTAIN PRITCHARD came off at the end of a hard day's work at bending canvas for the run to Shanghai, and said at the supper table: "Shipped a third mate, Mr. Starrett. Be aboard in the morning. Owner's son. Wants to see the world. You'll have to break him in."

"I know them," I growled, in my fatigue. "No more use than a spare pump."

He chuckled; but said no more.

A third mate in an American sailing ship is always a supernumerary. He stands watch with the first mate, and occasionally repeats a command to the crew; but seldom utters an original order, unless, of course, he is a competent certificated officer, working his passage on nominal pay, in which case he is of real assistance. But usually a third mate is an owner's son, relative, or friend, a young man whose health, habits, morals, or future demand change of air and scene. He may or may not know something of seamanship and navigation; but unless he does he obtains less respect from the crew than they accord to the boatswain, a graduate able seaman, and outrates the latter only in a few minor externals, such as sleeping and eating in the cabin, and in being addressed as Mister. A messenger for the mate at night, by day he works with the men at pulling, paint-

ing, scouring, scrubbing, and sweeping, and is the custodian of all deck tools.

I had never filled this berth myself. I had been graduated from high school, the *St. Mary* training ship, and a school of navigation before going to sea, then after a few voyages before the mast had jumped into second mate's berth. But after twenty years of seafaring, at forty years of age, I had not risen higher. I had never held command, and hardly hoped to. As a watch officer cannot take his wife to sea with him, except as a cabin stewardess, on the articles and under orders, this was one of the reasons I had never married. Another and more vital reason was because, having found and lost in my youth the one girl in the world to me, I had never met another that could take her place.

Fannie Folsom was all that I considered good and sweet and lovable,—all that I wanted most,—whose influence, lasting through the years, had preserved me from the coarseness and crudeness common to seamen, and held me in a measure to the refinement of my schooldays—the lapse from which, at a critical moment, had brought about my dismissal. I had soundly threshed a rival in front of her door, and, with the sympathy of the sex for the under dog, she had run out, called me a brute and a ruffian, and ordered me never to enter her presence again. The rival was Bill Pritchard, a shipmate in the *St. Mary*, and now my skipper.

Bill had diplomatically avoided me during the rest of the time we were together in the training ship; then we had gone our separate ways, not to meet until

five months before in New York, he as skipper looking for a mate, I as mate looking for a berth. There was no reference to the past, and he signed me on for the passage round the Horn, and had held me on at San Francisco. I had never seen Fannie Fol-som since the fight, and heard about her only once,—to the effect that she had married, not Bill Pritchard, but someone else. Bill, however, whose strong point was diplomacy, had finally obtained a command.

This I had learned from others. He was a quiet, secretive man, with a reputation for sobriety which he maintained by total abstinence while in port, but flung to the winds at sea. From the time we had dropped the pilot off Sandy Hook until we had taken one off the Golden Gate, he had never drawn a sober breath, leaving the navigation of the ship, even to chronometer sights, to me; but, as he was dignified and unobtrusive, even when drunkest, we had got along well together. I never imagined that he liked me, and ascribed his choosing me for first officer as part of his diplomacy; for my reputation for efficiency was as good as his for sobriety.

The third mate came off with his luggage next morning, just before the windlass was manned, and when he had stowed his trunk in the one spare room in the cabin appeared on deck ready for work. In spite of my prejudice against third mates, I could not help liking him. He was a clean-looking, clean-shaved, well-set-up young fellow who, with ignorance of some phases of the work, displayed surprising

familiarity with others, and when he had occasion to speak to the crew spoke with the sharp, incisive voice of authority, as though accustomed to command men. Mr. Breach, the second mate, did not approve of him, however, and made no secret of it; but I was merely puzzled, and open to enlightenment.

It was the middle watch that night that I was enlightened. Mr. Brand, standing amidships, had set the main royal staysail for me as quickly and skillfully as I could have done it myself, then joined me where I stood my watch, on the extension of the poop forward of the cabin. Here he surprised me by saying in a rather embarrassed way:

“ You must correct me, Mr. Starrett, if I do things wrong. I shall be glad of your advice and criticism.”

“ Where have you been? ” I asked. “ You are all right in some things.”

“ I have only a theoretical knowledge of merchant ships. What I know I learned at the Naval Academy.”

“ Why are you not there now? It’s a desirable career for any young man.”

“ Dismissed! ” he said, bitterly. “ Dismissed a month before graduation, and I was near the top of my class! When a man’s commissioned he can drink—decently; but they won’t have it in the academy. So, with three or four other fools—upper classmen, too—I got mine. Oh, it’s no secret, sir! The papers were full of it, all my friends know, and it nearly broke Mother’s heart. Just three drinks, too—my first and last! But I wasn’t used to it.”

"But what brings you over here on this side of the continent, to ship in this craft?"

"It's a family matter," he replied. "Oh, the papers were full of it all!" he continued, half defiantly. "Father and Mother were divorced when I was very young, and I lived with Mother, while the old man drank himself into cirrhosis of the liver. He was dying when I was fired, and must be dead now. But he had kept up some interest in Mother and myself; for he had willed all his property to me. Then, hearing of my trouble, and knowing too well, I suppose, the effects of drink, he added a codicil that switched it all from me to his sister if I took another drink before I was twenty-one."

"And when will you be twenty-one?" I asked.

"In about three weeks—on the ninth of December."

"That is not long to wait. But you haven't told me why you crossed the country and shipped here."

"Well, it's this way. Mother took charge of me and tied me tight to her apron strings while we traveled. I was never out of her sight, and if I had been I shouldn't have taken a drink. But it got on my nerves at last. I bolted at Los Angeles, and found Captain Pritchard at 'Frisco. Father always swore by him as a teetotaler. I told him the trouble, and he advised this course to make sure. So I wrote to Mother to ease her mind."

Not caring to comment on Captain Pritchard's value as a good example, I let the conversation lapse. Just then eight bells sounded, and we were soon

relieved by the second mate, to turn in till breakfast time.

I was on deck all the following day, and noticed that Captain Pritchard showed not the slightest trace of liquor. I was surprised at this; but glad, withal, ascribing it to his aroused sense of responsibility. Mr. Breach, however, a man who had come out from New York as boatswain, and had become second mate through sheer merit, displayed signs of intoxication as early as two o'clock. All hands were up that afternoon, stowing anchors, cables, lines, and fenders, and putting in place chafing gear used at sea. Mr. Breach made frequent trips to his room, each time emerging with a louder and thicker voice, mainly directed at Mr. Brand. He derided, criticised, and abused the young fellow openly and mercilessly before the men, unrebuked by the captain, who, calm and dignified, lounged about the poop deck. At last I felt called upon to interfere, and at a moment when Captain Pritchard had gone below I summoned the second mate to me in the starboard alley.

"Mr. Breach," I said, "why not ease up a little on Mr. Brand? He's doing his best."

"His best isn't worth a hang!" he snarled. "He don't know his work."

"That's not what's he here for," I answered. "He's the owner's son, and he's here to keep himself under surveillance for a few weeks, until he's of age. If he doesn't drink before then, he will inherit the property; if he does, he loses. Understand?"

"What have I got to do with that?" He spoke loudly.

“Something,” I replied, a little sternly. “If the captain can stand for him, and I can stand for him, there’s no reason for you to object. You might think of your own future. What will be your prospects in this employ after he takes charge?”

“To the devil with prospects! Think I’m goin’ to cater to any owner’s son for prospects? I know my work and can do it. You can curry favor with the owner’s son all you like——”

“Steady, Mr. Breach!” I interrupted, sharply. “Speak respectfully to me, even if you are drunk.”

Then, in the shortest sentence of the shortest words possible, he consigned me to the infernal regions.

Had we been alone, I might have condoned it on account of his condition; but he had roared it out within earshot of the man at the wheel and a few in the mizzen rigging—and I was the signed first mate of the ship! I struck him squarely in the face, sending him staggering backward along the alley. He clutched the quarter rail and stood erect, the second mate all knocked out of him, yet something of the boatswain left; for he said, in a broken, angry voice:

“That’s all right, sir, but I’ll fix you for this in port! You can’t hit——”

“Go to your room, Mr. Breach,” I ordered, following after him, “and don’t appear on deck until you are sober! I’ll excuse you from work.”

He stumbled down the poop steps just as the steward came aft with his basket of newly washed dinner dishes.

“By the way,” I added, “hand that bottle of yours

to the steward. Steward, follow Mr. Breach and get it."

"Wait, wait!" said Captain Pritchard's voice behind me. "Steward, do nothing of the kind. Mr. Starrett," he said to me as I turned, "respect private property. Let Mr. Breach sleep it off; but if he has a bottle of anything it belongs to him. And he is responsible to me for any abuse of privilege."

"But, Captain," I said, in angry amazement, "do you want a drunken man in charge of your ship when you and I are asleep? Getting drunk is not a mate's privilege at sea."

A slight smile crept over his seamy, pudgy, but still dignified, face. "I understand you," he said. "It is a master's privilege; but, if you will notice, I am not abusing it, and can stand Mr. Breach's watch if necessary. Now, Mr. Starrett," his voice grew stern, "I overheard your talk about Mr. Brand through my window. I am as keenly interested in that young man as you are; but he must work out his own salvation. I agree with Mr. Breach; I would not cater to an owner's son for possible future advantage. Perhaps you can, though. However, you have treated Mr. Breach much more harshly than he has treated Mr. Brand. Do not let it occur again."

He turned and walked aft, leaving me hot, humiliated, and chagrined that my words and action should be so misconstrued. I had not thought of any advantage to myself through befriending the young fellow; but I realized that I could not utter a word to clear myself. All I could do was to fall in line and let Mr. Brand work out his own salvation, as the

captain had decreed. So I became studiously cool to him, and he was quick to accept my changed attitude.

Also I ignored as far as possible the second mate, who kept himself drunk more or less as the days went on, and the captain, who remained sober and cheerfully stood watch for him. I noticed, too, that the captain was as cool to the young man as I was, and that the second mate ceased his ill treatment of him. That much good was accomplished, I thought; but the whole thing was still something of a mystery.

It became a little more so when, one dogwatch, I saw the second mate, in the cheerful stage of inebriety, slapping the embarrassed and resentful young man on the back. And that night, in the first bad weather we had encountered since sailing, I also spoke kindly to him. It was in the middle watch again, and all hands but the captain and myself had been aloft for two hours shortening down to upper topsails. When the work was done and the watch had gone below, Mr. Brand joined me on the poop, and began pacing up and down, threshing his arms about him. We were hove to on the outer fringe of a China typhoon which, though blowing from the south, was cold. The air was full of rain and spume, and I noticed that the young fellow was without oilskins, and must have been drenched.

“Go below, Mr. Brand,” I said. “Change your clothes, and get into your oilskins.”

“Thank you, sir,” he answered; “but I have no oilskins, and should be wet through again in five minutes.”

"Draw on the captain's slop chest."

"I asked him, sir; but he said he had none."

"Borrow the second mate's. I see you are friendly now."

"Excuse me, Mr. Starrett, but I'd rather not. I can see through him. He is my enemy."

"Well," I said, "go down and change your clothes, and in my room you'll find a pilot-cloth overcoat, nearly waterproof."

He went down, and soon came back, clad in my coat. "Mr. Starrett," he said, hotly, "look at this! Someone is trying to be kind to me!"

He drew me into the dim light from the companion and showed me a quart bottle labeled as somebody's "best rye."

"It's a frame-up, sir!" he declared. "It was put in my berth for me to sample when I was properly cold and exhausted. It is pure spite from Mr. Breach, and I want you to bear witness that I haven't uncorked it. Now watch it, sir!" He hurled the bottle over the lee rail, and began pacing up and down, now and then pressing his hand to his forehead. "He offered me a drink last evening!" he declared.

"Mr. Brand," I said, at length, "where is that sister of your father, who is to get the property if you fall down?"

"I don't know, sir. My aunt, of course; but I never saw her nor heard of her before hearing of the will. I never saw my father, to remember him. Mother cut loose from them all."

"Some dirty work here," I remarked. "But watch out! This is the seventh of the month. You've only

two days more probation. I'll testify to your disposition of that bottle."

"Thank you, sir. I never doubted that you were my friend."

I pondered hard for the rest of the watch, and at the end of it concluded that the young man was wrong. Mr. Breach's early dislike of him was too genuine to be mistaken for anything but the practical man's jealousy of the educated man. I knew the feeling from both sides. And a newly shipped second mate would hardly be the man a scheming sister would select as tool for the breaking of a will. It would be someone else, someone with more power; in this case no one but Captain Pritchard—diplomatic Bill Pritchard. He had suggested the trip; he had denied the young fellow oilskins; he had allowed him to be deviled by the second mate; he had laid the ship on the port tack against my protest to drift northwest toward the oncoming storm center,—all to make him miserable, irresponsible, and suggestible.

What was not so plain was his motive. It must be powerful, I knew, to induce him to put his ship on the dangerous tack. The owner had lived in Boston. Had that sister followed the boy and his mother across the country, beaten him to San Francisco, and conspired with Captain Bill for his undoing? It was hardly probable; it was more likely that their interests were identical and already established. In regard to this I asked the youth just before eight bells what he knew of the captain's antecedents. Nothing, he told me. He had met him for the first time in the office of his father's agent, where he had

gone in the hope of getting some money. The agent had quoted his father's good opinion of him.

As sea etiquette prevented me from voicing my own opinion of Captain Pritchard, I merely enjoined upon him once more to "watch out." Later on I regretted my silence; for in less than forty-eight hours the young man took a drink in the presence of all hands. And not only he, but every witness present except the captain,—myself first because of my position,—fell by the wayside as well. For grog was served!

Grog, a mixture of rum and water, has long been abolished as a daily allowance in English and American ships, both naval and merchant. But at the end of a hard reefing and furling drill the most selfish and inconsiderate of skippers will often deal out a drink of whisky (still called grog) to each of his crew when the work is done: not from kindness, but from policy; for it prevents the stiffening of muscles, which detracts from efficiency. In our case we received the stimulant at one o'clock the second morning following my talk with young Brand. It is needless to describe in detail the terrible fight we made against a wind that stripped our canvas, furled and set, from the yards, our clothing from our backs, which silenced our voices and, even prevented breathing to windward —against an ever-changing cross sea that boarded us from each bow, side, or quarter, hurling men about the decks, smashing in doors and windows in both houses, flooding all bunks and the galley stove, spoiling all exposed food, and preventing the cooking of more, until at last, our spars stripped of every rag

but a new main spencer and a reefed spanker, we lay snug on the starboard tack, the wind out of the north now, and with the storm center spinning away from us to the eastward.

It was then, drenched, exhausted, half starved, and stupid from loss of sleep, more dead than alive, that we dragged our aching bodies up to the forward companion, where Captain Pritchard stood with a bottle and a glass. I received mine first, and immediately stepped past him into my room for a swallow of water, and to enter up the drift since the last entry. Keeping the log slate and the log book is a first mate's work, and I was skillful at dead reckoning. Mr. Breach had passed into his room after me, and a moment later, as I closed the slate, the captain backed into the passage and said:

“Enter in the log, Mr. Starrett, the fact that Mr. Brand has taken a drink, and be sure of the date.”

Then, as Mr. Breach passed out on deck, the young third mate entered on the way to his room, coughing and choking.

“Great God!” I muttered. “It's his birthday, and only one in the morning!” But I obeyed the captain and made the entry in the “remark” column.

Mr. Breach was on deck, and the captain again in the companion door, serving out the liquor. I could be spared for a moment. Following the third mate to his room off the forward cabin, I found him sitting on his trunk, his head nodding in utter exhaustion and dejection.

"How much, Mr. Brand," I asked, sternly, "does that property amount to?"

"Half a dozen ships," he answered, stupidly, "stocks, bonds—about a million."

"You've lost," I rejoined. "You've bought the highest-priced drink I ever heard of. Turn in: it's our watch below."

I sought the deck, waited until the last man was served and the captain out of the way, then ordered the wheel and lookout relieved and sent my side below. The ship lay snug and safe, lifting her bows to the seas, and shipping little water.

Captain Pritchard called me to his cabin. I went in, more irritated than ever; for I was as wet, tired, and hungry as anyone on board, and perhaps the grog had gone to my head, for I was not accustomed to it.

"Sit down, Mr. Starrett," he said, as he seated himself at his table. "I have here in the official log an entry to the effect that one John Brand, third mate and son of Walter Brand, owner of this ship, drank a glass of whisky at about one o'clock in the morning of December 9. I want you, as first officer, to witness it."

"On the contrary, Captain Pritchard," I answered, hotly, "I will not. In the first place, I did not see him take a drink and am not a witness; in the second, if I had seen him, I should not be a party to such an infamous job as this."

He leaned back and chuckled. "I hardly supposed you would," he said; "still, I called you in to give you the chance. The second mate will do, with one of the men. What I really wanted, Jim Starrett,

was to let you know that at last we are square. I have waited a long time, and squared up in my own way—which is not with fists, you know.”

“I know nothing,” I said, “except that you have jobbed a decent young fellow out of his inheritance. Do you think I didn’t see through it, Bill Pritchard? You kept your second mate drunk as an example to him, and refused him oilskins to make him uncomfortable and more amenable to temptation. You sent your ship through a storm center for the same purpose, and risked the lives of all hands. I’m keeping a log myself, and these things all go into it, as well as the fact that you were drunk every day of the passage out from New York.”

His pudgy face wrinkled into that of a clown as he shook with laughter. “I had almost concluded,” he said, at length, “that you were a smart man; but you did fall for that, Jim. You were mistaken. I had laid for you many years, and signed you on to trap you into some act of insubordination by which I could drive you off American ships—to some manual labor on shore. I never was drunk in my life. I hate the stuff, and only just before I could breathe into your face did I ever take so much as a thimbleful; for the rest, I simulated intoxication and gave you rope.”

“That does not necessarily apply to this case,” I answered doggedly.

“But this case applies to you, Jim Starrett. It is not my habit to show my hand, even when the cards are played; but I feel like it now, when I remember your fists. Yes, Jim, I’ve blocked your game instead

of your blocking mine. You may get Fannie Folsom, if you want her; but you won't get the pile. I will, having married the sister of the owner. I knew enough to marry wisely. He had a weak stomach, but a brilliant, unscrupulous, money-making head. When he acquired a ship I became his skipper."

"Fannie Folsom!" I answered, slowly. It was the first time I had heard or spoken her name since boyhood. "What has she got to do with this?"

My face must have shown bewilderment; for he laughed harder than ever. "Why, didn't you know, Jim? This is better than ever! Yes, Jim Starrett, the girl you licked me for married Walter Brand when he was poor, and divorced him in a year. But before marrying she gave me a worse laying out than she gave you, and I never forget, Jim, and I never forgive, not even a woman."

"Then young Brand is her son?" I stammered.

"Yes, and the son of Walter Brand; but not the beneficiary under the will. My wife is that, and I, as managing owner of this line of ships, shall be able to attend to you further, Jim, and Fannie Folsom, too. She will lose her alimony if she marries again. Marry her! I can see in your face that you are still fond of her. And she must be fond of you: she told me when dressing me down that you were the only man she ever cared for. Marry her! She can take in washing while you handle the pick and shovel, or work before the mast!"

"You scoundrel!" I growled. "Only the good news you have just given me prevents me choking the life out of you where you sit."

He showed me the butt of a pistol protruding from his coat pocket. "Too bad—too bad," he answered, calmly, "that I haven't a witness or two to that threat! I could deprive you of your license at Shanghai. However, have your trunk packed when the anchor drops, and leave the ship. I will hunt you with better weapons later on. You are on the articles, of course; but you won't want to sail with a master who will not recommend you. And you can take your future stepson with you. He has served my purpose."

"There is a witness, Captain," said a voice at the door; "but rest assured he will not testify for you. I've heard all this conversation. Perhaps it will be you that will pack a trunk at Shanghai; for I shall demand to see the Consul." In the door stood young Brand, half clad, his eyes blazing.

"Out of my cabin, the pair of you!" roared Pritchard.

"Come, Mr. Brand," I said, pushing the young man ahead of me.

"I didn't mean to eavesdrop, sir," he assured me at his door; "but I heard my name in connection with that entry, and knew something was afoot."

"Well, nothing can be done until we see the Consul. Keep quiet, don't antagonize him further, and do what you're told while on the articles. Now turn in with dry clothes and take care of yourself."

My anger had abated; for there was room in my mind but for one thought, one emotion,—Fannie Folsom had cared for me, and I, by absenting myself in boyish pique, had lost her! I went to my room,

changed my wet clothes and bedding for dry, and lay down; but sleep was impossible: either from my mental turmoil, or because I had reached the sleepless stage of fatigue, I could not close my eyes, and at last rose, to steady my mind and save myself from possible criticism by entering up the log book. I wrote down in the "remark" column what I considered vital,—the captain's sanction of Mr. Breach's drinking, the episode of the bottle placed in the third mate's room, the criminal drift into the storm center, the denial of oil-skins to the young man, and the conversation in the after cabin. Then my ink gave out, and, unable to copy the log slate entries, I began in pencil a later task in dead reckoning. I spread out the chart and worked out the traverse—the zigzag track we had made, and of which I had kept account on two log slates.

Before I was half through I stood back and gasped. Then, carefully verifying my work, I finished the job, ruling down on the chart the ship's drift, and marking the turning-points, with the final position at the last entry, at one o'clock of that morning. And when I had conscientiously obeyed the captain's injunction to be sure of the date, I locked both log slates and the log book in my trunk and sat down upon it, smiling at first, then laughing silently but joyously. Then I turned in and enjoyed about an hour of sound sleep.

I wanted chronometer sights for longitude and a meridian observation at noon for latitude, and was glad that Captain Pritchard, sound asleep in his berth, still left this work to me. I had my own chronometer,

and brought it on deck, waiting for the sun to show through the gradually breaking storm clouds to the eastward. At last I got my two observations and time of each, worked out the longitude, and was equally lucky at midday. I secured a good sight, and found the latitude. Then I pricked off the position on the chart, worked back to the last position at one o'clock, and was gratified to find that by dead reckoning alone I had missed by only a few miles. This was satisfactory, and I laughed again as I locked up the chart with the log slates and book. The gale still continued too heavy for bending canvas, Mr. Breach was shaky and incompetent from deprivation of his stimulant and the captain still slept; so it was eight o'clock that evening before I turned in for four hours of sleep. With the exception of that one hour in my berth, I had been awake for sixty-seven hours. But I was happy.

We bent canvas next day, and with a fair and lessening wind stood away on our course. Captain Pritchard still left the navigation of the ship to me, and I was satisfied, even though it cost me most of my forenoon sleep. Only once—and it happened at noon when I was writing up the log book from an old, cracked slate I had substituted for the others—did he ask me for the longitude. I cheerfully gave it to him, and it lasted him until we picked up a Yangtze pilot and a tug. Then navigation ended. We towed up the broad, muddy river, through the cut at Wusung and up to Shanghai, where off the American quarter we dropped the anchor. This

done, I dragged my trunk, packed, locked, with the log book, log slates, and chart within it, to the deck and hailed a sampan which sculled up to the gang-way.

“What does this mean, Mr. Starrett?” asked the captain, as I lowered my trunk down at the end of a rope. “You are not discharged. There is work to be done,—canvas to unbend, cargo slings sent up, hatches to come off. You are not yet discharged.”

“I was discharged some time ago, Captain,” I answered. “As for the work, do it yourself, or leave it to your other officers. I will get my pay at the Consul’s.”

“You’ll get no pay! You are deserting.”

“I have a witness to my discharge, sir.”

He turned away, his face working, and young Brand hurried up.

“Can’t I go along, Mr. Starrett?” he asked.

“No, you stay here. I’ll be back for you.”

As the second mate was now in his berth, recuperating from his debauch, and the third mate manifestly unacquainted with cargo work, the captain was forced to remain.

I went to the Astor House with my trunk, then to the American Consul with the chart and logs. He was a lawyer, he informed me, and I had a half-hour’s conversation with him, at the end of which I left the documents in his possession and returned to the ship. As I reached the deck I found it deserted but for a few men smoking near the windlass. I climbed the poop steps and entered my empty room. The second mate was muttering in his berth opposite, and

I heard voices in the after cabin, the door of which was open. One was the captain's, mainly a chuckle; another was young Brand's; and a third was a woman's voice, a voice that I knew, the sound of which momentarily stopped the beating of my heart, then sent the blood rushing to my head until I reeled on my feet.

“Oh, had I known, Will Pritchard!” the voice was saying. “Had I known enough to take my boy into my confidence and tell him about you, this would not have happened. He would not be robbed of his patrimony by a scoundrel,—a scoundrel as base and vile as he was when he applied an insulting epithet to a girl who had entertained him all the evening!”

“Oh, but I was very properly punished for that,” chuckled Pritchard.

“Yes, you were threshed within an inch of your wretched life, and I did not know any better than to take your part. I did not know until the dining-room girl, who had heard from the area window, told me next day. You will be threshed again, if Jim Starrett is the man he used to be.”

My head had cleared, and I stepped out of my room and into the forward cabin, ready and even anxious to prove myself what I used to be. But before I reached the after door she had come through it and faced me. We stood and stared at each other for a moment. Aside from the tears in her eyes and the anxiety in her face, she looked the same to me.

“Jim!” she said at last, in a choked voice. “Jim, after all these years we meet here! I just learned that you were on this ship. I didn't know—I followed

my boy by steamer. You did not know, Jim, either, I am sure. Oh, Jim! You would have protected my Johnny had you known! His father is dead, and Will Pritchard's wife gets it all!"

I had her in my arms as she spoke. And I kissed her before I answered. "I have protected him, Fannie; though I did not know, and almost missed. Come back."

I led her through the door, meeting her son coming out; but I turned him back, and we entered the after cabin. Pritchard was seated at his table, still chuckling.

"Bill," I said, sternly, while his face sobered, "I just heard Fannie predict that I would thresh you again. Now, a threshing won't do you any good; though I'm willing to administer it if need be. But I think when I'm through talking you won't make it needful. I'll do better than thresh you, Bill. I'll break you!"

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "Remember, you are in my cabin—an interloper."

"Not while the owner of this ship permits me to remain," I said, with a smile. "Mr. Brand," I added, turning to the wondering young man, "have I your permission to remain?"

Something in my face encouraged him. "Certainly," he answered.

"Bill Pritchard," I said, "didn't you say something a while back about giving me plenty of rope—to hang myself with?"

He did not answer.

"I used the rope, Bill; but not to hang myself:

to hang you. You should have held on to a little of that rope: you should have attended to the navigation of your ship. But you left it to me. Bill, you've lost!"

His mouth opened slightly, while a bewildered look, which was partly a look of enlightenment, came to his face. Still he did not speak.

"Mr. Brand here," I continued, "was to inherit certain property if it could not be proved that he drank until after his twenty-first birthday."

"And he did drink," he snarled. "It's down in the log, witnessed by Mr. Breach and one of the crew. What are you driving at?"

"Look at your calendar on the bulkhead, Bill. What day of the month is it?"

He looked; but did not answer though his mouth opened wider.

"Your calendar says the twenty-first of December; but if you will go ashore you will find that it is the twenty-second. The boy did take a drink, when half dead like the rest of us. But he took it one hour after his birthday by solar time, and thirteen hours after it by sea time. Bill, we crossed the one hundred and eightieth meridian, and the date line, too, about twelve hours before you served grog. We were in the eastern hemisphere, and skipped a day. This boy never had a twenty-first birthday. He jumped from the eighth of the month to the tenth. All this boy needs is to go on to the westward until he gets home."

"You lie!" yelled Pritchard, jumping to his feet.
"You lie!"

Then he got it once more in the presence of Fannie Folsom. It only required the taking away from him of the pistol as a preliminary. When it was over, and he could give me his attention, I said:

“Bill, the log slates and the log book containing the entries and the chart containing the traverse are in the hands of the American Consul ashore.”

He heard; but was silent again. However, a hand rested on my shoulder and a voice said in my ear:

“I do not understand, Jim; but you seem to be sure.”

“I understand!” shouted the boy. “I’m all sorts of a fool; but I studied navigation at Annapolis. God bless you, Mr. Starrett! Mother, it’s all right!” He gripped my hand, sore from its recent use as a fist, and shook it warmly. “And, Captain Pritchard,” he said to the stricken man on the floor, “besides navigation I also studied maritime law at Annapolis. I think, pending the discussion of this case before the Consul, that—you—had—better—pack—your—trunk!”

THROUGH THE DEADLIGHT

A DEADLIGHT is a circular window in the side of a vessel, of thick glass, strongly framed, and so designed as to close with a hasp and swing inward on a hinge. It usually varies in diameter with the size of the craft, but, as small kegs may have big bungholes, and small men big mouths, so may small vessels have big deadlights. Thus was equipped the schooner commanded by Captain Bill Edwards, a man as unique as his schooner, for the same freakishness of destiny that made the designer of this American built schooner give her a poop-deck cabin with no alleys, and sixteen-inch deadlights as cabin windows, also decreed that Bill should be a big, rough, strong, and masculine man, liked by his own sex, but disliked by the other.

It seems strange that strongly sexed men, who, more than the weakly sexed, need the sympathy of women, are the least able to win it. As a boy, Bill was bashful; he was more than bashful as a man; for the cumulative effect of his repeated rebuffs so worked upon him as to make him absolutely dumb in the presence of a woman. Yet his admiration and reverence for the other sex was as strong in him as religious thought. In fact, it was his religion, for it kept him clean; it kept him from doing things and acquiring habits that women would not approve. He neither drank nor used tobacco, and only fought in

defense of slandered women; but this won him no thanks or credit, for the women never heard of it, and the men he had thrashed naturally disapproved of his principles.

His mother died at his birth, and with no sisters to tutor him he passed through an unhappy boyhood relieved only by an occasional love affair—in which he did all the loving, and at a distance—and had reached the age of twenty, by which time he was a competent first mate on coasters, before he received a genuine smile from one of the other sex; and this smile came from a tot of seven, whose doll he had rescued from a watery grave under the stern of his schooner.

She had a face like a flower, big brown eyes, a retroussé nose, and a Cupid's bow mouth that gave him the smile. Also she had a lisp, a pleasing, plaintive little twist to her tongue that made her say: "Shank you, sho much. You is a good man."

"Am I?" answered Bill, delightedly. "I always thought so, but never was sure."

"You is a good man," repeated the child, gravely, "not sho much because you got my dolly, but because—because, well, you're a good man."

"I'm the best man that ever lived," said Bill, abandonedly, "but you're the first human being to recognize it. I'm the first mate of this schooner."

"Whatsh that?" she asked. "You live here?" She pointed at the schooner.

"Yes; come aboard and I'll show you around."

Dripping wet from his dive for the doll, Bill han-

dled that flower-faced child as he might have handled a freshly-cut flower. He lifted her over the rail, showed her the windlass, the capstan amidships, the galley and forecastle abaft the foremast, and the cabin, where, in the steward's storeroom, he bullied the cook out of a piece of pie for the child. Then, when she had eaten it, he escorted her to her home, where her parents received him politely, spoke to him coldly, and shut the door on him. But Bill returned to the schooner happier than he had ever been in his life. For, before that door had closed in his face, the child had passed out her wet and bedraggled doll, saying: "You love my dolly. Take her."

Bill kept that doll for a great many years. They were long years in the living, but short to look back upon, and when Bill was forty, with his ticket, his command, and his bank account, it seemed but a few months ago when he met that flower-faced child, now a matured woman of beauty, grace, and refinement, but who had never rid herself of the quaint lisp which made it impossible for her to pronounce some of the consonants. Bill had kept in touch with her; he brought her presents from far-away places; he ingratiated himself with her critical family, and was allowed to visit. And, while he kept within conventional bounds, he received smiles from the growing girl—which were like answers of prayer to Bill. But when, as on occasions when he would joke her about her lisp, she would first say, "Oh, you kee' still!" and then treat him coldly, the pleasure was fully offset by the punishment. He always liked to hear that pretty little speech, but dreaded her anger. He could

master men and the elements, but was afraid of a tongue which could not pronounce the letter *P*.

They say that men marry their choices and women their opportunities. Nothing else can explain why this delicate, sensitive, beautiful young woman consented to marry Bill Edwards, when, in an uprush of love and devotion twenty years old, and of pity newly born, he begged for the privilege of caring for her. Her parents had died and left her penniless; she was not trained to any vocation by which she could support herself, and she said, "Yes."

They were married; Bill installed her in a cottage, signed over his bank account to her, and went to sea in the schooner with the big deadlights. There were four in the cabin, one of them in Bill's room in the forward starboard corner; and on the center of this deadlight he pasted the photograph of his wife. It blocked but little of the light; and Bill, seated at his desk, could look out on the sea and at the same time study the flower face of the woman he loved. He could have had the living face there had he not been considerate of her comfort; for she had begged, tearfully, to be taken along. But Bill, like all sailors, knew that a woman aboard ship not only shares the common and daily danger to life, but is subject to many small inconveniences and discomforts, which will make her life miserable—yet which men may endure tranquilly. So Bill left her at home; for he did not foresee the length of the voyage and his absence.

He sailed for Savannah, where he expected to load for home; but Fate and the condition of the market decreed that he fill in with a trip to Rio Janeiro.

Here, the same pressure of conditions forced him to a run down to Cape Town, where, bound not to go farther from home, he compromised on a cargo for Liverpool, from which place he meant to take in ballast for Boston, if a ready cargo was not forthcoming. But in the Bay of Biscay, four months away from a loved and lovely wife, he was further delayed by the outer fringe of a West India storm, which, though from the southwest and a fair wind to the Channel, forced him to come to the wind to save his schooner from broaching to of her own accord, and with a dead or disabled helmsman, shaking out her spars as she rolled in the trough.

Bill accomplished the difficult maneuver successfully, heaving to on the port tack under close-reefed mainsail, double-reefed foresail, and staysail with the bonnet off—about all the canvas the little schooner could stand up under. He did all this from his room, roaring his orders through the open deadlight to a listening first mate above; he could reach out his head—and one arm and shoulder—and when all was done, the schooner rising easily to the seas and shipping no water, he took a final glance forward and aft at his shortened canvas, billowing over the lee rail like huge rubber water bags; then he sank back in his chair and rested from his pain—for the reason of his being there instead of above was that just before heaving to he had slipped on the wet deck and sprained both ankles, necessitating his being assisted below and doctored by the steward. As he sat in the chair, his eyes were higher than the still open deadlight, and through it the sea to leeward

seemed to rise up to a lofty horizon—an illusion created by the slant of the floor and the leaning walls of his room. And there, squarely abeam, disappearing at times behind huge seas, was a speck that to his experienced eyes soon resolved itself into a boat—a square-sterned, green yawl, like those carried at the stern davits of schooners. There were three men in it, two pulling, a third sitting down at the stern steering oar. Their movements indicated exhaustion, as they vainly attempted to keep the boat headed toward the schooner and make progress against wind and sea.

“More trouble,” groaned Bill, as he painfully lifted himself from the chair and put his head out through the deadlight. “On deck there,” he added, in a roar. It was some moments before his calls were heard, for the lee quarter is a draughty and uncomfortable place, and the mate had left it when the work was done. But soon he answered from above.

“There’s a boat with men in it about a quarter of a mile dead to leeward,” said Bill. “Pick it up with the glass, square away with two men at the wheel, and bring to, just to windward. Rig a whip and a bosun’s-chair to the main boom, just over the rail. Keep your sheets as they are, so you won’t have to pull them in again, but watch your wheel.”

The mate answered, and Bill looked down on the heaving, gray-green sea rolling back from the bow, at times lifting so that he could dip his hand, again sinking far below the bents. An active man could jump on board from the top of a sea, but a sick, starved, or exhausted man could not; hence the need

of the bosun's-chair. And when he had seen the boat disappear from view as the schooner paid off, and seen the men working at the whip and bosun's-chair, just forward of his deadlight, Bill sank back to nurse his swollen ankles.

But soon he saw through the deadlight the swift rush of the horizon sternward, and as the schooner came again to the wind, the boat appeared to view, right under the lee and a hundred feet away. Shielded now from wind and sea by the schooner's bulk, the men at her oars easily pulled up to the main chains and threw their painter to Bill's men, who caught it and made fast. Then they slacked the boat back under the bosun's-chair, where it rose and fell with the sea, tugging at the painter like a frightened horse at a tether. Bill again arose and looked out. The men at the oars evidently were sailors, the man in the stern a skipper or mate, for his clothing was neat, his features shrewd and refined, and his voice sharp and commanding as he said: "You two first. I go last."

One of the men climbed into the swinging bosun's-chair and was pulled up and on board. The other followed, and the man in the stern arose to take his turn in the chair; but just as he was about to seat himself, the plunging boat snapped the painter, and, losing his balance at the same time that he lost his hold on the whip, he rolled sidewise overboard, coming to the surface, while the boat went astern, just under Bill's deadlight, and on the top of a sea that brought him within Bill's reach. Bill caught him by the collar, lifting him with one hand until he could secure

a grip with the other; then, with a mighty exercise of strength, and in spite of the pain in his ankles, he pulled him up and head first into the dead-light, where the stranger sank to the floor, weak, but conscious.

“Thank you,” he said, in a few moments to Bill, who had sunk back in his chair. “I can’t swim, and am too weak to have had a chance at catching that boat. I would have none at holding to a rope, either.”

“Hungry?” asked Bill.

“Oh, no! nor thirsty. We had grub and water. It was the infernal work of keeping that boat head to sea, and bailing out. I did my share, for I only had two men—the rest were drowned when my schooner sank—and we’ve had twelve hours of it. It’s the pain of utter fatigue. Every bone in my body aches. It was just before we sighted you, coming down before the wind, that I took the steering oar, for I knew I was not equal to pulling, and if one gave out, the other two could not have pulled up to you. We never thought you’d see us.”

“Wouldn’t,” said Bill, “only for that big dead-light, and that I had to sit quiet and look out through it. I’m lame.”

“You’re a mighty able lame man. I weigh a hundred and ninety; yet you handled me like a rag doll.”

The stranger arose to his feet, stretched himself, and said: “I’m not a married man, so I’m not much of a drinking man, but I’d give all my old clothes to get a stiff drink just now. Got anything, Cap-

tain? It's not good form to ask for it, I know, but I feel just as I said—like a wet rag doll."

" You shall have it," said Bill, " and welcome. But I never drink myself. I carry it in the medicine chest for just such cases as yours."

He arose, hobbled to the door, opened it, and called to the steward to bring a bottle of whisky, a glass, and a pitcher of water, then said to the stranger: " You want to sleep too. Open that upper drawer under the lower berth, and get out a dry suit of underclothes. Then turn in. I can't sleep in this blow, so I'll sit here in the chair. The whisky will limber you up, so that you won't be stiff in the morning."

" Thank you, Captain. You're a whale of a good fellow, and you've made me your friend for life. I'll change clothes before that whisky comes."

He did; and when the steward arrived with the refreshments, he was ready, clean and dry in Captain Bill's clothing, to hand out his own wet garments to be dried.

" Do the two men forward want anything? " asked Bill, of the steward.

" Nothing but rest, Captain," answered the steward. " And they're sound asleep now in the forecastle."

" All right. Tell the mate to call me through the deadlight if anything happens. I've a patient here that I don't want interrupted. And I'll lock this door to keep you both out, but I'll leave the deadlight open. I'll stay awake, though."

" Yes, sir," answered the steward, and departed. Bill closed the door, locked it, and said to his patient:

“Here you are; there’s a corkscrew in that desk. Help yourself.” Then he sat down.

He was hardly seated before the cork was out of the bottle and the glass filled with the whisky. Standing erect and bowing to Bill, the stranger said: “Here’s to—by the way, Captain, I haven’t asked your name, nor given you mine. My name is Williams, of the Boston schooner *Vacquero*, now at the bottom of Biscay. I had generally stuck to the American coast, but I got a fine charter for Cadiz, and was fool enough to take it. Old Biscay got me on the run up to Brest. But—your name, Captain?”

“Edwards,” answered Bill. “But get that drink down you.”

“I will, Captain Edwards. Here is to our life-long friendship.” Then he drank the glassful at a swallow.

“Great,” he said, with a deep sigh. “If I’d had some of that stuff in the boat, we’d not only have felt much better, but lasted longer. Married, Captain Edwards?”

“Yes,” answered Bill, “but marriage never kept me from drinking. I never wanted to.”

“Oh, well, it keeps some men, yet I never met a woman in my life who wouldn’t take a drink if she even thought she needed it.”

“I have, but then I’ve not had much experience with them. They don’t like me.”

“Your own fault, Captain. Suppose I take another. It isn’t thirst, and it isn’t hunger. It’s twelve hours in an open boat.”

“Go ahead,” said Bill. “Drink all you like, but

tell me how it's my own fault that women don't like me."

"Captain," said Williams, as he poured another glassful, "there are two methods by which a man may win any woman in the world. Of course a man must be clean and sober. But, one way is to jolly them, treat them, and get them drunk or half drunk —depends upon the woman. The other way is to take 'em by storm. Just override their scruples, laugh at them, assume that you stand well with them, and grab them. You can lead them anywhere."

"You're dead wrong," replied Bill. "There are women who wouldn't yield to either method. And there are men who wouldn't. I'm one of them."

"Oh, I admit, Captain, there are women who at one time would hold out against the first method, and at another against the second, and at times against both. But as a general proposition, one way or another will bring down any woman. And then there are times when a women will bring herself down—from loneliness, we'll say, or disappointment in love, or neglect. I met such a woman; and she was not the only one I ever met who could hold out against the two principal methods, but not against herself—by the way, can I have another?"

Bill nodded, and Williams helped himself and continued. "Each drink is as good as a four-hour watch below. I don't feel sleepy at all. I'll tell you about that girl. She was in love with me for about seven years, but I'm not a marrying man, and told her so. She held out against me in spite of all I could do, and I finally dropped her. Then she

married an old duffer, whom I never heard much about. She wouldn't tell me, even after I had brought her down, excepting that he was away, and that she loved him, and she had wanted to be with him. I met her in Boston, where she had just arrived to visit friends. But she didn't visit them; she visited me, and I had her for a week. She might have got me for life if she'd waited; for she was the best I ever met. She had a pretty little lisp. She'd say, 'Oh, you kee' still!' Couldn't pronounce the letter *P*. Her name is Mary Warren. By God, that whisky must be pretty strong. Here I'm givin' away a woman's name. Better go to sleep. I'll just take another for a finisher."

This time he did not ask Bill's permission, nor look at him. Had he seen his face he might not have wanted that drink.

"What is the name of your schooner, Captain?" he asked, when he had emptied the glass.

"The *Mary Warren*," answered Bill, after a moment of choking. "My wife's maiden name. Go over and close that deadlight."

Williams obeyed him, too stupefied with liquor to notice the similarity of names, or the change in Bill's voice. But he noticed that the dark of the winter evening had come, and he remarked: "Shall I light up, Captain? You're lame."

"Yes," answered Bill. "Light this swinging lamp overhead. You'll find matches on the bulkhead over my desk."

The lamp was soon lighted, flooding the small apartment with its brilliant glow, and Williams looked

around it. "Fine, snug little corner you've got here, Captain," he said.

He looked at the chronometer, the barometer, the "telltale" overhead, the two berths—built 'thwartship to make room for the deadlight—and finally at this.

"Mighty big deadlight," he said, "but all the better for it, and handy for me."

He walked over and looked at the picture pasted on it—which, when the deadlight was open had not been visible, and which he had not noticed in the darkness when closing it. One look he gave it, then turned to Bill, sitting like a coiled spring in his chair, with his eyes closed.

"What did you—what did you say was this schooner's name, Captain?" he asked.

"The *Mary Warren*, damn you," roared Bill.

Then the spring uncoiled, and before Williams could utter an articulate sound, or his expression of drunken bewilderment change to one of animal fear, Bill's big fingers clutched his throat; then his movements were involuntary, and his expression unhuman. He made no sound of any kind; his eyes and tongue protruded and he slowly sank to the floor, with Bill's fingers still gripping his throat. Bill felt no pain in his ankles—nothing but a nameless pain in his heart. His own eyes, glaring and rolling, seemed popping out of his head, and his own tongue traveled around his lips, as though in unconscious imitation of his victim. In a few minutes he relaxed his clutch, and Williams emitted a sobbing gasp; but he was hardly conscious, and Bill opened the deadlight.

He lifted Williams as he might a bag of potatoes, carried him to the deadlight, and jammed his head and shoulders through. It was a tight squeeze and required all of Bill's strength. Then, supporting his legs, he pushed him, inch by inch, through the opening until, gravity acting on the limp form, it slipped out. Bill heard one agonized scream, cut short by the water, then closed the deadlight and sat back in his chair, staring at the picture.

"Disappointed, neglected, and lonely," he muttered, as he buried his face in his hands. In a few moments the steward knocked at the door.

"Anything wrong, Captain?" he asked. "The mate heard someone sing out through the deadlight."

"No, nothing wrong," answered Bill, sitting up.

"Supper is ready, sir. Will you come out or shall I bring it in to you?"

"No, no supper at all."

In the morning, when breakfast was ready, the steward knocked again, and receiving no answer, spoke to the mate. The mate called down into the deadlight, but Bill did not respond. Securing an ax from its beackets, he descended, smashed in the door of the captain's room and entered with the steward. The whisky bottle stood on the desk, empty; and except for a few significant trifles, the room was as empty as the bottle. These were Bill's coat, vest, and shirt lying in his berth, some blood upon the sharp brass rim of the deadlight frame, and beneath, on the floor, a couple of suspender buttons.

THE HAIRY DEVIL

LIVERPOOL JIM had been dozing on the main-hatch with others of the watch, and he suddenly began moaning. We who were awake listened a few moments, until the moaning became choked, then a man reached over and kicked him. He wakened, sat up, looked wildly around, and said brokenly: "God bless ye for that! Was I makin' a noise?"

"As though you'd lost your mother," answered one.

"Lemme tell ye," said Jim, earnestly. "Whiniver ye hear me make that noise, wake me up. The hairy devil has me again, an' I can't wake meself. Wake me up—wid a handspike, if ye like; but wake me, either on deck or below."

We asked about the hairy devil, and there followed Jim's yarn. It is thirty years since I heard that yarn, and Jim, with perhaps every listener who did not, like myself, turn landsman while there was time, is dead. I never knew his last name; he was a happy-go-lucky Irishman, an able seaman from his feet up, who would ship and run, never realizing a payday, and unable to remember the names of the craft he had sailed in. He went to jail at the end of that passage for knifing a Dutchman, and passed out of my life; but he left that yarn, which so burned itself into my soul that I can give it, stripped of Jim's vernacular, as though I had heard it yesterday.

THE YARN

"I don't remember much about shipping in that brig. I was shanghaied, as usual, and woke up in the forecastle next morning with a head like a bucket. I knew she was a Yankee ship by the cracker hash they were mustering around as I looked over the bunk-board; and I remember asking her name and where she was bound. But I forgot what they said, and never asked again.

"There were six of us 'fore the mast—a dago, two Dutchmen, a Sou'egian, and a nigger, besides myself. There was a Chinee in the galley, and a boy in the cabin. Then there were two mates from down East, and a skipper from Cape Cod. These three were the usual kind, angels ashore and devils afloat, and afflicted more or less with ingrowin' self-respect. They kept peace in that hooker while we were in her; but we were not in her long.

"Nothing happened until we'd shot out of the Gulf Stream, and ran into the light, shifty winds just north of the trades. Then, as I took the wheel one morning at six, we ran into a mess of wreckage—floating boxes that showed signs of fire, with here and there a charred spar or burned boat. The weather had been fine, so we concluded that some craft had burned to the water's edge and sunk. Right in the middle of this stuff was an iron cage, floating on its wooden floor and timbers, and in it was a half-drowned leopard. We passed within a length of it, and the skipper brought up his rifle and emptied it

at the poor brute, but didn't hit. It was great fun for the blasted fish-skinner, but when I suggested at the wheel that he save his ammunition for us if we got fat and sassy, he gave me a damning and went below for more. She was a hungry ship, and he was a sensitive man. But he'd wakened all hands with his shooting. Soon we came up to another cage, with some chattering parrots in it. It was better fun shootin' them than the leopard, and when one poor little thing dropped from the bars into the water he was the happiest man I ever saw, and he peppered away while he could see them. We left them behind us and came on to a long-boat, dry and tight.

“By this time the skipper's ammunition was gone, and his Yankee instincts were aroused by the sight of that good, tight long-boat, nearly new. I steered close, and they hooked on to it with a long pike-pole we carried on deck. Then a man went down and got the painter, with which we towed the boat alongside. There was no name on it, but it certainly belonged to some Noah's ark bound up from the coast with a cargo of animals, and we could only guess what had happened to the crew if they had taken to it. There were no oars in her, nor water, nor grub; but, crouched in the stern-sheets, too sick or starved to sit up, was a monstrous big monkey.

“The big brute grunted up at us, but seemed harmless, and the skipper decided that he might save not only the boat, but its passenger. Some of the men and the mate protested, saying it was a

wild beast, and would make trouble; but the fool skipper was set on his way and overruled them. That animal would bring a tidy sum of money from some zoo, he said. And the boat, though of no use to us, as we had a full complement, was an asset worth considering. It was too big to hoist on deck, but we could tow it astern till we got to port.

“No one wanted to go down and hook on to that brute, so the skipper sent a man to relieve me at the wheel while I did it. The mate had entered up the log at four bells, and he swore he’d make another entry before breakfast stating his objections, so that if anything happened he would not be held responsible. The skipper swore he’d put the mate in the official log as insubordinate; but it all came to nothing, and while they were jabbering I put my knife in my teeth and went down the painter. I didn’t get too near that beauty at once. He was thin and emaciated, and seemed almost dead from starvation and thirst; but he had a forearm as big as my leg, and a reach of four feet or more. He had paws big enough to grip a stovepipe, and a mouth, full of yellow teeth, that he opened wide when he saw me coming. You could have jammed a draw-bucket into that mouth. I lassoed his head with the bight of a cargo sling, hooked on the tackle they sent down, and when they had partly lifted him I twitched another sling around under his arms, and with this they hoisted him over the rail. When I climbed aboard they had slacked him down so that he rested on his hind feet, and there he stood, waving those long forearms around like two handspikes in a cap-

stan, and growling and spitting in a weak, vindictive way, while his little red eyes snapped at us. They slacked him down a little more, and he only had to lean forward a bit to bring himself on all-fours; but he couldn't stand alone, and when they lowered away he fell to the deck.

“‘He’s safe enough,’ said the skipper. ‘We’ll just make him fast to the windlass, where he can’t break away. We’ll feed him a little, to keep him alive.’

“‘That’s all right, Captain,’ said the mate. ‘You’re master here, and we’ll do what you tell us. Just the same, I’ll carry my two pistols from this on. That’s no ‘rang-outang or chimpanzee; that’s a gorilla, and he’s promised what he’ll do with us.’

“‘And the same here, sir,’ said the second mate. ‘I go heeled, and if he breaks loose, I’ll shoot; for I’ll consider my life in danger.’

“‘Nonsense! You make me sick and tired with your cowardice. Afraid of a sick animal! Here, you men, unhook that tackle and drag him forrad to the windlass. I’ll boss this job.’

“It took all hands to haul that squealing brute forward. He weighed all of half a ton, starved though he was, and he still had strength to tear a water-cask out of its chocks as he went by it. But we got him to the windlass, and then rigged a kind of harness out of new three-inch rope—something he couldn’t untie, and that had no ends that he could reach. I remember there was a strap went round under his arms, another round his belly, and four more around each leg or arm, all of which were connected

by swifters hitched in. We tied him hand and foot, and spread-eagled him to get this rigging on him, then we moored him to both windlass bitts. The skipper bossed the job, as he said, and pronounced it good. But he didn't know much about big monkeys.

"We gave him a wash-deck tub half full of fresh water, and he drank it all, holding up the tub like a cup to get the last of it. We gave him a quart of potatoes, and they went into him like marbles down a scupper-hole. Then he got a cabbage that he bolted nearly whole. The skipper was pleased.

"'None o' the monkey tribes eat meat,' he explained. 'They eat vegetable food—cocoanuts, yams, and such. This fellow likes potatoes and cabbage. Steward,' he called, 'give him potatoes and cabbage once a day—not too much—and what water he can drink.'

"'Yes, sir,' answered the steward, none too pleased with his job.

"We fellows were not pleased, either. We got our whack, not potatoes and cabbage, and we got our three quarts of water, instead of what we could drink. But we said nothing. We made the long-boat fast astern, and the work went on. I took my wheel again, and the skipper went below.

"No one else left the deck that watch. It was the mate's watch below, but he sulked around, and I don't think he went near the log book. At any rate, he had something else to think about before breakfast was ready. A sharp squall hit us about six bells, and for fifteen minutes things whistled aboard

that brig. We furled the royals and staysails at the first, and clewed up the topgallantsails, but let them hang in the buntlines. The racket of shortening sail and the discomfort of the wind and spray hitting him excited the brute at the windlass, and he roared and barked and growled through it all. Then the squall passed as suddenly as it had come, the sun came out bright and clear, and it promised to be a fine day. The wind was light again, and we were sliding along on the starboard tack, steering about two points free. I could hear everything that was going on—the rattle of dishes as the cabin-boy set the table, and the voice of the skipper jawing him because he admitted missing his prayers that morning. I've no use for religious skippers at any time; but this one carried a cold wave with him.

“He came up just before seven bells and ordered the rags put on her, knowing well it would delay our breakfast. So the dago went up the fore and the nigger up the main; then seven bells struck, the cabin-boy rang the breakfast-bell, and the skipper called the mate to breakfast, saying the second mate could put the canvas on her, and went down the after-companion. The mate went in the forward companion just as the two men aloft sang out, ‘Sheet home when you're ready, sir,’ and the Chinee cook came out of the galley to help at the halyards, leaving the men's breakfast on the galley stove. But they didn't get that breakfast, nor even masthead the yard; and the fellows aloft never loosed the royals. I had been listening to the talk at the cabin breakfast. I heard the mate say that he had no

appetite, and that a cup of coffee was enough for him; then I heard the scraping of his chair as he pushed back, and his footsteps, going to his room. Then, just as the men gave their first heave on the halyards, I heard a snarling, barking kind of roar from forward, and around the house came that gorilla, with his harness still on him, but with the broken ends trailing behind. We had underrated the recuperative powers of a beast just out of the jungle. He had snapped two parts of new three-inch manila as though it were twine.

“ The second mate and the Chinee had tailed on to the halyards behind the men, and they were all in a bunch near the fore rigging. Naturally they all yelled at the brute, and this disconcerted him a little. He rushed by them on all-fours, stepping on the sides of his big hind feet, with his big red mouth wide open, and his little red eyes half closed. The men took to the fore rigging, but the second mate followed him, for he was making straight for the poop. The first one out of the cabin was the mate, with his gun ready; and, to do them justice, these two were game. They were buckos of the worst kind, but a bucko isn’t a bucko without courage; yet they couldn’t stop that hairy devil. The first mate fired, but I don’t think he hit him. The second mate had no gun, but he made a straight, bodily dash at the beast. It was no use; he danced between the two with his big arms outstretched, and though he hardly seemed to touch them they both went down. Then he stooped over the mate, out of my sight forward of the house, growling like a mad dog. And above

the hubbub came the shouts of that fool skipper from the cabin: 'Don't shoot. Don't shoot him. He's worth a thousand dollars.'

"The big beast rose into sight with the mate, dead or unconscious, slung over his shoulder. Straight for the main-rigging he made, and cleared the sheer-pole at a bound. Up he went, three rat-lines at a time, to the main-yard. He shinned out this on three legs, holding the mate with the fourth, and when he got to the end he dropped him. I could see the mate's pistol, tightly gripped in his hand, as he sprawled down. Then the skipper appeared with his rifle; he had changed his mind when he saw the brute stooping over the mate.

"'Throw a line to the mate, Captain,' I yelled, 'or go over after him. I'll hold her up to the wind. Come down out o' that,' I called to the men still up in the fore rigging, 'and clear away a boat.' I jammed the wheel down, and the brig came up, but there wasn't a life-buoy or a plank to throw to the mate, even if he had been in sight, and not a man moved in the rigging. The skipper began pumping away with his rifle, but it didn't go off, and he suddenly said: 'My God! I used up all the cartridges. What'll I do? What'll I do?'

"'Go over after the mate with a line fast to you,' I called. But he ran into the cabin. I dropped the wheel and pulled the long-boat up to a short painter, then stood by the wheel again, though under her present trim the brig steered herself.

"Down came the brute by the weather leech of the mainsail, and inboard, upside down, by the foot-

rope of the sail. Amidships, he flopped to the deck, and arose in a moment with the second mate. He was conscious, and struggled weakly as the beast carried him aloft, and the look on his face was pitiful. He was carried out the yard-arm and dropped, like the first mate; and there was no helping him. I looked for each, but neither rose. Later on, I learned about gorillas and their way of killing. When they fight up in the trees their aim is to push the enemy off and let the fall kill him. That's why he lugged the two mates up after he had 'em conquered. I half guessed this at the time, and as the ugly devil looked down at me, the only man on deck, and then at the dogs in the fore rigging, I sang out to them, knowing I had that boat handy, to shin up to the top and hide, or else come down and fight him with handspikes. The beggars wouldn't budge, and the dago and the nigger kept singing out instructions; but they stayed where they were.

"Having given up the two mates by now, I had thrown the brig off to get steerageway, and just as the brute started down the leech of the mainsail to interview me the canvas filled with a flap, and he scrambled back to the yard. At this moment the Chinee cook must have remembered something in the galley to attend to, for he dropped to the deck and ran into his shop. This decided the gorilla; he forgot about me, shinned in along the yard, and went down the mainstay to the top of the forward house. We all yelled to the Chinaman, but if he heard he was too late. Just as he stuck his nose out of the port door the beast reached down to him and got him

by the collar. I'll never forget the screams of that poor heathen as he was lifted up and held tightly against the hairy chest of the monster. But it was soon over; the screams grew fainter and ended before the animal had got halfway up the mainstay. I think he squeezed the cook to death. He went up on one part of that stay, and out the main-yard again, just as a cat goes along on the top of a fence. At the outer gasket he dropped the cook, and that was the end of him.

“‘Now’s your chance,’ I called to the three in the fore rigging. ‘Come down and get handspikes, and I’ll join you. If you don’t he’ll kill us all, one by one.’

“‘They never stirred nor answered, and just then I heard the skipper driving the cabin-boy up the after-companion. ‘Get up on deck,’ he commanded. ‘What are you soldiering down here for?’

“Up came the boy—a whimpering snipe of a lad, who ought to have been home—and the skipper, brave as a lion with two pistols in his hands, but half crazy from the excitement.

“‘Where’s that ungrateful animal,’ he cried, waving his guns, ‘that bites the hand that feeds it? Where’s my mates?’

“‘Over the side, where you ought to be, you damned idiot,’ I said to him. ‘Give me one of those guns. Perhaps I can do something with it.’ But he ran forward along the alley, shouting for the mates, and the boy followed. Down came the gorilla by his old road—the leech and foot-rope of the main-sail—just in time to catch the boy at the main-hatch.

The skipper dodged and raced aft again, never offering a shot, and the animal killed the boy with one swipe; at least, he never moved. He wasn't taken aloft and dropped. He was flung over the side like an old bag.

"The men forward began scrambling up the fore rigging, and their motion attracted the beast's attention. Away he went in pursuit, while the crazy skipper, shouting like an auctioneer, climbed to the top of the after-house and began firing one of his guns. I climbed after him, for I saw that he was shooting holes in the air and wasting good lead.

"'Give me one of those guns,' I yelled, and we clinched. He fought me as he might have fought the gorilla, but I was the youngest, and finally got the second pistol away from him. Then, while he raved at me, threatening to shoot my head off, I jumped down, took a careful aim at the beast with my hand steadied on the monkey-rail of the house, and pulled the trigger. It snapped, but that was all; and on investigating I found the pistol empty. I tossed it overboard and took the wheel again, while the lunatic on the house snapped away with an equally empty gun.

"The gorilla was halfway up the fore rigging by this time, and the two Dutchmen had reached the foreyard, while the Sou'egian was going higher. One Dutchman laid out to windward, the other to leeward, and I thought of a plan.

"'Climb aft on the forebrace, each one of you,' I sang out. 'If he follows, I'll let go the brace when you've reached the mainmast.'

“They heard me, and obeyed. Each came aft, hand over hand and leg over leg, under the brace. The gorilla went to leeward, and followed Wagner, the man on that side. He could beat him and was gaining fast. I ran forward to where the brace led to its pin on the rail, ready to let go on the chance of shaking him overboard; but there was no chance. He caught Wagner halfway along, and though Wagner drew his knife while he hung there under the brace he never used it. The same blow that knocked it out of his hand reached his head, and the poor Dutchman dropped, killed, I think, before he let go. I cast off the brace, however; and then, to give the lower yard a chance to swing, cast off all the lee braces. But it only caused the devil a little trouble; he was jerked forward and aft, holding on to one part or the other, as the brace overhauled, and had almost reached the water before he began to climb. Then he came on, up the standing part to the mainmast-head after Weiss, the other Dutchman.

“‘Come down by a back stay, Weiss,’ I yelled, as I saw the poor devil climbing like mad up the top-mast rigging. ‘Come down and get into the boat.’ I had secured two handspikes from the ‘midship rack, and when I got aft flung them into the boat.

“But if Weiss heard he was too rattled to understand. Up he went; and the nigger higher up, who might have come down, did the wrong thing, too. He went down the maintopgallant-stay to the foretop-mast-head, and then aloft after the Sou’egian. The gorilla caught Weiss at the topgallant rigging. He gathered him in, and Weiss gave just one screech,

before his life went out; then he was carried, like the two mates, out the topgallantyard, and dropped. It was sickening; and all this time that madman on the house was snapping his empty pistol, shouting for his mates, and abusing me at the wheel.

“I saw that there was nothing to do but get into that boat, pay out to a long painter, and trust that the brute would drown himself in the effort to get us. I yelled this to the nigger and the Sou’egian up forward; but they’d got together with the dago on the foretopgallant-yard, and didn’t even answer. Just why the gorilla should have chosen them for his next meat, instead of me and the skipper, I never could understand; for we were making all the noise. But he may have been affected by the sight of the long-boat just under the stern, which reminded him of his late suffering, and avoided it. At any rate, he went down the topgallant-stay after the nigger.

“‘Come down by the topgallant-backstays, and come aft to the boat,’ I yelled, ‘and here, you,’ I said to the skipper, ‘you get down below and get up some water and grub. Quick, now, for there’s no knowing how long we’ll stay in that boat.’

“He looked at me somewhat sadly, and more sanely than I expected. ‘Yes,’ he said. ‘We must abandon ship. It is the will of God.’

“‘Hurry up,’ I answered. ‘Get some water and grub; and if there’s a chance, get a couple of oars out of the quarter-boat.’

“He went below, and I watched the gorilla. I suppose I might have cleared away the quarter-boat cover and got the oars myself; but I was at the

wheel, and you know the habit of years. You must stand by your wheel though the heavens fall.

“ I had got so used to the killing of men up aloft that I didn’t care to watch the next performance. I busied myself with yelling at the skipper, and just as he came up I saw the sprawling figure of the nigger come down on the lee side ; but I knew he was done for, and just took a look at the Sou’egian and the dago, sliding down the flying-jib stay with the black monster after them. They went out of sight behind the foretopsail, and I thought only of myself. There was the skipper with his chronometer. The fool had brought only his chronometer, when we needed water and oars. He placed it on the taffrail.

“ ‘ Get some water, you fool,’ I yelled in his ear. ‘ Quick ! He’ll be aft in a minute.’

“ ‘ Get into the boat and take this chronometer,’ he said, quietly. ‘ I am master. I must be last to leave. I must get the ship’s papers.’

“ Down went the lunatic, and I cleared away the painter and got on the taff rail, ready to jump. Then I saw the huge bulk of the gorilla rise up over the knightheads. No doubt he had finished his last two on the head-gear, and had come in to celebrate. He struck an attitude, whirled his long arms like an orator, and roared his challenge to the rest of humanity—a sort of barking, booming, howling sound, with a background of growls. Then he spied me on the taffrail, and down he flopped off the forecastle deck.

“ ‘ Hurry up, Captain,’ I called. ‘ Hurry, for your life.’

“ It was a horrible sight to see that beast coming aft. He came on all-fours as fast as a horse could run, but he came nearly erect, swaying from side to side like a drunken man trying to walk straight; and his mouth was open, wider and redder than ever, and his little eyes were almost hidden behind that devilish grin. He had reached the break of the poop before the skipper appeared, tucking some papers into an inside pocket.

“ ‘ Jump,’ I sang out, and throwing the painter into the boat (for I wouldn’t trust that idiot to bring it with him), I sprang after it. When I picked myself up the skipper was on the taffrail, but the gorilla had got him, and the chronometer fell overboard. It was no fight. The skipper spluttered and then shrieked, as the brute gathered him in, and then it was over. The hairy devil used his teeth for the first time. He sank them into the skipper’s neck, and there was a crunching sound. Then he pushed the man from him, and he fell, splashing me with water as he struck.

“ The boat had sagged back about twenty feet by now, and the brute gathered himself for the leap. He hesitated for a moment, but I was past hoping that he wouldn’t take it. What I had seen must have turned my brain, for I grabbed one of the hand-spikes, shook my fist at him, and dared him to jump.

“ ‘ Come on here, if you dare, you murdering son of a thief,’ I screamed. ‘ Come on, you killer of niggers and dagos and Dutchmen and idiots. I’m none of that. I’m an Irishman. Come on, damn you.’

“He came, all arms and legs. He almost fetched the gunwale, but missed by an inch. Down he went, and came up blinking and whimpering, as though asking me to help him into the boat. I helped him, I did. I brought that handspike down on his head with all my strength, again and again, as he came toward me; but I couldn’t keep him off, and he got a grip. Then I hammered his arms, hoping to break the bones; maybe I did, but I didn’t stop him. I hammered again on his head, and just as he floundered into the boat I seemed to have damaged him a little; for the last blow I gave sounded like an egg that you’ve hit with a knife. But that was all; he had me the next moment, and I was helpless to move. He pulled me in, grinning into my face with that big red mouth, and breathing his stinking breath into my nostrils. Then he sank his teeth into my shoulder, and with the pain my senses left me.

“The next I remember was waking in the bottom of the boat with the big, heavy carcass sprawled all over me and its teeth still gripping my shoulder. But they hadn’t gone to the bone. My last whack with the handspike was his death-blow, and he had died in the effort to bite. It took me a long time to get him overboard. I took my time at the job, for the brig was a mile away, steering along on her own hook, and there wasn’t a sail or a smoke on the horizon. I never saw or heard of her again, but I’ve wondered many a time what must have been thought if she was picked up abandoned, with nothing wrong but the foreyards adrift, her own boats on the davits, and no sign of blood or fire or water to drive her

crew out. And I've wondered many a time, too, why I didn't think to dive down to the second mate's room and get his gun when there was a chance. But I suppose I was half crazy, like the skipper, for I don't remember much of that long-boat. I came to in a hospital at Cadiz, but the ship that picked me up had sailed; so I never knew how long I was out of my head. Wake me up, boys, when I make that noise, for I can't wake myself, and he has his teeth in me."

THE SLUMBER OF A SOUL

A TALE OF A MATE AND A COOK

AT the age of twenty-five John Dorsey possessed few attributes of mind or body that would distinguish him from other seafaring men beyond the deep resonance of his voice and a strong memory for faces, facts, and places—which latter made him a wonderful pilot, his mind retaining a vivid picture of every harbor, island, rock, or shoal that he had once seen. His strong lungs, with his pilotage and a general intelligence, raised him early to the quarter-deck.

Born at Nassau, in the Bahamas, he had obtained such education as the island schools afforded, had followed “wrecking” until his brain was a comprehensive chart of the whole West India group, and had then made four long voyages—one in the engine-room. The closing years of the Civil War found him engaged in blockade-running, which had grown to be a prosperous—though risky—and, from his insular standpoint, a legitimate business. Long, low, speedy steamers were built, painted slate-color, loaded with munitions of war, and sent to dodge their way past Federal cruisers into Southern ports, to return with cotton. In one of these—the *Petrel*—he occupied the position of first mate, and stood aft

near the taffrail, one dark night, watching the indefinite loom of a pursuing sloop-of-war about a mile astern.

At intervals a gleam, as of heat lightning, would light up the blackness. Then could be heard the humming and "cheep-cheep" of a ricochetting solid shot, followed by the bark of the gun. They were firing low.

The chase, commencing with the wind abeam, ended with the wind ahead; for the quarry, with large engine and small sail power, had edged around in a wide curve until the sails of the pursuer no longer drew. The cruisers of that time were at best but auxiliaries, unfitted to chase to windward, and had not this one, as though to voice her disgust to the night, discharged a broadside as she squared away, the fleeing steamer might have escaped.

It is this broadside, or, particularly, one round, nine-inch shot of it, that concerns us. The rest of them, with the screaming shells, flew wide or short. This shot, unaimed and unhoped of, struck a sea at a quarter of the distance, another at three-quarters, arose in the air, and crashed through the rudder and stern-posts of the *Petrel*, forward through the boiler, and then on through the length of the steamer, making holes for itself where necessary, from the last of which—in the port bow—it dropped into the sea. The *Petrel* was successfully raked and disabled.

When the shot had entered the stern, an iron belaying-pin, jolted from its place in the taffrail by the impact, had spun high as the cross-trees. Be-

fore it came down, and coincident with the roar of escaping steam from the punctured boiler, the mate had noted the damage done in his department, and, to apprise the captain on the bridge, roared out: "*Rudder post——*" But the descending belaying-pin, striking him a glancing blow on the head, cut short the sentence, and he fell to the deck.

The escaping steam brought the cruiser back to the chase, and the *Petrel* was captured, towed to a Northern port, and condemned. Here John Dorsey, still unconscious, though breathing, was placed in the hospital of a military prison. In a week he opened his eyes and smiled—as a baby smiles. Then as a baby looks at its hands, he looked at his, and cooed softly. His skull had not, apparently, been injured, and the lump raised had disappeared; so he was told to get up and dress. He only smiled, and was then assisted.

It could hardly have been said that John Dorsey had recovered consciousness. While physically healthy, a negative, non-combative good-humor, indicated by his smile, was the only mental attribute apparent. He even seemed to lack some of the instincts of self-preservation which the human, in common with other animals, inherits from parents. Feeling hunger, he would not eat food placed before him until shown how; and then not with a knife and fork, or even by intelligent use of his fingers, but by lowering his head in the manner of brutes. Hustled aside by a harsh attendant, he felt pain, and cried out—with no articulation. But he felt no fear at the next meeting; he could not remember.

An inner sub-consciousness directed necessary physiological functions, and he lived and gained flesh. But, though far below the level of brutes in intellect, he differed from them and idiots in his capacity for improvement. For he learned—to dress himself; to use a knife and fork; to make his bed, sweep, carry water, etc. The first sign of memory he displayed was in his avoidance of the nurse who habitually abused him. He learned the names of things one by one, and, in time, essayed to speak them. But only with the progress of a gurgling infant did he acquire a vocabulary sufficient for his wants; and this he used, not in the breezy, quarter-deck tone of John Dorsey, but in accents soft and low, as became the gentleness of his new nature.

Not being a prisoner of war, he was discharged—cured; but being useful, and not a stickler for salary, was allowed to remain in the hospital until it was officially abolished, six months after the close of the war. Then he was turned adrift—a man in physique but a child in experience; for his life now dated from the awakening in the hospital, and what he knew he had learned since then. Not a glimmer or shadow of memory as to his past remained. It was as though the soul of John Dorsey had gone from him, and in its place had come another—but a limited, a weakling soul; one that could feel no strong emotions; that could neither love nor hate nor fear, in a human sense.

Poorly equipped as he was, he naturally became a beggar, but would work when told to. He wandered, associating with tramps; and under the tutelage of

tramps his mind expanded, but only to the limits of his soul. Some things he could not understand.

In a measure the embargo on his faculties impressed its stamp on his face; but the features of the intelligent John Dorsey did not at once yield to the new conditions, and while still a fit candidate for an asylum the strange mixture of expression, resembling careworn candor, saved him from commitment as weak-minded, though he was often sent to jail as a vagrant.

For thirty years he was a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth, at the end of which time he had learned much, considering his limitations. He could talk fairly well in the slang of the road, and in an evenly modulated tone of voice which was somewhat plaintive. He could not read or write; but he could count, though telling the time by the clock marked the limit of his progress in practical mathematics. A time-table map, the chart of his wandering *confrères*, was an incomprehensible puzzle to him. He knew the use of money and what his day's labor was worth, but his lack of skill at the simplest tasks prevented his holding a job; hence his ever-reactionary tendency to beggary. Latterly, however, he had worked in a hotel kitchen, and, liking the shelter and warmth, cultivated the industry to the extent of becoming, in spite of himself, a fairly good third-rate cook.

At the hospital he had been No. 7. Asked his name later, he had given this number, which his tramp companions corrupted to "Shiven," and prefixed with "Jack"—their hall-mark of fellowship. His

beard had grown, and, with his hair, was of a soft shade of brown. With no vices to age him, and tormented by no speculations as to his origin or destiny—the impressions of a year back being forgotten unless renewed by friction—his face, though changed, was even more youthful than the sailor Dorsey's. In repose it was stupid; but when he was pleased and smiled—with the same infantile smile that marked the birth of his new existence—it lighted up with the ineffable glory of an angel's. It was the mute expression of an innocence of soul which approached the divine—beyond human understanding. And it won him universal good-will, though not always good treatment.

In the autumn of 1895 he was in New York, penniless; and overhearing from a group of South Street loungers that the *Avon*, at Pier No. 9, wanted a cook, hurried there and met her captain, stepping over the rail to find one.

“I heard you had no cook,” he began.

“You a cook?”

“I kin cook plain grub.”

“Ever been to sea?”

“No.”

“Where’re your clothes?”

The applicant looked down at himself.

“Tramp, aren’t you?” said the captain, good-humoredly.

“Yes, kinder,” he answered, and smiled.

“Come aboard. I’m in a hurry. Thirty dollars a month. Say ‘Sir’ when you speak to me or the mate.”

The *Avon* was a two-masted, schooner-rigged, five-hundred-ton, iron screw steamer, with an old-fashioned oscillating engine, which her old-fashioned engineer patted lovingly for the wonderful bursts of speed he could induce from it. Against his name on the *Avon's* articles, the new cook placed his mark for the highest rate of pay he had worked for as Jack Shiven. He was seasick the first day out, but recovered, and gave satisfaction. Quiet, good-humored, and obliging, he smiled on all hands and won their hearts. "He's a daft man, but a good 'un," said the engineer.

At Cedar Keys, Florida, Captain Swift brought aboard, one evening, a tall, dark man, with whom he consulted locked in his cabin. As they parted at the rail, he said, in a low tone: "We're speedy enough to get away from any cutter on the coast, and, I think, any cruiser the Spanish have over. This was a blockade dodger in war times, named *Petrel*. Still, as I said, Doctor, I must consult my crew. It's risky work."

"Did you own the *Avon* then—when she was the *Petrel*?" asked the other, speaking with an accent that stamped him a foreigner.

"No," answered the captain; "I bought her years afterwards. But," he added, proudly, "I sailed in her 'fore the mast when she was captured. They jugged us for a while; then let us go. 'Twas curious about the mate, a fellow named Dorsey. Got a rap on the head somehow, and came to in the hospital, but lost his bearings—didn't know his name, and couldn't understand when told. They let him out

'fore they did us, and we lost all track of him. It's pitiful, the way his old mother sits up on the rocks over at Nassau and watches the channels. She expects her boy back; says she knows he'll come. I've got so I hate to bring the *Avon* there; for every time I've done it she's recognized the old *Petrel*, and waved her shawl from the rocks, and rushed aboard. And I've always had to give her the same old story: 'Haven't heard from him.' It's heart-breaking. But John Dorsey's dead, sure."

In a couple of days the *Avon* sailed, with the dark stranger below in the empty hold. Two hours later a revenue cutter, primed with information of a purposed breach of the neutrality laws, lifted her anchor and followed, a menacing speck on the horizon astern of the *Avon*, and an irritation to the quickened nerves of her captain, as he viewed her through the glass, and wondered and guessed and swore. But next morning the horizon was clear, and the *Avon*, having doubled the Florida reef in the night, was steaming up the east coast. The following midnight found her well up past Cape Canaveral, and here, after answering a rocket from the shore, she cautiously, and with much heaving of the lead and speaking-tube calls to the engine-room, felt her way through a narrow inlet in the outlying reef, or sand-covered barrier, into the inclosed lagoon, where she lay, with steam up and without anchoring, while her crew brought off, with the three boats, numerous boxes, cases, and barrels, which they stowed carefully in the hold.

As the largest boat came out the captain said to

the tall stranger: "I'll not have that stuff aboard. We'll tow it astern. It's fine weather and smooth water. Here, you cook, Jack Shiven, watch this boat. Don't let it touch the side, or it'll blow your old head off. Keep it away with an oar." The boat was fastened to the stern by the painter, and the cook, who had been awakened by the unusual proceedings, obeyed orders.

Then, leaving the dark man on the bridge to watch the horizon, and a negro fireman in the boiler-room to keep up steam, every other man in the crew from the captain to the mess-boy went ashore in the next boat, for the last and hardest lift of all. A large shell-gun, too heavy for one boat, was to be carried off on a temporary deck covering two. At this work they were engaged when daylight broke; and with its coming appeared, outside the barrier and heading for the inlet, the revenue cutter that had followed them, with ports open, guns showing, and at her gaff-end a string of small flags, which, in the silent Volapük of the sea, said: "Get under way as fast as you can."

A signal-book and a good glass are needed, as a rule, to interpret this language. The captain and mate ashore had neither, and those aboard were not tutored in their use; so the command was neither answered nor obeyed. "The jig's up," said the captain. "Get this gun ashore again. We'll go aboard and answer, or he may fire. They'll confiscate my boat, but I don't want her sunk."

But their hurry to unload the gun resulted in the

swamping of one boat and the staving of the other; so they were forced to remain—and hope.

“Run up a white flag,” roared the captain; “then scull that boat ashore.”

The cook heard, but could not understand. The man on the bridge understood, but could not obey—he could not find the flag locker. However, he impressed on the cook’s mind the wisdom of getting the boat ashore. But Jack Shiven only smiled and shook his head. He could not scull a boat. Neither could the Cuban—for such he was—and the fireman, conscientiously and emphatically refused to leave his work. He had shipped fireman, not sailor.

The boom of an unshotted gun was heard from seaward—given as a hint, which, of course, was not taken. Then another report, louder, came from the cutter, and with it a shot, aimed to cross the stern of the *Avon*. But years of service in the revenue marine had somewhat demoralized the old man-of-war’s-man who had charge of the gun. He did not allow for the half charge of powder and the lateral deflection given the consequently ricochetting shot by choppy waves, running at angle with his aim. That shot, barely clearing the reef, made a curve, shorter with each blow of a glancing sea, bounded over the stern of the *Avon*, and cut through the port main-boom lift (a wire-rope), which fell and struck the wondering, smiling cook on the head—a slight blow, but enough. The shot buried itself in the sand on the beach, having undone the work of that other government shot fired thirty years before—it had wakened the sleeping soul of John Dorsey. He

reeled, recovered, and in a cracked falsetto cried out, "*carried away, sir,*" finishing the sentence begun in his youth and interrupted by the descending belaying-pin. Clapping his hands to his head, he looked around, bewildered, then bounded forward to the bridge. The Cuban followed.

"Are you hurt?" asked the latter.

"Hurt? Who are you? Get off the bridge! Where's the captain? Who's got the wheel?" His voice was choked and guttural.

"The captain is on shore with the crew. Do you not see them?"

Dorsey reached into the pilot-house, and in the old familiar nook placed his hand on a pair of glasses, with which, after a suspicious inspection, he examined the group on the beach.

"None of our crowd," he muttered. Then he turned the glass on the revenue vessel outside.

"Haven't they got enough men-of-war on the coast without trotting out their cutters?" he growled. "What's he say? 'M, L, H'—'get under way.' Say, you," he demanded of the Cuban, "what's happened? What time is it? When'd you join this boat?"

"On the day before yesterday, at Cedar Keys."

"You lie!" snarled Dorsey. "We haven't been there in four months; but—" he felt his head again—"what's happened? Everything looks queer. Where's the ball on the pilot-house? Two minutes ago it was night-time. What does this mean? Whose shirt have I got on?"

"Two minutes ago you were struck on the head,

and have acted strangely since," answered the Cuban, who thought the cook was crazed by the blow.

"Yes, I know something belted me; my head's pretty sore. But you weren't aboard, and 'twas up near Hatteras. Now we're down here in Gallino Bay, and it's daylight. I must ha' been knocked silly and stayed so. What day is it? Monday? Three days ago!" Dorsey's mind had solved the problem, though, of course, with no regard to the lapse of time. But his mind had not yet regained the command of Jack Shiven's body; his gestures were clumsy, and his eyes—wide open and alert—though not the eyes of Jack Shiven, were not the eyes of John Dorsey. His voice was a mixture of strange sounds, and he coughed continually.

"What ails my throat? And this!" he exclaimed; he had felt of his beard. "Say, Mister Man, am I dead or alive, or asleep, or crazy? Who am I?"

"I believe you are the cook of this boat, in a sad condition of mind," said the Cuban, dryly, more interested now in the approaching cutter.

"Cook! I'm mate, if I'm anything," spluttered Dorsey, the sailor in him aroused by the affront. Yet the terror in his eyes might have indicated his doubts that he was anything.

The vessel outside had stopped her engines at the mouth of the inlet, and now sent another and better-aimed shot across the *Avon's* stern. It aroused Dorsey to fury.

"That's your game, is it?" he growled, hoarsely. "All right. 'Get under way,' you say." He sprang

to the deck, saw that the anchors were on the rail; then, to satisfy misgivings thirty years old, ran aft and looked over the stern at the rudder. It was there, intact, and he hurried to the engine-room hatch.

"Down there, chief?" he called. "Who's below?"

There was no answer. He reached the fire-room hatch at a bound, and met, emerging, the woolly head of the fireman, who had heard the gun and wanted to know.

"What steam you got?" demanded Dorsey, who recognized his craft, though not knowing him.

"Wha' dat yo' business, Jack Shiven? Yo' g' back t' yo' pots an' pans, an' doan yo' cum foolin' 'roun' dis yere fire-hole. Dis fire too hot f' yo'. Yo' git bawned, shua! Yah, yah, yah-ha. Who fire dat cannon, cookie?"

"What steam you got?"—the words seemed to explode from the throat—"answer me, you black imp, or I'll jam you into that furnace. How many pounds?"

"Wha' dat?"

The fireman got no further. Dorsey's fingers gripped his throat, and in a second he was sprawled backward over the hatch-combing. Squeezing hard for a moment, the infuriated questioner again demanded: "What steam you got?"

"Fifty pounds, Jack," gurgled the negro; "le' go; wha' yo' want?"

"Get down there! Bring it up to sixty, and keep it so. I'm going to start the engine. Down

with you, quick! Don't you leave that fire-hole till I tell you."

The frightened fireman descended, and Dorsey examined the engine.

"Some scrap-heap," he muttered. "Hasn't changed like me and the boat, and the heavens and earth." He ran forward again. In the after-end of the pilot-house he found a chest, which he kicked open, scattering the contents—signal-flags—on the floor. He picked out three, and called the Cuban.

"Who are you, anyhow?" he asked. "Can you run the engine?"

"No."

"Can you steer?"

"I cannot."

"Then I must do both. Run these three flags up to the truck in the order I name them—K, G, P. Understand? K on top. They're marked. Quick, now!"

"Why," demanded the other—"what do these flags say?"

"They say our engine's broken down, if you must know," yelled Dorsey. "I want to stop his fire and draw him into the inlet, then dash by him. It's our only chance. D'you want to end your days in a Yankee prison? Bear a hand, or you will—that is, unless you want to swim." The Cuban glanced at three dorsal fins alongside towards which Dorsey pointed, and took the flags. He had watched the friction at the hatch with as much amusement as would mingle with his apprehension of arrest. But this masterful, methodical lunatic, who had given

such forceful instructions to the fireman, and who now seemed to have the International Signal Code in his head, was the same smiling imbecile who could not scull a boat. Suspicions of Spanish espionage disturbed him. Yet the other's action might indicate a desire to escape; and so, reasoning that whatever the flags might say, his position would be made no worse, he hoisted them, while Dorsey, after giving a tentative turn or two to the engine, watched the effect on the cutter.

The ruse succeeded. The mendacious message, read aboard the government craft, caused her to reserve her fire and enter the inlet. Then Dorsey threw the throttle wide open, and with a passing objurgation to the victim in the fire-room ran to the wheel.

“Come up here and give me a hand,” he called; but the Cuban did not answer. He had just seen a dark figure emerge from the fire-room, take a hurried look around, and speed to the stern, where the boat, nearly on end now as the steamer gathered way, was fastened by its painter. Acting on a sudden resolution, he followed, choosing to join the party ashore with the aid of the fireman—who could scull—rather than remain with a man who, if not a maniac, was a most unpleasant and aggressive companion—possibly a Spanish spy. He slipped down the rope after the negro, and cut the boat clear.

Dorsey saw them, shook his fist, and steered for the inlet; but three minutes later, with a muttered curse, he sprang from the pilot-house down to the deck and aft to the engine-room, where he shut

off the steam, reversed the engine, and turned it on. A bulging turmoil of white froth under the cutter's counter had told him that she was backing out of the inlet—possibly on account of grounding. Anxiously he watched from the engine-room door while the *Avon* backed to nearly her first position; then, when he saw the cutter again go ahead, he gave headway to the *Avon* and took the wheel.

But, unseen by him, the small boat, after landing the Cuban and the fireman, had again left the beach, this time with a single occupant, who sculled vigorously towards the *Avon*, and, unable to gain the steamer's side, sprang to the bow of the boat barely in time to catch an eye-bolt in the rudder. To this he held with both hands, as the painter had been cut too short to be of use. Dorsey, at the wheel, felt the drag on the rudder, but ascribed it to shallow water and an uneven bottom. The two steamers met in the inlet.

“Where are you going?” bawled a brass-buttoned officer from the cutter's bridge. “Stop your engine or I'll sink you.”

Dorsey reached his head and half his body through the pilot-house window and shouted in reply: “Our engine's running away with us—lever's broken. We'll pull our fires outside.”

The officer doubted, but hesitated, and the *Avon* swept by at a fifteen-knot rate. Outside, Dorsey edged up into the cutter's wake, and, by keeping her masts in line, avoided for a while her fire; for she was a revenue cutter, built to pursue, not to flee; hence, none of her guns could be trained over the

stern. But was ever dignified government craft placed in a more undignified position? She could not safely back out of the inlet now, and by the time she had steamed in, turned around, and started seaward the *Avon* was a mile and a half away, with an increased blackness to her line of belching smoke which indicated anything but an intention to "pull fires." Dorsey, lashing the wheel, had gone down and added fuel, tried the water, talked (after the manner of the engine-room) to the oscillating cylinder, wagging away like the stump-tail of an over-pleased dog, and returned to the wheel; while the man in the boat under the stern shouted profanely and vainly for assistance, and, crouching low in the bow of the boat, relieved one aching arm by the other. Dorsey could not hear him.

Shot after shot from the cutter's long-range guns hummed around the *Avon*, but none of them struck. Though her armament was modern, her engines were old—older than the *Avon's*, and inferior by two-knots' speed per hour—and she lost ground steadily. Dorsey steered due east, made periodical trips to the boat's vitals, and in two hours whooped in triumph as he saw the pursuer turn slowly around and start back. An hour later, and about five minutes after the exhausted man in the boat had let go the rudder, Dorsey drew his fires, stopped the engine, and cooked his breakfast, hardly yet recovered from his excitement sufficiently to realize to the full his isolation—not of space, but of time. He was still of the past, just escaped from peril a generation gone.

He finished his meal and wanted a smoke. Going to his old room, he found strange clothing, strange alterations of the fittings, but no pipe. "Queer," he muttered. "Got someone in my place, I suppose." His tone was aggrieved. "Might ha' waited more'n three days. Wonder how long, though, I've been silly. Not long—my head's sore yet. But I've grown a beard. Wonder what hit me? I'll get a pipe down forrad."

In the forecastle he found one and a strange brand of tobacco which he confiscated. Returning to the deck, he smoked and reflected, but in a few minutes put the pipe down, nauseated. Jack Shiven had not been a smoker.

"What'll I do?" he mused. "Go back to the coast and pick up the crew? That wasn't the crew. The boat's changed hands. Has she been taken? Maybe—and I was too dead to move. Wish I knew where that cutter'll hunt next. Wish I knew what's happened. What ails the boat? She looks as though she'd been through seven hells." He went to the rail. "Old paint," he exclaimed. "*Old woodwork! Old boat!* Where's she been to? Wire-rigged, too. I'll see the articles. I'll see if I belong here."

The captain's room was locked. In no condition of mind to care for nautical etiquette, he raised his foot, burst in the door, and entered. A large mirror on the bulkhead reflected his image, and he stood transfixed by the strange, staring, bearded face—which was not his own. He raised his hand; the image did the same. He inclined his head to the right and left, and was accompanied.

"It's me," he groaned, "and it isn't me." Approaching the glass, he examined closely the specter confronting him. There was not a trace of resemblance between the old and the new John Dorsey, unless it was the color of the eyes. Hair, features—even the shape of the nose and thickness of the lips—were changed. The shoulders, too, were more sloping, as though dragged down by weights. John Dorsey had pulled ropes, downward: Jack Shiven had wheeled barrows.

He sank down on a chest in helpless fright, while perspiration oozed from his forehead. In the berth lay a folded and discolored newspaper, which he seized and examined. It was dated January 1, 1895. He threw it down. "Can't be," he said, with a doubting, though piteous, half smile. "Seventy-five, eighty-five, ninety-five—thirty years. Nonsense; where's the log book."

He found it in the mate's room—its last departure dated October 3, 1895. With brain on fire, he returned to the captain's room and attacked the boat's library, tearing books from their places, examining the publishers' imprints, and throwing them down. They bore dates ranging through the years following the war. He burst the captain's desk apart and found the articles. His name was not there. The

last entered was "*Jack x Shiven, cook*"; and the
articles also were dated thirty years into the future.
He crept on deck. He wanted air.

Not a breath of wind ruffled the glassy surface of the ground-swell, which, sent by some distant gale,

had thrown the *Avon* into its trough, and was rolling her gently as she drifted north with the Gulf Stream. The sun was shining from a cloud-flecked sky, and in the air was all the softness of the Florida winter. But to this human soul, torn from its past, plunged alone and unguided far into the unknown, there was something unreal, unearthly, in the aspect of sea and sky. There was insufferable heat and dryness to the air he breathed, and a new, metallic ring to the tinkling swash of the water as the boat rolled; and this sound, with the hissing of steam from the boiler, seemed but to accentuate the intense silence of the ocean, which bore him down and crushed him.

“Who am I?” he thought, rather than uttered. “I’m not John Dorsey. I’m someone else. Who?”

He backed up against the side of the forward-house. Off to the westward was a speck—the revenue cutter. It was a tangible reality, and his dazed faculties seized it. He traced back, painfully, the events of the morning. “She chased me out here,” he whispered. “Who was that dago? He knew me. Who was the nigger, and the crowd on the beach? They were not the crew—I’m not the mate.” He walked aft. “Here I stood this morning—last night—when I was struck,” he muttered; “and then—all at once—it was daylight, and I was here.” He moved a few steps. “And nothing is the same.” He noticed the broken wire rope on the deck. “What parted the lift? It seems—yes—it must be—that is what hit me. I remember now; I saw it move on the deck. It must have knocked me senseless, and

meanwhile the boat has had trouble. But they haven't mended the lift; and it was a hemp lift, too, not wire—and I'm still in her—no, I'm not—I'm not John Dorsey, I'm someone else. Who am I? I can't make it out. Who in hell am I?" He clung to the taffrail and screamed loudly and hoarsely in an agony of terror. Then he ran forward—aft—and forward again. He burst into the captain's room, examined again the face in the glass—which he loathed—and fled from it.

On the pilot-house was the boat's name, which he had not noticed on the articles, and saw now for the first time. He sprang to the bow and looked over. There, in block copper letters, where once had been the word *Petrel*, was the boat's later name. Aft on the stern he read it again—"Avon, of New York." He seated himself on a hatch, strangely enough steadier in mind for the removal of the *Petrel* from the problem; and, when a little of the terror had left his face, he noticed an anchor worked in india-ink on the back of his hand—the soft, white hand of Jack Shiven, the cook. He looked at it, dubiously, then pulled up his right sleeve. There, close to the elbow, was a wreath, and within it the letters "J. D." He tore open his shirt, and on his breast found a mole. Springing to his feet, he raised his clenched fist, brought it slowly down, and said, calmly and decisively, "I am John Dorsey, and this boat"—he scanned the fabric from trucks to curving deck with the eye of a sailor who loves his craft—"this boat is the *Petrel*."

"On deck, there!" came a hail from over the side.

He stepped to the rail. A hatless, coatless man was wearily sculling a boat up to the steamer. "Give me a line," he called as he approached. Dorsey obliged him. "Why didn't you answer me?" he said, as he climbed over the rail; "why didn't you pay out on that painter? You've pulled my arms six inches longer." He peered into Dorsey's puzzled face; then, as though appreciating the humor of the situation, he advanced with twinkling eyes and collared him.

"Soho, my man," he said, "never been to sea, hey? Yet you can steer. Can't scull a boat ashore, but can run an engine and steal a big steamer." He gave Dorsey a gentle shake. The next moment he was seated on the deck a dozen feet away rubbing a smarting spot on his chest about as large as Dorsey's fist—which fist, as unused to such collisions as Dorsey was to a shaking, was also being rubbed. In his incomplete correspondence with his environment, Dorsey was still first mate of the *Petrel*, dealing with an insolent member of her crew; for time had touched lightly the captain of the *Avon*, and he recognized him.

"The nigger was right," muttered the captain as he arose; "mad as an Irish duke on a tater-hill." He bounded into his room; but Dorsey was after him, and before he could cock the revolver which he seized from his wrecked desk it was twisted from his hand and dropped into Dorsey's pocket; then he was dragged out on deck and seated—not too gently—on a hatch.

"Now then, Jim Swift," said the angry Dorsey,

with his hand on the captain's collar, "you sit right there and answer a few questions—answer them civilly. What do you know? What's happened—to me and the boat?"

"Why, Jack, I really don't know," said the captain, resolved to humor his captor, whose apparent maniacal strength prevented an escape; but his neck was nearly dislocated by the sudden shake he received as Dorsey thundered: "Don't call me Jack—I'm out of the forecastle. That the way you speak to an officer? Answer me."

"I don't know. You ran off with my boat; but that's all right—good thing you did. Don't choke me—don't!" Dorsey had shifted his fingers.

"No nonsense. What's the matter with me? Where's this boat been? Where's the skipper and the rest of the crew? What happened after that broadside?"

Captain Swift looked up into the face of the other, doubtful as to what answer to make; but there was no gleam of insanity in the earnest eyes that were fixed upon him, and he saw it. His answer was unfortunate.

"Now, look here, my man," he said; "better drop this game, whatever it is. You seem to be some kind of an ash-cat as well as pot-wrastler. Get into the engine-room—I'll take care o' the boat; or else get into the galley, where you belong."

It is as unwise in a sailor to call an engineer an ash-cat as to call his watch-officer a pot-wrastler. Dorsey swung him to his feet and struck him between the eyes with his clinched fist.

When Captain Swift recovered his faculties and sat up, dazed and disfigured, his wrists were ironed; for he had lain quiet on the deck long enough for Dorsey to rummage the mate's room for handcuffs.

"Now then, my lad," said his conqueror, sternly, "something's wrong—I don't know what; but as you won't answer questions here, you might be induced to in the Government House. Which'll you do—help me get this boat back to Nassau and hold your berth and your money, or stay in irons, lose your pay, and be kicked into jail for insubordination?"

"Well," said the subdued captain, painfully, "I don't know but Nassau's a good place for this boat just now. What d'you want me to do?"

"Want you to say 'Sir' when you speak to me," roared Dorsey. "Do that first."

"Yes, sir; what do you want me to do?"

"You can't run the engine?"

"No, sir."

"All right—you can steer. Will you do as you're told if I unlock you—with no growling?"

"Yes, sir."

Dorsey released him, and lifted him to his feet by his collar. "Take the wheel," he said, with an emphasizing shake; "bring her sou'-sou'-east when I start the machine. And, mind you, if you play any games, overboard you go."

"Yes, sir."

The captain climbed the bridge steps to the pilot-house.

"Might ha' known better than to ship a lunatic in

the first place," he muttered. "But he saved the old boat for me, just the same. And he's more than a sailor—he's been an officer; he knows the road to the Providence Channel. Great Scott, what a fist he's got! 'minds me o' the smash I got at school—Jack Dorsey—my God!—I wonder—Dorsey was an engineer—thinks he's an officer here—thinks I'm 'fore the mast—calls me Jim Swift, and I haven't heard the name for twenty years." He looked aft at Dorsey, leading the small boat to the stern by its improvised painter, and shook his head. "No," he added; "Dorsey was taller; yet there's something about him—well, we're going to Nassau; there's an old woman there who'll know, and I'll be at the meeting—if I'm alive."

All that day and the following night Captain Swift was an obedient and respectful helmsman. Dorsey gravitated from the boiler and engine to the bridge, passing in food to the captain at meal-times, lighting the binnacle and side lights as night came on, and giving such indubitable evidence of sanity that Captain Swift once ventured to address him as Mr. Dorsey. It was taken as a matter of course, whereat the captain danced a silent jig at the wheel.

And Dorsey, quiet and masterful—defiant of Fate—too incensed at the other to ask further, forced the mystery from his mind. He would know in the morning, when he met the owners. Through the night, when his engine-room duties permitted, he occasionally relieved the fatigued helmsman at the long trick at the wheel, and allowed him to smoke, but not to leave the bridge.

In the morning, as the languid islanders were waking to their indolent existence, Dorsey, on the bridge, conned the steamer into the west channel of Nassau Harbor. On the highest point of the low shore was a figure that waved—something red. He did not see it, though the man in the pilot-house did, and, when Dorsey's back was turned, answered with his hand through the window. Inside the harbor, Dorsey stopped the engine while he puzzled over the action of a patent windlass which was new to him. Mastering this, he went on at half speed. The figure had left the rocks, and, still waving the red cloth, was hastening towards the landing. Close in as he dared go, Dorsey again shut off steam, and, with the captain's help, pried the small anchor off the rail and dropped it; then, ordering the other to bring the boat alongside he washed the grime of the fire-hole from his hands and face.

“Boat alongside, sir,” reported the captain, when the toilet was finished; “shall I take you in, sir?”

“Yes,” said Dorsey, curtly; “but don't try to jump at the dock, or it'll be worse for you. I want you up at the owners'.”

Captain Swift almost fell into the boat, so fearful was he of being ordered to remain; and with Dorsey seated on a midship thwart, wondering at the appearance of the waterfront, he sculled to the steps of the nearest public wharf. As they landed, an old woman in a red shawl was waiting.

With some difficulty, Dorsey recognized in the stern face of this decrepit old woman the features

he had known and loved as his mother's. Not once, in his trouble of mind, had the strong man thought of her; and he approached her now with such emotion as might accrue from a week's absence; for by his chronology it was but a week since he had kissed her good-by.

"Mother," he said, as he reached out his arms, "what is it? What's happened to us? I'm changed; you're changed; and the town's not the same—everything is old. Tell me, mother."

"Hush," she answered, harshly; "don't mock me with that name. Where is my boy, Captain Swift—my Johnny? Have you brought him back?" Somewhat dubiously, Captain Swift, in the rear, pointed at Dorsey.

She peered into his face—in which the first terror was again showing—shook her head, folded her shawl tightly about her, and turned her back to him.

"Mother," he called, despairingly, as she walked away.

Something in the tone—some inherent lingering trace of his baby wail—struck to the heart of the old woman. She needed no more. He was tugging desperately at his sleeve to show her the initials on his arm, but she gave him no time for that. She was back to him, with her arms about his neck and her lips to his bearded face, crying and crooning incoherently over him with all the old endearments of her early motherhood.

"Oh, Johnny!" she cried, when she could speak clearly; "I knew you'd come back; I always knew it—and in the *Petrel*."

"But it isn't the *Petrel*, mother; it's the *Avon*, of New York. Why, I don't know. That's what bothers me."

"I know—they call her the *Avon* now; but she's the *Petrel* to me; she took you away from me. But where'd you go, my boy? Why didn't you write?"

"Write—where'd I go?" said the puzzled Dorsey.
"Mother, what year is it?"

"Eighteen ninety-five, John; didn't you know that?"

Captain Swift advanced, seized Dorsey by the hand, and said, gravely: "Thirty years, Mr. Dorsey, you've been gone; can't you remember? Don't you know that the *Petrel* was taken and that you went to the hospital? Don't you remember shipping cook with me at New York as Jack Shiven?"

Dorsey only stared blankly at him, and the captain went on, shaking his hand vigorously:

"I didn't know you—you're so changed; but I might ha' known you, if I hadn't been an all-round chump, when you dodged the cutter. No man alive could ha' done that but Jack Dorsey. I didn't know you till you gave me the old familiar smash in the eyes. But I kept still and obeyed orders; I'd ha' given my boat, if necessary, to be at this meeting. Thirty years, Jack, you've been gone, and every day of it she's sat on those rocks waiting for you"—the captain was winking hard—"and we all told her you were dead; but she knew better. Come out to the boat when you can, Jack. There's only one thing that fits this occasion; if you'd smashed more furni-

ture, you'd ha' found it. It was bottled the year you went under."

"Thirty years," said Dorsey, almost in a whisper, while he looked into the blue sky and around at the harbor and town. "It has passed to me in the instant of time during which I felt something hard strike my head. Take me home, mother, and take care of me—till I can make it out."

HONOR AMONG THIEVES

“Six days thou shalt labor and do all that thou art able,
And on the seventh thou shalt holy-stone the deck and scrape
the cable.”

—*Sailors' Commandments.*

WHEN you have made a more than successful cruise, on which you have ravaged the coast from Callao to the Isthmus; when your hold is filled with the choicest of brandies, wines, and liquors—with fancy groceries and the finest of silks, brocades, and broadcloths, and the covers of four treasure-chests in the 'tween-deck will hardly close over the contents; when you have nine ships, four barks, and a brig or two—as well as a few competitive Malay praus—to your credit, and your reputation for elusiveness troubles the men-of-war of four nations; lastly, when your number is reduced by fights, sickness, and quarter-deck correction from forty to twenty, and your share of the spoil is increased in like ratio, it is hard—very hard—to lie in the scuppers under a hot Pacific sun and whistle for a wind, with your island retreat just below the western horizon, a fat and tempting Chinese junk a half mile off in the same direction, a curious though quiescent man-of-war three miles east, and Palm Tree Island, towards which the current is setting, threatening to receive you on its shark-infested reef.

Such conditions would try the patience of gentler

souls than Captain Swarth and his crew. The brig was taking in water through a started butt—in spite of the thrummed top-gallant sail under it—at the rate of a foot an hour, while the one gang that they dared show to those inquisitive government glasses to the eastward could not pump her free; in fact, the water gained. Wind was what they wanted. Wind would settle the whole matter. They could man all pumps, lay the junk aboard, tranship what was good of her cargo, lead the “bull-dog” a chase to the southward, and dodge back to their island to careen and refit, divide up and rest. They knew that man-of-war—though she did not seem to know them—knew her speed and gunnery, and feared her not—with wind.

Yank Tate, the carpenter, sounded the pump-well and groaned a gentle oath. “No good, Cappen,” he said as he walked aft with the sounding-rod; “must be up to the second tier now.”

Captain Swarth swept the smoky horizon with his glasses. There was no sign of even a cat’s-paw; the motionless man-of-war—a gun-deck sloop—lay outlined against the haze with the distinct detail of a steel engraving, every block, rope, and reef-point showing. Aboard the junk a big, fat Chinaman sat at the tiller on the high poop, nodding, as though asleep while the rest of her crew were hidden. Palm Tree Island was nearer—he could plainly hear the surf crashing on the barrier.

“Get the boys up, Angel,” he said to his long-legged, solemn-faced mate; “man both pumps—and, Chips”—this to the carpenter—“see what you can

do with the lumber down below ; make a bailin' pump if you can."

"Then we'll have that feller's boats down on us," answered the mate, "and lose the junk, too—they've got sweeps aboard. Them rags won't fool the brass-buttons after they see our crowd." He pointed to a string of signal flags at the gaff-end, which, in answer to a previous inquiry of the ship, had given the official number of the last brig they had taken—that now lay on the bottom, forty miles east. "Why not hold on till dark, Bill? The moon'll bring wind."

"We'll likely have her boats here soon, anyhow—they're only waiting till it's cooler. As for the junk—let her go ; there's not much in her. We've got to float, above all—and float high, or we can't get away when the wind does come. We can fight the boats off."

"Guess yer right, Bill. Pity we lost ours. We could be through wi' the junk 'fore this if we had 'em. Man the after-pump!" he called.

The carpenter had disappeared in the 'tween-deck and the cosmopolitan crew, with growls and hurrahs, according to their individual appreciation of the situation, arose from the hot deck and shipped pump-brakes. As they did so a tremor ran through the brig, and the water alongside was broken into minute ripples.

"What the devil's that," said the captain—"barrels adrift in the hold? Pump away there, my bullies ; lighten her up!" he shouted to the men.

"Look at the Chinamen, Bill," said the mate.

The crew of the junk had come to life. Not less

than forty long-tailed Celestials were flying about her decks, some lowering the heavy mat sails, some shipping sweeps, others working at the sharp-pronged wooden anchors—evidently getting them ready. But the sudden showing of fourteen extra white men on the deck of their neighbor did not seem to be the cause of their agitation; for they swung the light craft around until the two painted eyes in the bows looked at the brig, and pulled in the sweeps.

“She’s a pirate—a Chinese pirate!” cried the captain; “no trading-junk carries that crew. Blown off the coast, likely.” The men heard, and a howl of execration arose from the brig’s deck—not of offended virtue; it was, rather, the protest of union against non-union labor. Pickings were scarce and hard-earned in these seas, even when junks and praus kept out of the business. The howl was answered by a shout from the man at the wheel.

“Look at the island—look! Look at it!” he cried.

Palm Tree Island had arisen from the sea and receded. The low cone of the island was a mile farther to the southward; but it towered in the air, and around its base was a wide, gray offset which descended steeply to the sea. It had been the barrier reef.

“Earthquake, Angel—that’s what we felt,” shouted Captain Swarth; “the sea-bed has sunk, and we’re being sucked into the hollow. We’ll get the back wave soon. Batten down fore and aft, first thing—’fore you shorten sail.”

They noticed that the man-of-war was clewing up royals and top-gallant sails, that the Chinamen had disappeared behind the rail, and that the northern

horizon, though hidden by a newly formed fog-bank, was unquestionably elevated—they seemed to be looking uphill. None too soon was the carpenter called, and hatches and companion-ways covered and secured, for suddenly, about a mile up the slope, appeared a dark line across the water. It deepened, raised and approached, a comber—a liquid wall which blotted out the fog-bank. It reached the half-clad ship to the eastward, and they saw her lift her bows to it, then, while everything above topmast-heads sank in a confused tangle, roll on her beam-ends and disappear behind the wave.

“Hang on, everybody!” roared Captain Swarth, as he slipped the bight of a rope over his shoulders; “lash yourselves!”

The sloop-of-war had taken it bow on, and, though dismasted, had ridden through. The brig and junk presented their broadsides—the latter intentionally, perhaps from some canon of Chinese seamanship—and a moment later, were slid to near the crest of an eighty-foot slope, where a Niagara of foaming water pounded their decks and sides, and rushed them on. Hatches were ripped off, gun-breechings snapped, cursing and praying men were hurled around the deck, and the salt avalanche held the brig in its clutch for a full half minute, then passed over and on; and they looked—those who could—up the receding hill to where the wave-head was shivering itself over the barrier reef, and in the other direction at a second wave—higher, blacker, more menacing than the first—its crest hidden in fog.

With barely time for a long breath, the gasping

men felt their craft thrown to the top of this comber, augmented in height by the reflected water of the first. Again were they hammered by the liquid riot, and amid fog and foam, and thundering uproar, were again hurled shoreward. Some caught a momentary glimpse of the disappearing knuckles of the reef below and a dismasted junk just above; then the fog thickened, blotting out all but the punishing water and its deafening sound; then came again the nauseating sinking; then a shock and a sound of smashing wood. The brig had struck—on the reef or within it.

But the dominant volume of sound was transferred from landward to seaward, and, though they could see nothing now, they knew that the third wave as it crashed over the barrier was the largest of all. Up the unseen slope the half-filled brig traveled, the crew clinging to ropes and deck-fittings, until, above the fog, and before the pitiless cataract began to smother and beat them, they viewed the highest hill-top of the island, not a quarter-mile away. Then they saw no more—nor did they breathe—until, after a succession of wrenchings, joltings, and crashings, they found their brig surrounded by palm-trees, jib-boom and bowsprit gone, mainmast pointing one way and foremast the other—which latter phenomena, with the open seams in the spirally curved deck, indicated a broken backbone—and looked, through thinning fog and tree-trunks, down a moist slope to a chaotic ocean, crossed and recrossed by advancing and reflected tidal waves.

Eighteen bruised and half-drowned men crawled

along the sloping deck to where Captain Swarth was looking over the rail at the glistening streams spouting from the wrecked hull.

“Who’s gone?” he demanded, as he noticed their diminished number.

“Big Tom went with the first sea,” said one. “He held on to the fore channels a while, then let go.”

“And none o’ you dock-rats lent him a hand? Who’s in the forecastle?” Suspicious sounds came from forward—jarrings and oaths. The men looked at one another.

“Shorty and the Dago, likely,” they answered; “dividin’ up Tom’s kit.”

“You infernal jackals!” roared the captain, his eyes snapping; “let a good man drown, and fight over his clothes before he’s cold. Mr. Todd, take a hand in that.”

When Captain Swarth called his mate, Mr. Todd, things—and men—moved aboard that brig. The solemn-faced officer selected a belaying-pin from the main fife-rail, and going forward, coolly descended the forecastle-hatch. The crew followed to the foremast, and when, after a break and renewal of the sounds in a new key, two bloody-faced men emerged from the forecastle, they fell upon them with fists and boots, and smote them, hip and thigh.

“Stop that!” shouted the captain, after a scowling approval; “Shorty and Pedro got ahead o’ you—that’s all. Clew up and stow the canvas.”

“What’s the use, Cappen?” answered one of them; “we’re on the overland route.” Mr. Todd was behind

the man and felled him to the deck with the belaying-pin.

“Up wi’ you!” he yelled. “Up aloft wi’ you! D’ye think coz yer tossed ashore ye’ve done wi’ yer work?” The sailor arose, and, rubbing his head, followed his mates to the rigging. Then Mr. Todd, with the captain and carpenter, dropped over the side to hold a survey of the twisted hull. They walked around it in the mud on which it lay, probing gaping seams with their knives, and peering into fore-and-aft fissures and thwart-ship crevasses—through some of which they could see the barrels of their cargo. The brig lay bows down, halfway up the hill, with the beach a quarter-mile away. The water was still draining out.

“She’ll never float again, Chips, will she?” said the captain. Yank Tate ruefully shook his head.

“She’s a fixture, Cappen,” said he; “a dock-head caps’an couldn’t budge her, and a dock-yard couldn’t mend her. The keel’s in two pieces, three foot apart; rudder’s gone, an’ stern-post’s out o’ true; port garboard’s ripped out, an’ there ain’t a sound frame that side. She was a beauty, too—a beauty; I never saw her like among workin’ boats.”

A man hailed from the main-royal yard. “There’s the junk up the hill,” he cried, “right side up, and the yaller-backs eatin’ supper!”

“Supper?” growled the mate, “supper?—an’ our grub must be spoiled. We were halfway to the bottom, Bill, in the last sea.”

“If they have grub we’ll have some, too,” said Captain Swarth, quietly. “It’s a question with

me if the junk wasn't right to take it broadside. Royal yard, there!" he hailed; "d'you see the bulldog?" The man aloft stood up, looked to the eastward, and called down:

"Headin' south under top-s'l's; everything gone aloft an' low down in the water; portholes amidships awash."

"Well, they're afloat anyhow, while we and the Chinamen are high and dry. But if they can't pump her out they're done for, too; there'll be wind on top o' this."

Captain Swarth was right. Such a cataclysm as had, with three waves, washed a five-hundred-ton brig over a reef and almost to the center of an island, could not but be followed by atmospheric disturbance. Wind came—a vicious hurricane—which kept them beneath their leaky deck, listening to wailings and screamings in the rigging, and to the crashing of palm-trunks and branches over their heads, feeling the sway and the heave of the brig on her muddy bed with each heavier puff of the tempest, and passing the day and following night thus, to the accompaniments of hunger and thirst. Provisions were spoiled—except the salt meats, which these free-lances would not eat—and their appetites were only increased by the tot of good grog served out by Captain Swarth at nightfall, while their tempers were ruffled by his injunction to stay below or get shot. For, though the scuttle-butt was on deck, three open hatches were there as well, under which were barrels of whisky; and Captain Swarth knew his men and the unwritten ethics of the craft, which provide that

when dry land is underfoot sea discipline ends. He had work for those men in the morning, and all night he or the mate guarded the deck from the cabin windows with the captain's pepper-box pistol, containing in its six barrels the only dry powder on board.

The hurricane ended at daylight, and the sun rose in a clear blue sky. Hungry enough now, and savage as uncaged wolves, they ate of the salt-meat hash prepared by the cook, after another allowance of grog. Then Captain Swarth, who had taken a little excursion, imparted the information that the junk lay above them in a clearing, and, though dismasted, was doubtless sound and tight, as her rudder was intact, and no holes could be seen in her. In her was food of some kind—rice, sago, curry, fish, etc. Did they want her? An inarticulate yell answered. Cutlasses and boarding-pikes were handed out, and twenty-two men clambered down the sides and started to exterminate a junkful of Chinamen.

Over fallen trunks and soggy banks, through moist and tangled undergrowth, they picked their way up the hill; and when they opened the clearing, with the junk resting straight on her flat bottom, they charged for her sides with curses and yells.

But they came back, scalded by hot water, bruised by stones flung from primitive catapults, and choking from the fumes of gas-bombs thrown at them, and looked, when their streaming eyes cleared, at an array of sharp spear-heads along the rails, in each of which was more of promise than in the best of their pikes and short cutlasses, and behind each of which was a Chinaman. The fat man they had seen

nodding at the tiller stood on the high poop and seemed to be in command.

“ Melican man no hab come top side,” he called; “ Melican man no b’long. Chinaman b’long fore side.”

“ Y’doo, hey, you yellow-skinned vipers!” cried Captain Swarth. “ At ’em again, boys! Don’t breathe till you get aboard!”

The second charge was half-hearted and futile; they did not breathe the demoralizing fumes, but those heathen were, unquestionably, fighters; and with several of their number prodded by the spears they withdrew.

“ Why didn’t ye give us pistols, Cappen?” asked one, as he rubbed the blood from an ugly scratch in his cheek.

“ Powder’s wet, you blasted fool!” roared the infuriated captain. “ All there is that’s dry is right here”—he tapped his pistol—“ and I’ll use this, not on Chinamen, but on white men who’re afraid of them! D——n your hides, can’t you take a junk in a meadow? Could you take a peanut-stand if someone showed you how? Come on, now, you drove of curs!”

Away they went, yelling with a forced enthusiasm, yet earnestly resolved to capture that junk, but were again repulsed at the brown sides. They tumbled back, caressing more spear-pricks, and sat down on tree-trunks—silent, gloomy, and ashamed—meekly taking the tirade of abuse dealt out to them in explosive volleys. For Captain Swarth had the only firearm.

Then the captain and mate, both nursing bloody knuckles, drew aside and conferred, to which conference they called the carpenter. They studied the junk and the ground underfoot, peered down the slope through the trees to the shelving beach, and discussed the shortcomings of the men.

"It's only coz they're ashore, Cappen," said the carpenter; "a sailor ashore isn't himself."

"Well, if they can't fight they can work. And work they shall if the Chinamen agree."

With a dingy handkerchief at the end of a stick, Captain Swarth approached the junk. The Chinamen evidently understood a flag of truce, for they threw nothing at him, and he called to the captain:

"Chinaman no fight—no bobbery; Melican no bobbery; savvay?"

"Chinaman b'long," answered the big man.

"Yes, that's right; Chinaman belong. But we can't get away; neither can you. Now, s'pose Melican belong all same Chinaman—savvay?" The big captain nodded, and Captain Swarth went on:

"Melican ship all smash—one piecee wreck—all gone—no belong. Savvay?"—more nods—"Chinaman got junk, no got mast, no got sail. Melican got mast, got sail, no got junk. Melican takee junk down foreshore—makee junk top side—one piecee good junk. Melican makee mast—makee sail. Then, chop-chop—Chinaman go way foreshore—takee Melican fifty mile—one piecee island all same this."

"Melican no fightee—no kick up bobblee?"

"No, no, no bobbery—no trouble at all," replied the wrathful and humiliated Captain Swarth. "We'll

slide your old tub down to the beach, fit her out, launch her, and navigate her. All we want is to get away—over yonder.” He waved his hand to the westward.

The junk captain said something to his followers, and while a babel of Chinese disputation troubled the air, Captain Swarth sat down and smoked (it was a fine cigar, from the private stock of a tea-clipper’s captain), mentally computing the weight of the junk and the horsepower of his crew. The outcry on the junk was silenced by the big captain’s laying about him with a bamboo pole, and Captain Swarth, grinning from a fellow-feeling, approached. The understanding arrived at was—that the Chinamen were to remain aboard their craft and do no work; that the white men could do what they pleased except interfere with the peace and comfort of the Chinamen; and, if they succeeded in launching her, they could only ride in her as far as their island, when they were to depart, and allow the junk to go on with the masts and sails as her own. To which compact Captain Swarth and Captain Lee Kin shook hands over the rail.

Then Captain Swarth climbed aboard, examined the crazy windlass with which the Chinamen got their anchors, shook his head, looked at the strong partners (strengthening pieces) in the deck, which had received the shroudless masts, smiled, and then asked about her cargo. There was very little of it—all clear of the mast-steps.

He returned to his men and told them what they were to do. Another uproar followed. They would

see him in the lower regions first. The cruise was ended, and with it ended Captain Swarth's authority. They would do what was possible to repair their own craft and launch her; they would fight the Chinamen until the last man dropped; but they wouldn't work that junk down the hill for any nest of rat-eating heathen. To which Captain Swarth replied that they would. They were nineteen old women, afraid of getting hurt; they couldn't fight Chinamen, no matter how hard they tried; but they could work—under orders. He had six bullets, each equal to a man, and a cutlass good for another. Did anyone care to make one of the seven?

Captain Swarth was a good shot and a good swordsman, and their indignation subsided to muttering sulks. Then, after admonishing them to be respectful and obedient, he laid out their work. They would first dismantle the brig, leaving nothing standing but the lower masts; then they would execute such suggestions of civil and mechanical engineering as came to the minds of the captain, mate, or carpenter in regard to the floating of the junk. When that was accomplished other things would follow. The carpenter was to be their immediate boss, or foreman, under whom they would work by day. At night they would sleep in their forecastle, and they would stay out of the hold and let the liquor alone. The captain and mate would stand "watch-and-watch" with the pistol to keep them civil by day and sober by night. The first man who refused duty or entered the hold of the brig would be shot. They would be served a tot of grog three times a day, and

eat the salt meat and such vegetables as the cook, who was to be excused from other labor, could find on the island.

The man with the wounded cheek stepped forward and suggested the propriety of a "blow-out" with the whisky before they began, and Captain Swarth refused them even this; for the "blow-out" would not end, he said, until the whisky was gone, and by that time half of them would be dead, and the other half in the horrors.

Sullenly they arose at his order and marched back to the brig, where they handed in their side-arms and pikes. They loosed all canvas, and the day was spent in sending it down as fast as it dried. Nightfall saw the last sail, snugly rolled, deposited on gratings alongside and covered. Then they ate their salt supper and turned in.

In the morning mutiny was rampant. Nineteen bad-tempered men faced Captain Swarth at the main-mast and informed him that he was deposed from the captaincy; that future work and movements would be governed by election; and that an immediate over-haul of the cargo and division of the treasure had been decided on. Two fell dead, and the rest went to work, burying their fallen shipmates first, while Captain Swarth, remarking that there were four bullets left, handed the pistol to Mr. Todd, and went to his breakfast and his bunk.

Sixteen able seamen, officered by such men as Captain Swarth and Angel Todd, can do a great deal with ropes and blocks. Royal, top-gallant, top-sail, and lower yards came down that day and were blocked

alongside, with the gear coiled up and tagged. Next day followed the top-gallant masts and top-masts, with the spanker boom and gaff. "Growl ye may, but work ye must," said Mr. Todd to them as they showed him their sores and cursed him for a slave-driver.

The cook had found wild yams and breadfruit, which took the edge off the salt meat, and the grog was served faithfully three times a day; but the next day was Sunday, and they appealed to the religious and physiological law of the world for a day's rest—which was denied them—and in the ensuing argument lost another of their number—Shorty, it was—and they dragged the carpenter's chest up the hill, burying Shorty on the way, without prayers, and returned for the two lower yards. This job used up the day, and as they tied up their wounds with rope-yarns and tar that night they talked to the cook about poisoning the after-guard. The cook refused; it was unprofessional, and he had no poison; but, as a result of the discussion, which was not whispered, Yank Tate moved his goods and bedding into the cabin. "For they're kinder displeased, Cappin'," he said, "and very unreasonable; and they might get into my shop when I'm asleep and do somethin' they'd be sorry for arterwards."

In the morning they rigged sheers over the bow of the junk (which, like the brig, pointed down hill), of the fore and main yards, lashing the upper ends, and sinking the lower in socket-holes in a couple of fenders. At the sheer-head they lashed two three-fold blocks, each as large as a small trunk, and, to

a stump near the heel, a rouse-about, or heavy snatch-block, to take the hauling part of the eight-inch hawser they would use as a lifting tackle. The lower blocks of this tackle they would secure to a shot of anchor-chain which they were to pass under the bow. And this was a job at which their souls revolted, for they were forced to burrow under the junk with knives, as there were no spades in the brig. If the Chinamen possessed them, they made no sign, but hung over the rail and guyed them in derisive pantomime.

They took turns at the muddy task, and the mud dried on them, layer over layer, for no time was allowed them to clean up. And as only four could work at a time at this, the rest, after reeving off the big tackle, busied themselves in cutting down palm-trees, flattening the trunks for ways (or rails), and in ripping up deck-planks and dragging them up the hill for cradles. This work was not done in a day—it took several; and they labored in the hot sun, teased by their sores, policed continually by the captain or mate, and on a short allowance of water, for several tanks had been demolished in the wreck. But at last the holes were dug and the chain passed under the bow, through the rings of the lower blocks, and secured. Then they hauled the twelve-part tackle hand-taut to a palm-tree, clapped a tackle to the hauling part close to the sheers, another on the hauling part of this, and thus, luff upon luff, they quadrupled their power, until, with five tackles rigged to five trees, Captain Swarth decided that his men could lift the bow of a hundred-foot junk.

And they did. Under his stinging objurgations,

backed by the flourished pistol, they swung on the fall of the last tackle, shifting up when blocks came home, sweating, cursing, and complaining, while the painted eyes in the bow glared at them, and twoscore Chinamen grinned down on them and added their weight. Up came the bow, a quarter-inch at a heave, until high enough for Yank Tate to block up the forefoot (she had no keel) with fenders. Then they slacked her down on the blocks, shifted the sheers and the gear to the stern, and repeated the operation.

With the junk resting on blocks, the next step was to build two cradles to fit the bottom. The men rigged the ways under Yank Tate's supervision, while he himself fashioned the cradles of the deck-planks and the halves of anchor-stocks, which, flat sides down and cleated, were to rest on the ways. When all was ready—cradles in place and the ways beneath pinned down, trussed, and well greased—they knocked away the blocks, and she rested on the cradles. The ways led ahead in several sections, each section scarfed at the ends so that those left behind could be shifted in front as the junk traveled down. With a slack stern-line out to a tree, they pulled on a tackle leading ahead, and the craft, amid the squealing of her crew, slid forward until brought up by the hawser astern. This was encouraging, and for a moment the underlying sailor sentiment dominated and the men gave a rousing cheer. But when the next step was given out—chopping down trees and clearing away stumps—the sailor died out of them, and Mr. Todd remained up in his watch below

to assist the captain in clubbing them into obedience.

Captain Swarth was loath to shoot them, recognizing that there was more of death-potential in three bullets against fifteen men (the cook had assumed armed neutrality) than in two against fourteen, or one against thirteen. So the three bullets were held in reserve, and Mr. Todd's assertion that one handspike was "worth a dozen of 'em" was acted on. And Yake Tate flourished his broad-ax, and they went to work with aching heads and blue spots on their several skins, and in three days had cleared a track halfway to the beach, where a deep gully and a stretch of swampy ground beyond sent them back for instructions. They received them. They would trim off and sharpen the trunks of the trees they had felled, and as many more as were needed; then, after the carpenter had constructed a pile-driver, they would sink two parallel lines of piles to support the ways to the solid ground beyond.

Captain Swarth was asleep at this juncture, and Mr. Todd and the carpenter received the assault, the one with a handspike and the other with a top-maul (a light sledge), for Yank Tate had a big, kindly heart, and only threatened with his broad-ax—he could not use it on them; and they retired with more aches and pains, and carried one man to his bunk—envied of the rest—for he owned a broken leg, which excused him from work. The carpenter "fished" the injured limb that night, and gave the moody men words of counsel and comfort; but what good might have come of it was nullified by the mate's

looking down the forecastle-hatch and reviling them. When he was gone they chased Yank out of the forecastle.

The pile-driver was constructed, with a carronade for a hammer, which they pulled to the top by hand, and then let go. The iron rings of the anchor-stocks served to slip over the heads of the piles, and when the ends were sawed off to a chalk-line mark, these rings were split away to be used again. It was weary work, and soul-maddening torture under the scorching sun on a diet of salt meat and scant vegetables, and it is small wonder that responsibility left them. One morning they passed the cook's body up the hatch and announced that they had punished him for negligence in procuring yams.

In answer to this the captain announced that they would procure yams in their own time now, or go without, and that the day's work would continue, as before, from sunrise to sunset. Any further trouble would result in the stoppage of the grog. They charged on him, a yelling, cursing mob of toil-crazed animals, who could not understand that they were conquered; and when the smoke of battle cleared away, four lay dead on the deck—two from bullets, two from broken skulls; for Mr. Todd was an artist with a handspike, and even preferred it at close quarters to firearm or cutlass.

With one bullet left, Captain Swarth did not hesitate to stop their grog as he had promised. The work went on, and for two weeks there was no trouble. They hauled the junk over the trestle in this time, and getting her the rest of the way was compara-

tively easy, though they never ceased to curse and complain, and the Chinamen never ceased to jeer.

But at last she lay on the beach, just above high-water mark, and when the spars and sheers were dragged down to her they stopped calling themselves horses and talked and acted like sailors, for they were close to their element and could see the end of their labors. Captain Swarth rejoiced secretly at the change, but did not dare commend it openly; they might take it for weakness, and he had but one shot left. So the iron-willed man maintained his iron rule—marshaling them back and forth, night and morning, like convicts, which the mate averred they were bound to become.

The spirit of resistance was nearly extinguished now, but the appetite for liquor was as strong as ever. It is questionable wisdom to stop sailors' grog—almost as dangerous an experiment as stopping tobacco. They worked through the forecastle bulkhead one night, secured a barrel of whisky, and were immovably drunk when the mate called them in the morning. As there was no way to punish them for this but to kill them, Captain Swarth allowed them to sleep it off, then turned them out, with bursting heads, to strike out of the hold every barrel on top of the cargo. As fast as the barrels came up Yank Tate knocked in the bungs and allowed the contents to run to waste. In the judgment of all well-regulated pirates this was as illogical a proceeding as suicide, and they began to doubt the sanity of their captain.

But they went to work again. The sheers were

rigged and the double tackle singled to one, while the carpenter dressed down and tenoned the heels of the top-masts and enlarged the holes in the deck. Then, with luffs on the sheer-tackle, they hoisted the brig's maintop-mast and fitted it where the main-mast of the junk had been—in the center. The fore-top-mast followed, shipping near the bows, and raking forward. "She'll never be anything but a junk," said Yank, as he eyed the hybrid, "no matter how we fix her; so what's the odds?"

They wedged off the channels and chain-plates of the brig, and spiked them to the sides of the junk; for, though the junk had carried no shrouds, the carpenter decided that the mast-steps were too weak to support the heavier spars of the brig. Then, for a while, the beach looked like a rigging-loft as they cut out rigging, turned in dead-eyes, and set up shrouds and stays. When this was done they sent up the topgallant-masts for top-masts, first sawing off and discarding the royal-masts to allow the spars to enter the trestle-trees. Then came more cutting and splicing, reeving off gear, and a little sail-making; for most of the canvas had been torn during the crashing flight of the brig through the trees, and the foot of each top-sail would drag too close to the deck, necessitating the cutting off of a strip.

They rigged no bowsprit, but the foretopmast-staysail, cut down and bent to the forestay, made a handy sail to box her around with, and for a spanker they rigged their own, boom, gaff, and all, with a reef in it to make it fit. And there she lay, complete, with four square and two fore-and-aft

sails, ready to launch at the next high tide. As this would not be until two o'clock next morning, they used up the day hunting for any possible leaks or weak spots in the hul; and, as the tide went out in the evening, they followed it down the beach with the ways, pinning and greasing them.

While this was going on, Captain Swarth and Captain Lee Kin, who had become very good friends, held a little confab over the quarter-rail. The outcome was, that when the ways were laid, the men, tired as they were, would take tackles up the hill and hoist out of the 'tween-deck the four treasure-chests, drag them down, and lift them aboard the junk. They did it; and midnight coming as the last chest was transhipped, they threw themselves down, like dead men, on the sand, to await the time of launching.

Then it was that Captain Swarth gave way to the first weakness—the first feeling of pity. He had nearly killed them with work; but the work was done. There was not a breath of wind, and it might be dangerous to try to pass the reef at night. So he spoke kindly to them, told them to turn in, and sleep until high tide the next afternoon if they wished; then they could bring their clothes and his instruments, which would be their last work on the island until they returned in a new ship for the barrels under the cargo. He would serve out a nightcap to each, and would hope that there was to be no more trouble or misunderstanding. Some cheered faintly; others, too weak to cheer, shed tears; all voted him a fairly good fellow at heart; and they thank-

fully drank the grog and turned in to dreamless sleep, while Captain Swarth went to his room and Angel Todd paced the deck, on watch.

An hour or so later Captain Lee Kin emerged from his cabin and looked around on the moonlit ocean and shadowy palm groves. It was full high tide, and the water was lapping against the bow of his junk. He whistled softly down a hatch and his crew came up. Picking up Yank Tate's top-aul, Captain Lee reached over the bow, and with one blow—he was a large man and a strong man—sent the starboard dogshore flying. The rattling on the beach was answered by a shout from up the hill.

“Melican wakee up,” he muttered. He stepped around and released the other shore, and the junk, with a quiver running through her, slid down the ways, raised her bow, floated, and drifted towards the reef. The crew were evidently instructed ahead—and not for nothing, perhaps, had they watched for months the reconstruction of their junk—for they mounted aloft, loosed the square sails, came down, and set them. Then followed the staysail and spanker, while Captain Lee Kin steered, under the faint breath of off-shore wind, for a break in the reef, and looked back occasionally at a crowd of yelling, cursing, raving men on the beach.

“Melican dam fool!” he grunted.

A shot rang out—only one—and Captain Lee observed that the crowd had split up into three groups, each a whirling, heaving bunch of arms and legs. Then, for a while, his attention was required in steering through the inlet; but, as he looked back

from without the reef, he saw three men, bound hand and foot, hanging from the sheer-head, where they writhed and twisted in the moonlight.

“Cappen—matee man—calpentee man,” he said.

The spectacle impressed him, however, and he treated his own crew kindly as he sailed westward.

Six months later a gun-deck sloop, with new royals and topgallant-sails, hove to off the reef and sent in a boat. The lieutenant in charge reported on his return as follows:

“We found the wreck of the brig up in the woods dismantled and half burned, but no sign of the junk. There’s a line of piles up the hill, and ways on the beach, which go to show that they launched her. We buried over a dozen grisly skeletons—three of them we cut down from the sheer-head—and, by the looks of things, they had a battle, for every skeleton gripped a knife or a cutlass. It’s Swarth’s crowd, no doubt, and I suppose they killed the poor Chinamen, fitted out the junk, then fought among themselves, and the side that won got away.”

But a corpulent, opulent Chinese gentleman, who about this time opened a princely establishment in Shanghai, could have given a better explanation.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

HE had started life at sixteen on a small farm in Ohio, had won the heart of the farmer's wife by putting new life and ambition into the disabled old clock during her absence, but had incurred the wrath of the farmer himself by taking apart the threshing-machine, which showed signs of wear and which he had sincere intentions of mending. A sound beating caused a vacancy on that farm, and filled a corner of a freight-car with a small boy bound for the West. He never reached that ever-receding section. Hunger brought him out at a small town and compelled him to beg; and finding this means of livelihood easier than working, he continued at it, and developed in a few years into as picturesque a "tramp" as ever enlivened rural scenery.

He was not vicious, only ignorant and lazy. Sometimes, to relieve ennui, he would work for a few days, but only at labor that brought him into contact with machinery. He was a born mechanic; but this expresses all. He knew by intuition things that successful civil and mechanical engineers would be glad to acquire after years of study, at the same time possessing none of the balance of mind that makes us respectable. He had a bulging forehead, with ears set well back on his head. A phrenologist,

examining such a head, would have described it as showing large imitation, hope, form, and weight; abnormally large causality, comparison, and constructiveness; but sadly deficient in continuity, combativeness, destructiveness, firmness, acquisitiveness, and approbateness. With a little energy he could easily have earned at least the title of "Jack of all trades," but even this was beyond him. In short, he was a happy-go-lucky vagabond, with an ever-increasing repugnance for work, and an ever-decreasing community of interest with his fellow-men.

He wandered to New York, and stood with a crowd watching the ascent of a large safe, which men were hoisting by means of a wagon-winch to the upper story of a high building. A man stood on the safe, guiding it. People passed underneath, indifferent to danger, and no one but our "tramp" noticed a slight movement of the rope, just above the wagon, followed by a quick untwisting, as a strand parted.

"Stop!" he yelled, "the rope's breaking."

"Vast heaving!" roared the foreman. "Stand from under! Jump for a window, Tom—jump for your life!"

People scattered to the middle of the street. Among the first were the foreman and his men. The man on the safe frantically climbed the tackle to reach a window just above him. The two remaining strands of the rope quivered under the strain, becoming fuzzy with the ends of yarns that had broken and were forced outward, while the broken strand showed its spiral bulging six feet above the place of fracture.

Then the tattered idler on the sidewalk made some very quick movements. Seizing the end of the rope from the wagon, he pulled about eight feet twice around a nearby lamp post, over and under itself, thus hitching it. Jumping to the wagon with the end, he tied it to the straining rope as high up as he could reach, then sprang to the ground a second before the overworked remaining strands snapped. Down came the heavy safe a foot or so, and the reinforced rope sang under the sudden tension, the man above barely held his grip on the tackle, and the lamp post was bent and nearly wrenched from the ground. But the hitch did not slip.

The foreman and his helpers came back with some new ideas. The rope, or rather two ropes knotted together, now led straight to the doubtful lamp post. Hitching another rope above the first knot, they hove on it, bringing the strain on the winch, and the danger was over.

“Where is that tramp?” asked the foreman. “He’s a sailor. I’ve been there, and know the signs. He’s passed a clove hitch on the lamp post and a rolling hitch on the fall. I’ll give him a job.”

But the “tramp” had gone.

At Buffalo he fired a stationary engine, on trial, but displayed so keen an interest in the engineer’s own work as to lose the job. Later, inspired perhaps by a fleeting self-respect based on his late usefulness, he secured another, this time as engineer. The employer was suspicious at first of the ragged, unlicensed aspirant; but he talked glibly of grate surface, eccentrics, valves, pistons, etc. (words picked

up in his last service); no other applicant appeared, and the engine must run; so he was accepted.

Instinct, mechanical and other, is inherited knowledge, and the fact that a correct estimate of the tensile strength of red-hot boiler iron in contact with cold water did not form a part of this man's genius was due, no doubt, to the antecedent fact that none of his ancestors had experimented in this line. Indeed, few who so experiment live long enough to transmit to descendants, in the form of instinct, this acquired knowledge. On the second day he sailed over two fences amid a cloud of hot steam, while the shattered boiler went the other way.

He was picked up scalded, disfigured, and unconscious, and sent to the hospital, from which, in three months, he emerged blind in one eye, minus an ear, and with his whole right side shortened and weakened. On a stormy December morning, hungry and cold, he shipped deck-hand on a steam-barge, the mate taking on the forlorn applicant for the same reason that had influenced his last employer: no other appeared. He scrubbed decks, scoured paint-work, and helped trim sail as the shifts of wind demanded, while the steam-barge dragged herself and two tow-barges up the lake. He soon understood the proper angle that sails should bear to the wind and the resultant force exerted on the vessel. He helped the second mate splice a rope, and knew how before the job was half done. He had seen the rudder at the dock, and now explained to his fellows the action of the slanting blade on the water. Scrubbing paint on the bridge, he heard the captain say

to the mate: "Pull up the center-board; she gripes"; and being sent to help, asked the good-natured second mate what the center-board was for, and what griping meant. The second mate explained: the center-board was a movable blade in the bottom to keep the boat from drifting sideways, and "gripping" was the carrying of the rudder to one side from the uneven pressure of the wind.

By the time he had assimilated this nautical lore the boat had reached Point Pelee, near the head of the lake; and here, as though misfortune were still "camped on his trail," he fell overboard.

"Man overboard—rouster!" yelled the second mate.

"Which one?" asked the captain, as he rang the stopping-bells.

"The blind one—the cripple."

"Let the tow pick him up," growled the captain, ringing full speed to the engine. But as a salve to his conscience he blew a few short barks of the whistle, to signify to the barges behind to "Look out."

Our hero, fathoms deep as he thought, barely escaped a blow from the propeller as he was sucked under the quarter, and came to the surface half the length of the tow-line behind. Being no swimmer, he gasped once and sank; then arose, only to be beaten under by the bow of the oncoming tow-barge. When next he appeared, it was behind the first tow-barge, and the second, approaching at a seven-knot speed, was almost upon him.

"Help!" he gurgled. But no one heard or saw

him, although a profane but humane second mate was periling his position and blackening his soul with loud, blasphemous objurgations to the barges, and vows of legal vengeance on his superior, the captain, as he peered aft from the steamer's taffrail.

Just as his head disappeared, the outer bobstay of the second barge struck him on the shoulder. He grasped it. Tearing through the water made it hard work to pull himself up; but he got his head out, and rested; then, inch by inch, he dragged his crippled body up the pair of iron chains to the bowsprit and thence in-board to the deck, on to which he tumbled an unconscious heap. He was carried below, stripped, and brought to with much rubbing and copious draughts of whisky; but not being used to this stimulant lately, he relapsed into a stupor.

That night it snowed so hard that the men steering the tow-barges could not see the steam-barge ahead, and the captains and mates took turns at standing in the bows, and, guided by the trend of the tow-lines, bellowing "Starboard," "Port," and "Steady" to the helmsmen. The captain of the steam-barge, too sure of his position to anchor, yet not sure enough to go ahead without sounding, slowed down, took a cast of the lead, and went on, without being able to see through the snow the position the second of the tow-barges had reached. She had crept up on the first barge, but had given her a wide berth; and now, when the tow-line tautened, it bore at right angles—to port.

"Hard a-starboard!" sang out the mate of the second barge, as he saw the hawser lift from the water.

It was his last speech. The terrific strain broke the iron casting on the bow through which the hawser led, and the mate, standing on the port cat-head, was struck in the legs by the sweeping recoil of the heavy line and swept overboard. He did not rise. Ropes were thrown out, but the relentless power at the other end of the tow-line carried them away from the spot; the loudest pair of lungs could not penetrate that thick snow; and the mate was given up.

The old captain, much shaken, took the mate's place at the bow, noting, despite his horror, that the port jibboom guys were torn from their fastenings by the tow-line, which now bore a little forward of the beam, showing that she was straightening up to her course. The tow-post creaked and groaned with the unfamiliar side-strain, and she came around, slackening the tow-line with the increased speed acquired in the wide sweep. Then she swung the other way, the strength of the helmsman, a mere boy, not being sufficient to steady her.

As the tow-line tautened, leading now off to starboard, though the brand-new rope held, the rotten tow-post, weakened by its wrenching, did not. Breaking at the deck, it crashed over the bow with the line, catching and carrying away the port bowsprit-shroud as it went; and with her momentum and the wheel still to port, the barge swung around, lost headway, and, pointing her nose to the north shore, drifted to leeward, with all the rigging of the bowsprit and jibboom gone on the port, or weather, side.

The much-wrought-up old skipper, who had barely

escaped the flying tow-post, sprang to the rail and screamed his curses on the steam-arge. "Think I'm goin' t' anchor, do ye? Anchor in this passage—an' wait for you t' take a night's sleep at th' dock 'fore ye come back? Not much! Ye've carried 'way my head-gear, but I'll find a better place—'f I run t' Buffalo—How's her head?" This to the wheel.

"Nor' by east, sir."

"Bring her east by south, half south, when she'll come. Give her the stay-sail, boys."

This sail was loosed, hoisted half up, and lost in the thick maze to leeward as a sudden puff of the increasing gale blew it to pieces.

With decks awash as the seas boarded the weather rail and spilled out of the lee scuppers, and in that blinding snow-storm, the flakes of which were attaining a needle-like sharpness, the gray old skipper was more than ever resolved not to anchor in a dangerous channel, and his men began rigging preventer guys to the bowsprit, for head sail must be carried to bring her before the wind. The boy was told to drop the wheel and lend a hand. The darky cook was called and sent out on the bowsprit with the rest, as they endeavored to hitch a heavy hawser around the end of the spar. It was icy cold. The waves made hungry licks at their legs as they worked, and their fingers were numb, and the ropes and spar slippery with ice; but they completed the task, and had started in when one of those vicious Lake Erie seas, the first of the three which travel in company, lifted up to windward, a gray, nearly perpendicular wall.

“Look out!” cried the captain; “hang on!”

When the sea had passed over and the captain had straightened up, he saw one dark object clinging to the icy gear under the spar, while from the blanket of snow to leeward came gurgling cries. Then, as the next sea crashed over the bows, he heard: “Help, Cappen!” as the cook also was swept away.

Unable to save them, and trembling with horror, the old man crawled aft and went below, where he buried his head in his hands on the cabin table. “Great God!” he groaned, “all gone, every man; and all in half an hour!”

He sat there, wet, lonely, and miserable, until daylight shone in on him; then he remembered the deck-hand in the forecastle, and started forward to arouse him, if he too had not died in the night.

It had stopped snowing, but the snow was replaced by the drift from the sea, which, freezing where it fell, had already encased deck, rail, and rigging in a coating of ice. It was slippery walking, or, rather, creeping, for an old man of seventy, with the craft rolling both rails under, and it is no wonder that an incoming sea swept his legs from under him, bringing him down with a thud on the icy corner of the forehatch.

He groaned with the sharp pain in his back, but could not rise. His legs were useless; so he hitched and crawled as best he could, and in time reached the forecastle-hatch, where he called—called until his voice grew weak, then gasped his prayer for help,

while the man below slept on, and did not waken even when the masts crashed over the side.

It was high noon when the sleeper opened his eyes — on strange quarters, with an icy ladder leading up to a square of light, blocked by a gray face fringed with icicles, on which death had stamped the agony of its owner's last moments. He shivered with cold as he turned out. His clothes, nearly dried by the now cold stove, hung on the pawl-post, and he dressed himself, with many upward glances at the grawsome thing above. Then he mounted the slippery ladder, shutting his eyes as he neared the staring face, and not opening them until he had climbed over it and floundered on to the deck beside the body, covered now, like the deck itself, with a frozen mantle.

He made his way aft, and called down the cabin door: "Anyone here?"

Hearing no sound, he descended, and opened all the stateroom doors, but found no one. His hunger brought him to the galley, where he partook of some food, and then returned to the deck. It was a situation to appal the heart of even an experienced sailor. The vessel had once been a fine three-masted schooner, degraded later to a barge by sending down her top-masts. Now she was a dismantled hulk, with ice on deck making a curve from the rails in-board to where it raised in hummocks over the hatches. And on this dismantled, ice-bound hulk, rolling in the trough of the sea, somewhere on Lake Erie, he was alone with a dead man. This much he knew. Ahead and astern were two lines of blue, which he took for land. But no sail appeared to cheer him. As he stood in the

companionway, sheltered from the furious blast, the memory of his fall from the steam-barge, his being swept under by the first tow-barge, and his painful climb up the bobstays of the other came back to him. But he remembered nothing more.

"Somethin' orful's happened," he muttered. "S'pose everyone got washed off—or, mebbe, they're in the boat; that's gone. Wonder what killed the man forrad? I've got t' do somethin'."

He noticed the thumping of the spars alongside, where they lay held by the rigging, and concluded to cut them away; they might knock a hole in her. An ax alone would do it. He looked at the frozen deck. Axes suggest wood-piles, and wood-piles suggest stoves. This inductive reasoning brought him to the galley, where he found a hatchet; and with this he chopped at lanyards and running-gear until the spars drifted away. The jibboom had snapped at the bowsprit end, but the bowsprit still stood; otherwise he would have had to cut through a chain bowsprit-shroud—a thing practically impossible.

He saved as much of the running-rigging as he could—not that he knew why; he had no use for it as yet; he obeyed an instinct—the same that impelled him to put the hatchet carefully away in an oval-shaped hole in the after part of the cabin. As it was daytime he felt no nervous fears of the dead man forward, and crawled around the deck, inspecting what was left of her fittings. He examined a hummock of ice amidships, showing a black skeleton of iron. "Center-board winch," he said. Another pillar of ice enclosed the capstan; the steam-barge

had carried these things. Creeping aft, he looked over the stern and discovered the rudder, ice-covered, but free in its movements, which a sailor would have known by the spinning of the wheel.

He was now wet with the drift and chilled through. He went below, and in the mate's room found dry clothing, with which he replaced his wet rags. The captain's room furnished a good pair of rubber boots and a suit of oil-skins. While here he noticed a bundle of paper rolls, which he examined. "Maps," he said. He found the chart of Lake Erie, and for the first time in his life valued a much-neglected accomplishment: he could read.

A cursory glance showed him a long, bag-shaped outline of coast, with Buffalo at one end, and other cities, most of which he had visited, marked on the edges. In one corner was a circle, filled with numerous interlocking stars, which he could not understand. He put the chart away, and, clad in his warm, protective clothing, returned to the deck, where he did an hour's hard thinking and experimenting.

"She don't lay even in the holler of the waves," he said. "Why?" He thought of the center-board. "She drifts sideways, an' if the board's down it makes a point, kinder, an' she'd hang on it. If it's forrard o' the center, it'd hold that end to the wind a little. I'll see."

The rubber boots gave him good sea-legs. He went to the center-board winch, measured the distance forward and aft with his eye, and returned for the hatchet. As he took it from the hole in the cabin, he saw a curious, whirling disk inside, which,

when it had ceased its gyrations, resembled the diagram on the chart. He had never seen or heard of a compass, but the letters, E, S, and W on the edge of the disk, and the fact that it retained a steady position independent of the yaws of the vessel, were data for later deductions.

He chopped the ice from the winch, and roughened it under his feet, then, little by little, with his feeble strength, hoisted the center-board. A man can lift a great weight with a worm-geared winch. Going aft, he proved his reasoning; she lay plumb in the trough of the sea.

He chopped the ice from two large, octagon-shaped boxes, abaft the stumps of the fore and main masts, and looked in. They contained heavy hawsers, tackles, etc. He noticed the heavy, cross-plank construction of the covers as he replaced them. A barrel was lashed to the fife-rail around the stump of the foremast. Chopping into it, he found salt, and remarked that where he spilled some on deck the ice crackled and melted to water, which did not freeze again. Then he went aft, and puzzled over the action of the compass, which, not being governed by purely mechanical laws, was beyond his comprehension. But he divined its scope and utility, and out of his environment of screaming wind and heaving water evolved a plan of salvation—apparently so wild, so baseless and hopeless, that no sane seafaring man, hampered by experience, would have considered it for an instant. But this man was not a sailor; he was a mechanic, heaven-born.

“She’s driftin’ ‘bout as fast as a man kin walk,”

he mused. "If she'd point with the wind she'd move faster. How kin I make her? More pressure on one end or less on the other; a sail forward 'ud do."

The foremast had broken about ten feet from the deck, and the boom and gaff, with the foresail furled to them, lay with the jaws in place on the stump and the after ends frozen fast to the ice in the scuppers. The main and mizzen masts had snapped at the deck, and everything pertaining to them was overboard except what he had saved of the running-rigging. Forward, from the bowsprit end, descended an immense icicle, the accretion of ice to the jib-stay, broken aloft and hanging down, while on the bowsprit lay the furled jib—an elongated cone of ice: a solid mass with the spar. He shrank from attempting to chop loose and set this sail to the stump of the mast, and considered the alternative: less pressure aft; he could rig a drag.

His ideas were crystallizing. He searched for and found a well-equipped tool-chest, and spent the rest of the afternoon chopping from the icy deck the ropes he had pulled in—coiling them, or, rather, crushing them, in the cabin, where he sprinkled them with salt from the barrel. Then, building a fire in the stove, he cooked and ate his supper, first bringing all the ropes'-ends into the galley to dry.

By the light of the galley lamp he studied the chart, but could make little of it except that he was somewhere on a line, midway between the shores, which he creased with his thumb-nail from Buffalo to the head of the lake. If he could get her before the wind and steer, and the wind should shift, he might

make one of the ports on either shore; and in case the wind held as it was, he could not miss Buffalo, for the compass told him the wind was blowing him there. He schemed and planned until sleepy, then "turned in all standing."

Morning showed more ice on deck and a slight change to the northward in the wind, which had been due west, but no lessening of its velocity or of the bitter cold. After breakfast he went to work. His ropes were now pliable and the ends dry. With an auger he bored four holes in the rim of one of the heavy box-covers, into which he inserted the ends of ropes, making a bridle such as boys put on their kites. Weighting one side with a heavy piece of iron, he fastened the end of a hawser from the box to the bridle, and pushed the contrivance over the stern, paying out the line as the vessel drifted away from it. When about a hundred feet were out, he made it fast to the quarter-bitts (a strong post), and watched the effect as the line tautened. It certainly did bring the stern to the wind, but not enough to give the craft headway. He rigged the other box-cover as a drag on the other quarter, and had the satisfaction of seeing the craft pay off and go staggering through the water, and, though yawing right and left, keep a general direction eastward. He hurrahed his delight, and took the wheel, but found that he could make no improvement in the serpentine wake the barge left behind her. Deeply laden and weighted with ice, she now shipped every sea over the stern, and to escape them he went below, satisfied for the time that she was going somewhere at a fairly

good rate. Had he been successful at the wheel, he would have cut away the drags to increase her speed, but he feared to. Could he put sail on her, and increase her speed with the drags still out? The sound of the drag-ropes, straining on the bitts, gave him an idea of power that he could use—power beyond the strength of a hundred men.

Up he came and surveyed the ground, inspecting first the jib. It was covered with six inches of solid ice. It would be too dangerous to climb out there and chop it loose. Besides, when set, it would show little surface, and would only help to keep her before the wind. He needed a mast and a larger sail. So he inventoried his material. The furled foresail was there, with a good boom and gaff; the boxes were filled with strong hawsers, and on top of the coils were tackles, small line, and deck tools; he had a cabinful of running-gear, and, counting the pulley-blocks in reach, found himself possessed of four large double and three large single blocks, all shackled to their places. With salt, hatchet, and tools he disconnected these and carried them below.

The forward hawser-box was in his way, and he emptied it, coiling the lines in the cabin. Disdaining to chop it clear of ice, he merely scored a rough groove, knotted a heavy rope to the box, and, leading this aft, hitched it to one of the drag-lines—with the same knot he had used in New York—and slacked away. The surrounding ice crackled, split, and went to pieces as the heavy box bounded from its bed and rolled about the decks. A friendly sea carried it overboard, and he cut it adrift. He spliced ropes

for tackles—and an able seaman could have spliced no better, though, possibly, more quickly; for sailors are made, not born, like poets and mechanics. He chopped ice and manipulated tackles—with the drag for power—and by noon had the heavy boom, sail, and gaff on deck, and two holes sunk in the solid bed of ice abaft the stump to receive the jaws when his mast should arise. Salting his work as he left it, he labored on, perspiring with his efforts, and drenched by the merciless seas which boarded the craft amidships. His clothing stiffened with ice, but he worked with an energy new to him. Was it love of life or love of mechanics that impelled him?

Late in the afternoon he first felt hunger, and surveyed his work before going aft to eat. The sail was cut away and lay on deck—a frozen cylinder, lashed to the rail. Not wanting the gaff, he had sped it over the side by clever handling of ropes and drag-lines. The boom lay nearly amidships, with the middle of a brand-new hawser knotted to its after extremity, the ends of which, equally cut to the length of the boom, he had secured to two strong iron rings in the rails, one each side—stout shrouds for his new mast. A strong tackle led from the end of the boom to the jagged head of the mast stump. Another from the same end led to the bows, hooking into the still intact bull'e-eye of the broken fore-stay. The first was to lift his mast until the other could act, which would then complete the work, and, when the mast was up, act as a permanent support from forward—a forestay. A single block, with a long rope pulled through, was secured to the under

side of the boom, close to the end. Although he might not have named it, this rope was his halyard—to hoist his sail. His fertile brain had worked in advance of his crippled body; he had lost no time in planning the next step.

After a hurried lunch he studied his drag-line—his power. Could he lift that mast with one drag? He knew nothing of foot-pounds, horse-power, or mechanical equivalents, but “guessed” that he could not. So, knotting the ends of both to his last hawser, he threw them overboard, and soon had both drags straining on one rope—a doubling of power, but an unseamanlike waste of good manilla. He then led the falls, or hauling parts, of his tackles aft, and, hitching the one he was to use first to the drag-line, slacked out until it tautened. But his mast must go up straight as a jack-knife blade from the handle; it must not swing; he needed side guys to steady it. These he rigged from the end of the boom through two blocks hooked in the rails, hence aft to where he could slack away from two iron belaying-pins. Then he was ready.

First, inspecting everything, he payed out carefully, and had the satisfaction of seeing the boom lift amid a shower of crackling ice from the tackle, staggering its way upward, and jerking violently on the guy-ropes as it swayed back and forth. But they soon tautened, and, leading the drag-line across the deck, he slackened these guys alternately, paying out on the drags as he moved back and forth, thus keeping the spar comparatively steady. When the tackle had reached the slippery angle of forty-five

degrees, he fastened the fall of the long bow-tackle to the drag-line, and soon got the weight of the boom on this. Then, cutting the other way, he payed out roundly, fearing the guys would part from the merciless tugs they received as the spar, nearly on end, thrashed from side to side. But they held nobly. Soon the heavy shrouds tautened, and the new mast, describing a few jerky circles against the gray sky, settled itself, a rigid mass with the hull, held by its icy socket at the deck, aft by two hawsers to the rail, and forward by a strong four-part tackle to the bow. But he must secure this forestay, now depending on the uncertain tension of the drag-line. By the time he had done so darkness had almost arrived, and the ghastly mound on deck, looking ghastlier in the lessening light, sent him aft for the night. First, however, he salted his halyard, coiled on the fife-rail, and threw the rest of the salt on the frozen cylinder which he was to transform to a sail in the morning. Then dropping the tackles and deck tools down the stairs, he looked around the shortened horizon before following them.

The aspect had not changed. The same black-and-gray waste of wind-driven cloud and foam-crested sea met his eye; and yet he fancied the darker line of land to the southward looked larger. He went below, wet, benumbed, and exhausted, but feeling within him the exultation of a victor and the strange stirrings of a newly-aroused manhood. Dry clothes and supper refreshed him a little, and again he studied the chart. Reaching down the cook's rolling-pin and placing the chart on the floor, he knelt on it.

"Now, that circle in the corner," he said, "can't mean nothin' but to show the way the lake runs. That line on it marked E an' W means east an' west, the one crossin' it with S at the bottom means south, an' t'other end must mean north, o' course. An' that thing in the hole up-stairs is marked just the same an' allus points the same way—wonder why? Now, le's see.

"In the mornin' I 'spect she'll be pretty close to that shore." He placed the rolling-pin so that by ranging his eye he struck a line from Buffalo nearly parallel to the south shore, and touching it two-thirds of its length from that port.

"Now, I'll jess guess that in the mornin' I'll be somewhere near this line." He rolled his improvised parallel rule; it would not reach the compass diagram in the corner, and he supplemented it with the edge of the chopping-board, which he placed on the center of the circle and flush with the rolling-pin.

"Eight divisions o' that circle 'tween east an' north," he mused. "This strikes off 'bout two an' a half o' them. Two an' a half divisions north o' the east line. I'll remember."

His sleep was troubled. All night he chopped ice and poked frozen ropes through blocks too small for them, tied hitches that slipped, and spliced ropes that broke. Once he was up. The mast was still in place, and the drag still kept her before the wind. He could not see the compass, but the wind and sea were unquestionably milder. So he turned in again, and aroused at daylight to find himself within two miles

of the shore, an angry surf showing, and the wind brisk from the north. But the gale was over.

The barge was heading straight for the nest of breakers, and he must do something quickly. A few moments of dazed thinking and he was awake and himself. With some small dry rope from the cabin he lashed the forward upper corner of the sail to the foot of the mast. He could not haul it snug to its place, but made it secure. Then with the ax he chopped one of the blocks from the rail, where he had left it, secured it to the mast, and, knotting one end of the halyard into the after upper corner of the sail, he passed the other through this block, and, leading it aft, fastened it to the drag-line, not by a hitch—both ropes were icy—but by a firm lashing of small line.

Before paying out to hoist the sail, he took his ax and made mighty dents in the ice which bound it. He chopped, hammered, and pried until he dared wait no longer; then he threw off the drag-line turns and chopped again, where most needed, as the sail shook itself loose and arose with a thrashing and crackling that was deafening.

He was driven away by the hurling pieces of ice, and ran to the drag-line. Taking a turn, he dubiously watched the sail ascend as he slacked out, not knowing as yet how he was to secure the lower part, until he noticed a ring worked into the edge which was just ready to slip over the side out of his reach. Making fast, he ran below, emerging with some small line and his best tackle, one block of which he hooked to this ring, lashing the hook, and the other to the

ring-bolt in the starboard rail left vacant by the single block. Hauling taut, he secured the tackle, then, paying out more drag-line, brought the sail up.

It set beautifully, a picturesque leg-of-mutton above, but sadly blocked the deck with the unused portion below. It increased the barge's speed towards the shore, and he took the wheel to throw her round. She would not come; so, lashing the halyard to the bitts, with some misgivings he cut the drag-line. Then she answered her helm, and soon was clawing off that lee-shore as bravely as though carrying a complete equipment of spars, sails, and able seamen.

He found the course he had selected and held her to it, not steering true, but very well for a novice. When hungry, he dropped the wheel, rushed to the galley, and, coming back with some bread, found her rounding up to the wind. But she payed off when he put the wheel over, and, munching the bread, he steered on, watching for ports on the south shore. He saw no signs that his judgment approved of, however; the wind was freshening and hauling back to its old quarter, and he resolved to go on; he could not miss Buffalo.

As night came on he reasoned out the necessity of light on the compass, and, investigating, found two lamps—one burned out, the other full—approachable from the inside of the cabin. He lighted the full one, and, returning to the wheel, found the vessel in the trough of the sea and threatening to roll her mast out. But it held, and he brought her back to the course, resolved not to leave the wheel again.

Darkness descended, and he steered by compass alone, as the wind freshened to a gale, and by midnight to a hurricane that at times flattened the seas to a level. His lame side ached; his blind eye, inflamed with cold, smarted as though torn with needles; but he bravely made his course good. The seas poured over and drenched him, and ice formed on his back and shoulders, descending as a curtain from the rim of his sou'wester. Working the wheel made his arms and breast perspire, while his feet smarted, burned, and grew numb as the water in his boots congealed. All but engulfed in a liquid world, he felt the torture of thirst until he bit ice from his sleeve. He talked to and about himself.

As the night wore on, the frozen dead man left his icy bed and flitted about in the darkness—beckoning. The wailing of the wind in the rigging of his jury-mast became the winter song of the kitchen chimney in his childhood home, where his mother had taught him to read. She came to him at times, during the lulls, when the seas would rise, and the terrible aching fatigue of arms and back would wring from him hoarse groans of agony; and she would stand beside him, pointing to the page of his book. But the printing on the page before him was the markings of a brightly illuminated compass-card, and her finger would seem to be a dancing, wavering lubber's point that swung unsteadily—far to the right, far to the left—and would not be still. Then would come a squall of the hurricane, when the seas would flatten to a milky froth, and the chimney song rise to a continuous screaming sound. But during these mo-

ments mother and dead man would go; for, braced heavily against the nearly immovable wheel, his tortured mind and body obtained momentary respite, and sanity came back.

A bright light flared out away on the port bow and went out. It appeared again and again. What was it? He did not know, but it cheered him. It passed astern, and another appeared to starboard. And so he steered on through the night, on the course he had chosen and remembered: northeast by east, half east.

A sleepy life-saver, patrolling the beach, saw a curious craft approaching port in the gray of the morning, making wild, zigzag yaws, as though undecided which shore to strike. He awakened his comrades and then the nearest tug captain, and having nothing better to do and with plenty of time, turned out all the tugs moored on his side of the river. Six puffing, snorting, high-pressure tugs ranged up alongside the shapeless iceberg floundering into port, their captains roaring out requests for a line to the disheveled creature at the wheel. A vacant stare and a backward wave of the arm were the only answer.

Gayly and noisily the procession passed up Buffalo River, and it was only after the leading craft had torn three vessels from their moorings; after passing the foot of Main Street, black with cheering men, and through the bridge, barely swung in time to save it, that the tugmen managed to get aboard and take lines. The barge was stopped just in time to save a canal-boat that lay in her way from a fatal ramming.

She was moored to the deck, where crowds poured aboard and passed comments. And her helmsman and navigator—where was he? In the galley, lighting a fire; he had earned his breakfast and wanted it. Newspaper men sought him and asked questions, which he answered between mouthfuls, mainly by a simple "Dunno." One brought him a looking-glass, into which he looked, wonderingly; his lips were shrunken and drawn, his face wrinkled, and his hair, which had been dark, was white as the crests of the seas he had conquered.

The captain of a wind-bound liner appeared and interviewed him. "He's not a sailor," he reported, later; "but he has accomplished the greatest feat of pure seamanship I ever heard of. I met that craft at the head of the lake three days ago. She must have been dismasted that night in the first of the blow. He told me how he found himself alone, rigged drags for power, put a jury-mast in her and struck off a course with a rolling-pin, and clawed her off a lee-shore, and sailed her down this lake in the wildest hurricane we've ever had here. Yes, sir, it's wonderful; but it's possible. And it's a salvage job, too; he'll get several thousand dollars."

But though every reporter on every paper in Buffalo hunted for him high and low, he did not put in a claim for salvage.

That night a south-bound freight train carried a wrinkled, white-haired, one-eyed "tramp," bound for sunnier climes, where ice and snow were unknown.

A CREATURE OF CIRCUMSTANCE

HE was Scotch from crown to toe, Scotch in his name, character, and virtues—vices he had none, unless the national acquisitiveness can be so characterized—and Scotch above all in his religion. The Scotch Presbyterianism is considerably bluer than the rest of the brand, and of the bluest of the blue was the theology of Angus MacNab.

As a boy he had won prizes at Sabbath school, walked through youth in the straight and narrow way, and on coming to manhood—tall, loose-jointed, and solemn—found himself with two definite incentives to future action: an ambition to acquire wealth and a dream of saving souls. Parsons were poor, and money-making ungodly, and for a while the two conflicting passions prevented his choosing a career; but he learned, in time, of the possibilities in missionary work among the heathen, and with much prayer and pious thought prepared himself and his way towards this calling.

An outward-bound ship took him, primed with zeal and commissions, as far towards heathendom as the River Plate, where an easterly gale wrecked the ship and drowned half her people. His baggage and credentials were lost, and the enforced companionship with seamen in the open air until they reached the settlements roughened him and prepared him to work his way as a 'foremast hand to Buenos Ayres.

Here he found no occupation congenial to his creed—the Roman Catholic Church attending to the needs of souls—and he shipped before the mast for the Gold Coast, where, he was told, there were missionaries. This trip determined his life. With his small endowment of spirituality reduced to intolerant dogmatism and his clothing to tarry rags, he presented so unpromising a front to the local missionaries as to fail him of encouragement, or even their efforts towards his discharge from the ship, and he finished the voyage, shipping again in the same craft, again and again in others—wandering around the world, and drifting with each voyage farther and farther from the calling he aspired to, while he acquired money and knowledge in the one forced upon him.

At thirty he was a competent chief mate and navigator with a master's certificate and a bank account; at forty, a shrewd, successful commander, with three or four bank accounts, and a reputation for piety and integrity that attracted to him all that was God-fearing in the seafaring element at the home ports, and repelled the opposite. Indeed, no irreligious sailor would, or could, make the second voyage with him, and at the time this story opens—in the early forties—he possessed a following of thirty hard-headed, Sabbath-keeping, money-saving Scots, who had signed with him, and sworn by him—figuratively—for years, and who mustered at his call into an office at Cape Town, where they formed a stock company, subscribing their savings and services, and electing Captain MacNab, the heaviest subscriber, president, and his officers directors—which

company bought, for a song, a fast-sailing bark that had lately climbed high and dry on the beach, and been abandoned to the underwriters.

Hard work and good seamanship floated her, and after a few repairs and internal changes she departed with a new name and empty hold for the Guinea Coast, where she took on an unsavory cargo—the purchase of which used up the last shilling of the company's capital—and sailed for a Brazilian market.

At daylight of the seventh day out, Captain MacNab squared away to the southward, sent up stunsails, and a silent prayer to Heaven that the way of the ungodly might perish, and called his first mate, Sandy Anderson; for, charging across his stern from east to west was a white brig, yachtlike in her symmetrical beauty, and showing, as she heeled to the fresh northerly breeze, a shining incline of yellow deck, on which were twelve guns and a long-tom, while a mile astern of her was a pursuing topsail-schooner, black, but equally yacht-like, with a long pennant at the main truck, the tricolor at the gaff end, and on her forecastle a vicious bow-chaser, which occasionally spoke.

“It’ll be ane o’ the ten-gun schooners the French ha’ sent doon to police the coast, I’m thinkin’, Sandy,” said Captain MacNab, as he took his glass off the pursuer. “Send that the brig holds him to it till we’re oot o’ range.”

“Aye,” answered the mate as he reached for the glass; “we can run awa’ from any schooner afloat wi’ the wind free—e’en a French bottom; but yon

brig'll be meat for the froggies; she's makin' but twa feet to the schooner's three—save us, what's that?"

"A shell, Sandy—a shell, a shell! Oh, the inhumanity o' man—the inhumanity! To drop a shell on a cargo o' human creatur's."

An explosion had occurred on the deck of the brig a few seconds after a heavier puff of smoke had left the schooner and coincident with the louder boom of a shell-gun. The brig's main tack and main staysail sheet were evidently cut, for these sails thrashed in the wind and were taken in, while the schooner, which had luffed three points or more to fire this shot from a bow port, payed off to resume the chase, which now gave promise of a speedy end.

But the brig was observed to luff, though with no backing of yards to indicate surrender. Around she came, until her weather leaches trembled, and lay steady at about forty-five degree from her course, while a cluster of men could be seen working at the long-tom amidships.

"She's hittin' back—hittin' back," murmured Sandy, excitedly, as he handed the glass to his superior. "Losh, but it's a hangin' matter. Confiscation's bad enough, but they'll hang—they'll hang for piracy."

The brig heeled visibly under the recoil of the gun, and a roar like a clap of thunder came down the wind. "Double-shotted," thought Captain MacNab as he heard it. "Chain-shot!" he exclaimed, as he saw the jib-topsail, fore-topsail and top-gallantsail, and main gaff-topsail of the schooner sink to leeward

in a tangle, while two shattered stumps showed above the cross-trees. The brig played off, set her main-sail, and stay-sail, and sailed on. The race was indeed ended.

The schooner's rigging became black with men securing the wreck, and she wore around to an easterly course, while the brig kept on to the westward and the bark to the southward. At noon, with his quarrelling neighbors reduced to specks on the horizon, Captain MacNab hauled back to his course, and said to his mate: " 'Twas a fair good shot, Sandy, but what is she? Chain-shot is obsolete, an' all men-o'-war paint black. An' would a war-brig of any country run from a French schooner? France has na quarrel wi' nations. Is she a slaver, Sandy, or ha' the days o' piracy come back? "

Sandy could not answer, but next morning the question was answered by the brig herself. At midnight, though the weather was fine, the light sails had been furled; for the coming day was Sunday, sacred to Captain MacNab, to be remembered religiously in meditation and prayer, undisturbed by the trimming and shortening of sail. Riding along on a course which nothing but threatening disaster was to change before the following midnight, the bark found herself, as the gray dawn stole over the sea, a quarter-mile to leeward of a shadowy fabric, which, as the tropic day opened up in all its sudden brightness, resolved itself into the white brig, graceful and menacing, humming down with yards nearly square, ports opened, and guns run out.

" Save us! " muttered the mate, who had the deck.

"Put your wheel up, mon," he said to the helmsman—then, in a roar: "Call all hands, forrard there. Loose royals an' to'gallant-sa'ls, fore and aft." While the men sprang to obey the orders, the mate tapped on the captain's window and hoisted the British ensign.

As though in defiance of the red emblem of maritime supremacy, a bow gun belched forth and sent a solid shot ricochetting ahead of the bark; then a trumpet voice from the brig called out: "Put your wheel down and back your main-topsail."

Captain MacNab reached the deck in time to hear this, and growled between his teeth: "We'll see ye further first, ye children o' the de'il. Gi' her the canvas, Sandy. Steady your wheel, there," he added; "dead 'fore the wind keep her. Weather braces, m' laddies. Square in. Lord forgi' yon philistines—Lord forgi' 'em 'f they fire on us wi' three hunder misguided an' unprepared creatur's in the hold!"

But the brig fired no more. She squared in her yards and followed the bark, sending up stunsails with all the quickness and precision of a government craft. Then began a race, which, had the bark been in anything else but Sunday dress, might, other things equal, have resulted in her favor; but it takes a little time, even with a frantic captain shouting, to loose and set topgallant-sails and royals, and before the first was hoisted the brig had the wind of her quarry and was gaining, half a length a minute. Up she came, "hand-over-hand," showing, as she lifted to the seas, occasional glimpses of bright copper between the white bow and whiter turmoil of water beneath,

every sail in the pyramid of canvas standing out in rigid convexity, every rope taut and in place—a beautiful picture to any but anxious Scotchmen. As she drew near, Captain MacNab made out with his glass clusters of men on her forecastle-deck and in her fore-chains—men with red shirts, nondescript caps, black faces, and gleaming teeth and eyeballs. Amidships, a gang worked a fly-wheel pump, and aft near the helmsman stood a slim-built young fellow, black-faced and red-shirted like the rest.

“Niggers, Sandy, niggers!” groaned the captain. “What d’ye want aboord that brig?” he roared; “keep awa’ from me—sheer off.”

There was no answer, though the young fellow near the wheel sang out something in French to the crew as the brig drew up on the bark’s starboard quarter. Wild thoughts flitted through Captain MacNab’s mind at this juncture—thoughts of putting his wheel hard-a-port as the white bow lapped his stern and carrying away the brig’s jibboom and head-gear with his mizzen-mast, then escaping the crippled pursuer by bracing sharp up on the starboard tack. But he looked at the black guns and long-tom; he had seen the brig’s gunnery—and he hesitated.

The brig, answering a slight twist of her wheel, drew in, and a scowling negro on the rail reached out and cut the hauling part of Captain MacNab’s main brace, which unrove with a whir of sheaves and trailed astern as the yard canted forward. The brig’s stunsails came in like folding wings, men who had sprung aloft rigged in the booms, men on deck

braced the yards to port, and the white craft slid forward with lessening headway—the negro cutting the bark's upper braces as he came to them—and with skillfully thrown grapping-hooks was checked, stopped, and fastened with her nose abreast of the bark's main-mast, and her fore royal stay lifting the foot-rope of the swinging main yard. Captain MacNab, wrathful but helpless, gave no orders to his unarmed crew; the helmsman steered faithfully on before the wind as last directed, and the two crafts, locked together, charged along, while a black horde to the number of forty crowded over the rail, each red waist encircled by a broad belt studded with little brass cylinders—each belt supporting, besides a long knife, a brace of heavy pistols, with revolving chambers, curiously contrived and newly invented—Colt revolvers.

No resistance was offered by the Scotch crew, and no violence, as yet, by the blacks. They clustered amidships while their commander, who had leisurely followed them, walked aft and up the quarter-deck steps.

He was about thirty, armed and dressed like his crew, and with equally gleaming eyes; but beyond this gleam of the eyes—fighting eyes, they were—and a deep scowl on the forehead, his features were of almost Caucasian regularity and refinement. It was the face of a dreamer—a brooder. Such faces are seen in forlorn hopes, in the sanctums of turbulent weeklies, in legislative minorities, reform pulpits, lunatic asylums, and political prisons. They and the minds behind are of the Future, and are decidedly

incongruous and displeasing in an age of the Present.

“Which is the captain of this bark?” he asked, in purest English, as his eyes wandered from Captain MacNab to his mate and back.

“Myself, Angus MacNab; an’ this is my mate, Alexander Anderson; an’ this is the bark *Dundee*, o’ Cape Town. An’ noo will ye tell us what ye are, an’ what’s your flag, an’ why ye fire on an’ boord a British craft on the high seas in this arbitrary manner!”

“All in good time. I doubt, however, that an appeal to your government will avail you. You have slaves aboard.”

“An’ how d’ye ken so much?”

“I judged of your conscience yesterday when you fled from French powder—to-day, I judge by the odor surrounding your craft. Open those hatches, men,” he called to his crew.

In a trice this was done, the blacks shouldering the white men out of their way; then all, white and black, drew away from the openings to avoid the stench, which, with the sound of groaning, came from the decks beneath.

The brig captain stepped down, peered into the hold, and called out something in an unknown tongue. After a moment’s silence outcries began under the hatch, extending along the ’tween-deck, descending to the hold below, increasing in force and volume as the word was passed along, until the clamor became a humming, inarticulate roar. It was a tribute to liberty which all could comprehend.

With an additional sparkle to his eyes and a deeper scowl on his forehead the young negro came aft, followed by a few of his men, one of whom went to the wheel, motioning the Scot in charge away with a significant and effective flourish of his long knife.

“How many?” demanded the negro captain, tersely.

“Three hunder.”

“Shackled in pairs or in gangs?”

“In gangs o’ ten.”

“A poor plan,” said the negro, in a tone of mingled scorn and bitterness; “they live longer when shackled in pairs. I will thank you for the keys of the shackles.”

“An’ will ye loose yon irresponsible heathen?” asked Captain MacNab, excitedly.

“I will, to the last soul, and lock you and your hellish crew in their places. I give you a choice—to hand me the keys and submit quietly, or be tossed overboard in the next five minutes.”

“An’ what then—if we submit?” asked Captain MacNab, his solemn face working.

“Ask that of the people you meant to sell into slavery. They will decide your fate on the Cameroon Coast.”

When you have been forced by unkind fate to stifle for half a lifetime all the instincts and spiritual yearnings of your better nature—to limit the soarings of your soul to the fog of a mercenary career; when, at last, fate has relented, to a degree, and permits a compromise by which devotion to God and Mammon need not conflict; whereby, in lieu of en-

lightening the heathen in his darkness, you may take him out of his darkness to the enlightenment of civilized life, and at the same time that you obtain credit in heaven for the saving of his soul, realize a handsome profit on the sale of his body, such a pair of alternatives—instant death and the mercy of liberated slaves—as was offered by this misguided obstructionist is, to say the least, discouraging. The savings of twenty years and the approval of Captain MacNab's long-accusing conscience (for he was genuinely sincere) were concerned in the success of this voyage. He looked at his anxious crew, from whom he was now separated by the blacks, at his stolid first officer, at a distant rack of handspikes—potent in argument—into the bore of a long six-shooter, and over it at the deadly, gleaming eyes of the black captain; and, lastly, he looked up to the heavens.

“Thy will be done, O Lord,” he groaned; “gi’ him the keys, Mr. Anderson.” The mate nodded, and descending to his room, returned with a bunch of keys, which he handed over.

“An’ if ye ha’ na objections, ye maun tell us what flag we surrender to, an’ wha ye are,” continued the captain, as the pistol was tucked into the other’s belt.

“I have no objections whatever. You surrender to the brig *La Guillotine*, which sails under no flag. Her captain is Paul Arcand, who owes allegiance to no country, and to no cause but that of liberty. For this cause *La Guillotine* works, like her namesake of old, but having no present quarrel with men—

of-war, she avoids them, and only strikes in self-defense. Is your position plain to you?"

"It's plain that we're i' the hands of a bloody-minded pirate," retorted Captain MacNab, in a tone of disgust and aversion. "I take it, ye're ane o' these intriguin' free niggers o' Hayti, educated in France only to be kicked oot o' your ain country."

"My position depends on the view-point," rejoined Captain Arcand, quietly. "No country on earth is free enough to own me. Oblige me by stepping down on the main deck and joining your men." But in spite of this definition of his freedom, the half-drawing of his pistol and the ugly look of his face proved Captain Arcand was not emancipated past the reach of an insult.

Fifteen minutes lates, Captain MacNab and Sandy, fastened near the end of a thirty-foot chain, were watching the shackling on to this and two other chains of the complaining crew, while the clean upper deck was filling with successive arrivals from below of naked, filthy, emaciated, and half-dead creatures of both sexes. Some were lifted to the deck, others could climb and walk—assisting the weaker; and all, strong or weak, old or young, cried and rejoiced, and groveled persistently at the feet of their red-shirted deliverers, whose pitying eyes only gleamed now as they rested on the white men.

"We're i' the hands o' the Lord, Sandy," said Captain MacNab, devoutly, as he looked at the rusty bracelet encircling his wrist. "We ma' trust to Him."

"We're i' the hands o' robbers an' thieves," re-

joined Sandy, irreverently; “what’s to be the final disposeetion of us?”

“Landed wi’ the niggers, I judge. To think of it, Sandy—to think of it. Three thoosan’ poonds’ warth o’ niggers ta’en from us—ta’en from us to be cast back i’ their ignorance an’ darkness—to be robbed o’ the blessed tidings. Oh, the sinfu’ness—the sinfu’ness of man!” Captain MacNab groaned in anguish of soul.

When the last miserable wretch was above the deck, and a half-dozen corpses were laid out in the scuppers, the three gangs of prisoners were conducted to the lower hold, where each chain was stretched out and the ends shackled to stanchions; then, with the clank of the never-resting fly-wheel pump ringing in their ears through the walls of the two craft, and the unintelligible orders of Captain Arcand and the shouts of the liberated blacks mocking them, the hatches were closed, and in darkness and filth they were left to themselves.

To those unacquainted with the horrors of a slaver’s hold it is enough to say—without grawsome details—that nearly half the blacks die in transit, and that the profits of the voyage are made on the survivors. This large mortality is due, no doubt, to the impoverishing treatment endured on the march to the coast and to the initial weak physical endowment of the negro race. The thirty-one strong, hardy Scotchmen immured in the stinking hold did not die—not one of them. They suffered in another way.

The first day was used up in complainings and

criticisms of Captain MacNab's management, ending at last, towards evening, by the lifting of the hatch and lowering into the hold of three tubs of corn-mush and three buckets of water. Men followed, and placing the buckets at the ends of each line, carried the tubs along and dumped out the mush on the filthy ballast-flooring in more or less even piles.

Those who could eat did so, grabbing the food with disengaged right hand, and by passing the buckets along, all but those at the farther end secured a drink of water. The cheated ones had a grievance and voiced it, though without avail, as the hatch was again closed on them. But next day the buckets were started at the other ends of the lines and the grievance shared. In this manner, as the two vessels sailed eastward, and the closed-up hold became a hot inferno under the tropical sun, they were fed and watered once a day on the leavings of the slaves, who, free to come and go as they pleased, slept and ate in the 'tween-deck above them.

On the second day some prayed, some yelled for fresh air, some sang hymns and crooned, others cursed and swore—to the scandal of the patient captain—and a few fought, one-handed, over the chain. Through the third day there was less praying and singing, more profanity and fighting, and a great deal of screaming for fresh air. On the next day there was some laughter—horrid to hear—more singing, very little praying, and less intelligent shouting. And thus, day by day, the symptoms aggravated until two weeks had passed by; then, shortly after

the sounds of shortening sail from the upper deck, and the renewed throbbing of that never-resting pump alongside, the hatch was lifted again, and, guarded and controlled by as many red-shirted men as could clap on to ropes led through the end-rings of the chains, they were dragged up the ladder and fastened to the rail, where the crowding black slaves peered at them and drew away, shuddering.

Thirty-one strong, healthy, level-headed men had gone into that hold two weeks before. Thirty-one lean, unclean wrecks came out—parodies on manhood—partly covered by shreds of clothing, mottled with black and blue spots, streaked with angry red scratches and tearings of finger-nails, scarred on hands and arms with teeth-marks—all, with one exception, laughing, hissing, chattering, red-eyed wild beasts—stark, raving mad. The exception was Captain MacNab. His strong abiding faith had saved his reason, though his hair was as white as the topsides of *La Guillotine*.

Cleansing his poisoned lungs with gasping inhalations of the sweet, fresh air, and closing his eyes against the blinding sunlight, he lifted his haggard face to the heavens. “O God o’ mercy,” he sobbed; “I thank ye for this reprieve. O God o’ vengeance, gi’ me light, an’ strength—a little longer—an’ courage.”

The two craft had been grounded, side by side, the brig in-shore, near the left bank of a muddy river. About a hundred yards distant on the marshy beach was high-water mark, from which the water was now receding. Down-stream the ebbing tide split upon

the river-bar of a high, cone-shaped island, past which the divided stream rushed to the open sea, visible in blue patches over the undergrowth of the low shores. Inland the marshy river-banks merged into a hummocky, wooded slope which stretched up to a distant mountain-range; and sprinkled here and there among the trees were clusters of mud-brown huts, or small villages, from which a population was coming—black and naked, but active, and apparently well-fed.

Aloft some of the red-shirted crew were stowing the sails of both vessels, while others coiled up gear below. On the deck of the bark was the horde of released slaves huddled as far from the white men as they could get; aboard the brig, the pump-gang still worked, wearily; and aft, leaning against the quarter-rail, was Captain Arcand, conversing with one of his men and watching the three lines of chained maniacs.

With his sunken eyes glowing like smouldering coals, Captain MacNab reached out his free arm in his direction and called hoarsely: “An’ are ye satisfied the noo, ye monster o’ inequity?”

Captain Arcand walked forward, climbed over the rails, and proceeded slowly down the lines, peering into each distorted face—shuddering palpably at the outbreak evoked by his near presence—and stopped in front of Captain MacNab.

“No,” he said, quietly, “I am not satisfied. This is the result of my mate, who sailed the bark in, mis-understanding my directions. I am in favor of a clean, healthy vengeance on slave-traders—but not

this." He looked regretfully at the gibbering Sandy, who was trying to rear him.

"I had destined you and your men," he went on, "to the same fate that you had arranged for my people. You were to take their places in the hold, receive the same fare and treatment—including daily exercise on deck—and, later, were to become the property of my colony ashore here, every member of which I have rescued from slavery. Ashore, you were to be killed, worked or whipped to death, or allowed to run, and die in the swamps, as your masters determined. This latter will probably be the fate of your men, as my people, in their native state, will have no dealings with the insane. And, on the whole," he added, his face hardening, "their punishment may be lighter than yours."

"An' your punishment, ye child o' hell, is to come!" growled Captain MacNab, in impotent rage. "It'll be better, I'm thinkin', could ye so balance the account, that ye loose my daft laddies an' let them rend ye limb from limb."

The other turned away with a shrug of the shoulders and returned to the brig, while Captain MacNab cooled down a little in the endeavor to soothe the agitated Sandy, and in the reflection that in the seven days of the voyage he had not once exercised the slaves.

Three hours later the pump had ceased its clanking, and the outpourings of the huts had walked on the slant of mud to the brig, welcomed noisily the new recruits, and departed with them after a subdued and awe-struck inspection of the white men.

Captain Arcand and his crew were over the side examining the hull of the brig, and the prisoners, under the influence of the fresh air and a bountiful repast of mush—and possibly from the absence of the blacks—had quieted down and sunk to the deck, each manacled left wrist raised to the taut-chain. Some were sleeping. Captain MacNab looked sorrowfully down the line and muttered: “Sleep, laddies, sleep. I ha’ led ye into this. An’ what’ll craze a sensitive white man kills a nigger. Did I right? I meant right. Lord, forgi’e me if I was wrong!”

His terrible ordeal had brought doubts to Captain MacNab’s mind as to the civilizing and humanizing influence of the slave-trade; but his communings with conscience were soon interrupted by the approach of Captain Arcand and his men.

“I find,” said the negro captain to him, “that my brig is badly damaged by the explosion of a shell down the hatchway. She is old, and slower than the bark; so, instead of burning your craft, as is my rule with prizes, I shall tranship my stores and guns and go to sea in her. And, as it will take the people ashore some time to decide what to do with you and your men, you will, meanwhile, occupy the deck of the brig.”

Outcries and violence began afresh as the madmen were pitilessly hauled over the rails and moored to the inshore bulwarks of the brig; but, as Captain MacNab noticed, they subsided when the blacks left them.

The nauseous task of cleaning up the slaver’s hold need not be described beyond saying that it required

the labor of the entire colony ashore in the burning of wood and lime-rock in the hills and transporting the wood-ash and lime to the bark, and the labor of the black crew in removing, cleansing, and replacing ballast, and scouring and whitewashing the hold for ten days before Captain Arcand decided that the bark was a fit habitation for human beings. Then began the transfer of the stores and dunnage, and the cutting of ports in the bulwarks. The guns were left to the last, because, on account of the increased draught such weights would give the bark, she would need to float before taking them on. During this time the demented crew had eaten, slept, and occasionally raved at the black workers on the deck of the brig; and Captain MacNab had become soul-weary of the unsettled question of their fate; for the natives, apparently coming to no decision in the matter, avoided the brig's deck as they would a place of contagion, and the others, beyond feeding them, paid them no attention whatever.

All at last being done but the transfer of the armament, the bark was kedged off at high tide, and with spring-lines to the now sunken brig and taut cables to anchors up-stream and down, she was shored at the ends of the fore and main yards, sent down for the purpose, while preventer-lifts were rigged to the main-yard of the bark; seamanlike maneuvers these, which Captain MacNab professionally commended. Then they hooked a strong tackle from the brig's top-masthead and another from the bark's mainyard-arm to the heavy long-tom, and were about to heave away, when a man aloft sang out something

in the French patois used by the negro crew. Captain Arcand sprang into the rigging with a glass, and from the top-mast cross-trees directed it seaward for a moment; then, slinging it over his shoulder by its strap, he slid to the deck on the back-stay and called out order after order to his men, while Captain MacNab looked on in wonder and his unfortunate crew in increasing excitement at the effect produced.

The men aboard the brig unhooked the yard-arm tackle and threw the block overboard, then ran along the shores to the bark and joined their hurrying shipmates as they raced about the deck, out forward and up aloft, loosing and hoisting all the fore-and-aft canvas, slipping first the down-stream, then the up-stream cable, casting off the spar-lashings—allowing the ends of the shores to drop overboard—and finally the spring-lines to the brig. There was a brisk breeze down-stream, and the bark, leaning gently to port, swung around, and under stay-sails, spanker, and jibs, headed for the southern inlet, her square sails dropping as fast as the crew could loose them.

“Losh, but the scoondrel’s a seaman!” muttered Captain MacNab; “not a hitch or a blunder, an’ he’s awa’ in five minutes; but what’s the occasion?”

A bullet sang by his head. He barely heard the report above the screeching chatter of his fellow-prisoners, but saw, however, a thinning cloud filtering through the bark’s mizzen-rigging, while below it was Captain Arcand, resting his long revolver on the quarter-rail, about to fire again. A second puff of smoke arose before Captain MacNab could move,

and Sandy's crazed laughter ended with the sickening "chug" of the bullet as it sped through his brain. He fell to the deck, and the captain, though he had no doubt that he himself was the target, felt such an increment of horror to his already over-shocked and benumbed sensibilities as to make him entirely reckless.

"Fire awa', ye devil's dog," he roared, standing up to full height and shaking his fist. "Fire awa' an' finish the job, ye killer o' dafties." A fusillade of bullets from the black crew answered this, but all flew wide, and in a few moments they were out of pistol range; then, in a burst of rage and grief, Captain MacNab apostrophized the dead mate: "Ye were a good man, Sandy," he said, "an' a good friend, an' a good officer; an' Sandy, though I ha' felt doots o' the integrity of our ain position, I am past doots o' the falsity of his. He is marked for the vengeance o' the Lord; for I, that ha' seen him, an' suffered by him, ha' been spared by sanity an' memory."

By the time the bark had entered the head of the channel, the reason of the sudden antagonism was apparent. An upper corner of a square sail appeared over the northern slope of the island, then the whole sail, with part of another below, and a gafftopsail behind—all patched with new canvas and mounted on top-masts whose bright straw-color indicated their recent acquaintance with carpenters' tools; and Captain MacNab did not need to see the rest of the fabric—the lower sails and glistening black hull—to recognize the French schooner that had chased the brig. She was beating up the north

channel against the young ebb, and the outgoing bark, charging down the other channel with all sail spread, was in a position to avoid observation for some time, as the high cone of the island would hide either craft from the deck of the other.

If the schooner saw the bark she paid no attention to her, but with long legs and short ones reached up the river and skimmed over towards the brig on the last tack—her tricolor flying, her crew at quarters, ports open and guns run out, and in each fore-chains men heaving the lead. As she came within hail, an officer on her quarter-deck shrieked out in French, which Captain MacNab did not understand; but divining the portent of the hail, he ripped off a fragment of his one-time white shirt that had escaped Sandy's clutches, waved it, shook the chain up and down, and pointed to the bark, now under stunsails—just disappearing behind the island. The brig lay on her port bilge, and the whole deck, with its manacled occupants, was visible from the schooner. A few orders were given; she luffed, lost headway, and dropped an anchor about a hundred feet away; then, as she settled back on the cable, her blue-jacketed crew, without starting halyard, sheet, or brace, lowered four boats, into which they tumbled, each man armed with cutlass and pistol.

Fifteen minutes later, Captain MacNab was explaining matters to a group of French officers through the medium of one who understood English, while a carpenter's-mate filed at the bolt of his shackle (the keys were in the bark), and his men declaimed at the line of blue-jackets. The officers were much

interested in the account of the colony ashore, and laughed, somewhat unsteadily, at the horrid spectacle lined out on the deck.

"It is—what you call it?—ze poetree of justice, is it not," said the interpreter, "zat you take ze place of ze slaves? But it is horeeble—horeeble!"

Captain MacNab made no response, and after a short conference with the others the officer said: "We haf come for fresh vegetebel—for yams—for anysing. We are long time on ze coast—our men get scurvy. We find no vegetebel where we get our top-mast—we come here. We haf already report zis pirate brig, and get ordare to capture and bring ze crew to St. Louis. We find you. We take you up ze coast to St. Louis, and on ze way, we put you, ze commandare, on parole; but your men—ah! your men—" he glanced down the line—"me mus' keep your men prisonare."

"Aye, mun," answered Captain MacNab, as he shook his wrist out of the divided shackle; "we can clear ousrel's o' the charge o' piracy, an' slave-tradin' canna be brought home to us. But will ye no pursue yon bark? There's the pirates ye want. Lay her alongside, loose my laddies an' gi' us arms, an' well get the de'il's an' our barky."

What was logical or practical in this proposition was ignored by the French officers. They had accomplished something, and perhaps wanted to return to civilization; but they acknowledged Captain MacNab's claim on the brig in lieu of his bark, and, beyond spiking the guns, did her no harm; and, to aid him in any future adjudication of his claim, they

also good-naturedly gave him the latitude, which he remembered.

The body of the mate was taken ashore and buried, and the grieving captain offered a hurried but heart-spoken prayer over the grave; while the others, still chained, were given a washing-down with the deck-hose—which, in their way, they seemed to enjoy—and conducted to the schooner's 'tween-deck; then, after the return from the landing up-shore of a well-laden provision-boat, the anchor was tripped, and they sailed down the channel, making out, as they opened up the broad Atlantic, a small speck on the western horizon, which before dusk was out of sight.

A long passage it was across the Gulf and up the coast to St. Louis, and before it ended the last shackle was filed from the tranquillized prisoners, who, dressed in the working ducks of the French navy, were allowed to walk the deck, free of restraint and duty, though nominally prisoners accused of piracy. At Captain MacNab's request, the English-speaking of the French crew made no reference in their hearing to the cause of their trouble, or to even the negro race; and once, after the sudden and violent relapse of three—the only ones awake—early in the morning of a wash-day, which Captain MacNab traced directly to the sight of a line of red under-shirts hung up to dry, the decree was issued from the quarter-deck that red undershirts were not to be worn or displayed while the prisoners were on board.

The three soon recovered; the physical condition of all became much improved; and, though not what could be called sane men—lacking even a natural

curiosity as to what had happened—they were tractable, and, with few exceptions, gave no promise of further violence of temper or action.

They entered the Senegal, sailed up the river, and about nightfall anchored off the island city of St. Louis, where, with French exuberance of spirit, the sea-worn officers and crew went ashore, leaving their pirates in charge of a small anchor-watch. The apathetic Scots lounged about the deck, looking at the lights of the town and the native craft darting to and fro in the half-darkness, and might, in an hour or so, have turned in for the night, had not one of the native craft—a bumboat—dropped alongside, and the occupants climbed aboard. After the manner of bumboat-men they came dressed up—each in a single garment. Two wore soldier coats minus the tails, one a woman's print dress, the rest bandanas. The color of all was red, and pandemonium broke loose.

Twenty-nine maniacs, shouting and screeching, charged on the poor blacks, who leaped overboard to save themselves. Captain MacNab, talking to the quarter-master in charge, heard the uproar and sprang forward to quiet it, but was helplessly caught in the howling mob and borne forward to the bow, where two French sailors ran out on the jibboom, and, being hot pressed, dropped and swam.

Back they came bearing their captain, and on the way gathered up the cook and his mate, and the carpenter and the officers' servants, who had come from below to see what was the matter, and who, after some rough handling, in which their clothing was

torn from their bodies, and most of their hair from their heads, only escaped death by risking it in the shark-infested river. The last Frenchman aboard, the quarter-master, followed, and the schooner was in the hands of lunatics. For a matter of ten minutes they busied themselves in undressing, yelling the while, and where buttons were obstinate the garment suffered; then a naked master-spirit of them slipped the cable, the schooner dropped down with the ebb, and Captain Angus MacNab arose to the situation.

“ ‘Tis the act of God,” he muttered. “ I am to carry oot his wark. I am to be a destrawin’ angel o’ the Lord. Loose fawrs’l an’ jibs,” he added, in a roar.

They answered and obeyed, the instinct of obedience overtopping their insanity. The main-sail and fore-topsail followed, then the light sails, and with Captain MacNab at the wheel and the naked, screaming crew flitting about the deck and rigging, the floating bedlam crossed the bar and went to sea.

“ I’ve the latitude,” said the captain, “ an’ the longitude is the coast of Africa. Praised be the name o’ the Lord!”

Crazy or sane, these men were sailors and obeyed orders when given in a tone of authority; but it was three days before Captain McNab dared leave the deck or attempt to guide them into other tasks than handling sail. By that time they were quiet enough to sleep and take turns at cooking. He chose a mate and divided the watches, then, as they sailed to the southward, impressed on their unsteady minds the wisdom of practice at the guns. His own

experience embraced a voyage in a man-of-war, and some of the men had also worn the blue. He made these men gun-captains.

In a week they could run them out and in, and go through the motions of swabbing, loading, aiming, and firing. When they became violent, he isolated and soothed them; when lazy or indifferent, he excited them by cautious reminiscence. They wore no clothes—nor needed them in the tropical weather—slept and ate when and where they pleased, fought one another occasionally, practiced at cutlass drill—with ofttimes bloody effect—and, as they sailed across the Gulf of Guinea, with powder and solid shot and shell, everything was done to arouse their combativeness: nothing to improve their minds or morals.

Captain MacNab continued the log book, thus keeping the day of the month, and with the officers' sextants and a French almanac, in which figures, if not words, were understandable, worked out the latitude as he needed it, and one day sailed into the river with the island at its mouth, up the north channel and across to the sunken brig, where he looked at the gunless, yellow deck, then put to sea.

"The de'il's ha' come for their guns an' drilled the spikes, na doot," he said; "an' I'm thinkin' it'll be a sea-fight—yard-arm to yard-arm. Send that I raise her to windward. The barky's best before it, but the schooner's best close-hauled."

And to windward the bark was when he finally "raised her." After a month's cruise in the neighborhood, during which he astonished several slave-

trading bark captains by chasing, then inconsistently dropping them, he was blown far to sea by an easterly gale, and on his return, close-hauled on the skirts of the faint trade-wind, sailed one midnight into a fog-bank, which, dissolving at noon of the next day, revealed the bark he was looking for heading south-east on the other tack and about five miles ahead.

The black schooner was of too distinct a type of craft to fail of being recognized by a man who had disabled her once and fled from her twice, and Captain MacNab was surprised, though agreeably so, to find that the bark made no effort to escape, either by clapping on sail or falling off to a better sailing point. She lay nearly upright, with royals furled, while the schooner put about on her lee-quarter and crept up—her lunatic crew excitedly bringing up shot and shell and scattering the contents of arm-chests about the deck. Captain MacNab placed the steadiest of them in charge of the powder supply, and his mate, the steadiest of all, at the wheel.

A white flag arose to the gaff end of the bark, her main yards were backed, and a boat lowered, which, as it drew near, showed to them the red shirts of the black rowers and a small white flag flying from the stern.

“We’ll e’en respect the etiquette o’ war,” said Captain MacNab, as he went among his men and admonished them. The fatal color had nearly rendered them uncontrollable. The boat stopped about twenty yards distant, and Captain Arcand arose to his feet in the stern.

“An’ ha’ ye foond a flag to sail under?” inquired

Captain MacNab, as he glared at him. The other scanned the line of twisted faces and naked shoulders appearing above the rail in unrepressed astonishment.

“I had expected,” he answered, “to meet the officers of a French schooner-of-war, explain my position, and come to a compromise. As I have told you, I have no quarrel with men-of-war. But I did not expect to see you.”

“I ha’ na doot—na doot o’ it. But ye meet a mon an’ a crew mair efficient to deal wi’ ye. I want na explanations. Take my boat back, an’ looer my table-cloth fra the gaff o’ my bark, an’ do it in ten minutes or I’ll sink ye.”

“What is your wish—to fight? I have no fears of the outcome; but it would be extremely repugnant to me. I am satisfied that your men are more than punished.”

“Back wi’ ye! back wi’ ye!” roared the enraged Captain MacNab. “Ye’re sawtisfied, are ye? But the vengeance o’ the Lord is not!”

The boat was back and up to the davits in less than ten minutes; then the bark payed off, headed south across the schooner’s bow, and set the royals. But the white flag remained at the gaff, and only fluttered down when—the ten minutes being up—Captain MacNab sent a shot from the bow-chaser, the only gun that would bear, skimming under the bowsprit.

The long-tom amidships on the bark now flashed out, and with the report came a pair of singing, whirling chain-shot towards the schooner, cutting away the main top-mast, as had happened before,

and depriving them of a useful gaff-topsail. Then Captain MacNab, who had payed off to a nearly parallel course, answered with a broadside, which brought one from the bark, and a running fight began. But, while the guns of the bark were aimed high to cripple the spars of the pursuer, the lunatic avengers swept the deck of the bark with the iron missiles, and the shells from the forward gun, aimed by the captain himself, did mighty work. It was at close range, and the sea being smooth, he planted those shells where he wished—against the plank-sheer or above it.

Each at the lower edge of a cloud of smoke the two vessels approached on converging lines, while cannon roared, and maniacs gibbered, and rigging above became tattered shreds; then down came the schooner's fore top-mast with the three sails supported by it, and the bark, with still intact canvas, crept ahead. Excepting the schooner's bow-chaser, which still killed men, and the terrible long-tom on the bark, which still sent its binary messengers hurtling through sail and rigging, the guns of both craft were now silent—unable to bear. The schooner, in the wake of the other, was barely moving, but still with steerag-way, and Captain MacNab decided on a change of tactics.

“Up wi’ the wheel!” he called. “Gybe her, an’ steady when she’s abeam. Doon wi’ all breech-screws, laddies. Aim high an’ bring doon his spars.” They obeyed him in their way, and as the booms swung over and the schooner lay across the wake of the bark, they fired again with elevated muzzles. The

result was a shattered main top-gallant mast and a dismounted long-tom, which was struck by the falling spar.

Again and again they loaded and fired; and when the bark's main top-mast sagged forward and fell, taking with it the yard with some dotting red spots on it, Captain MacNab decided to go on. He payed off, gybed again, and in the face of a fusillade of pistol-shots took the schooner up to the starboard quarter of the bark, exactly as the negro captain had done with his brig. The pistol-shots were directed at him, and at him alone, but beyond a few grazing wounds he was unhurt. Throwing a grapping-hook, he bound the two crafts together.

“Over ye go, my bairns!” he shouted, as he grabbed a cutlass. “Pikes, handspikes, or cutlasses, as ye will. At ‘em i’ the name of an outraged God!”

Wild-eyed and shrieking from the close proximity of their enemies, the naked men followed the frenzied captain to the corpse-strewn deck of the bark. Then a strange, one-sided struggle took place. Red-shirted negroes were cut down with pikes and swords, felled with handspikes and stamped upon; bullets sang around Captain MacNab, and some entered his flesh as he, nearly as insane as his men, fought and endeavored to reach the negro leader, who was coolly discharging shot after shot at him, only pausing to reload; *but not a crazy Scot was injured.*

In the midst of it all the twanging blare and drone of the pibroch was heard rising over the din; and marching aft from the forecastle-hatch, where he had

fought his way and descended, came the naked mate of the schooner. He had remembered his treasure, the companion of many a dogwatch, secured it, and now, mounting the dismounted long-tom, played, cheerfully and consistently, the wild, inspiriting tunes of his native land, while his countrymen fought and shouted, and black men fell and died. The negroes, bleeding and patient, merely defended themselves by dodging, feinting, and retreating, and only fired at Captain MacNab at such times as they could do so without hitting the others.

“Cease firing!” suddenly called out Captain Arcand; “he is mad as the rest. Disarm them if you can, and knock that bagpiper off the gun!”

The latter was done—with the butt-end of a pump-brake—and the musician climbed back to the schooner with his precious pipes. Disarming the others was not so easy, and the fight raged hotter from the added offensive action of the blacks. Captain MacNab sprang through a gap in the struggling crowd and lunged at Captain Arcand.

“Mad be I?” he yelled. “Possibly.” The lunge was parried, and a sword-combat, offensive on one side, defensive on the other, took place on the bloody deck. The white captain roared inarticulately as he cut and slashed; the other, cool, impassive, and silent, merely parried—though he occasionally pricked the sword-arm of his adversary—and retreated. It was English navy cutlass-drill against the French school of fencing, and, in a short time, ended by the white captain’s blade flying overboard. He was close to the handspike rack on the main-mast, and seized one.

The French school of fencing has no guard for the sweeping blow of such a weapon, and Captain Arcand stretched on the deck with skull crushed in.

“Thus saith the Lord!” growled Captain MacNab, as he turned to join the struggle still going on among the men. At this moment the drone of the bagpipes arose from the forecastle-deck of the schooner, where the musician, from the top of the capstan, was again discoursing. But the music he gave them now was soft and low, and it appealed in a different manner to the disordered understanding of these Scotchmen. They swarmed after him, the battle-weary remnant of the negro crew allowing them to go peaceably, and seated themselves on rail, cathead, and bitt, where they listened silently or with weeping or accompanying crooning, according to their several moods, while the quaint melodies of home rose and fell on the tropic air.

Captain MacNab was alone, surrounded by angry, gleaming-eyed men, who sent bullet after bullet at him. Their leader had fallen, and evidence of Captain MacNab’s insanity was conflicting; for, though his eyes blazed with maniacal fury, as he whirled the handspike and cleared ground, he was calling to his men, objurgating and beseeching them, to come back and finish their work. He gained the rail, bleeding from a score of wounds, climbed aboard the schooner, and with a flourish of his six-foot club sent the bagpipes, flying from the arms of the player, over the side. The musician stared vacantly at him and wept.

“Hooray noo, lads! Follow me back! Awa’ wi’

ye all!" he shouted, and turned to lead them; but in the brief time of his absence the negroes had dislodged the grappling hook, and ten feet of open space now separated the two vessels. Dashing the blood from his eyes, Captain MacNab sprang to the main-deck and swabbed, loaded, and depressed the port shell-gun until it pointed at the water-line of the bark. Then he fired.

A solid shot fired at this angle would have come out through the opposite bilge and made a dangerous leak. A shell would, presumably, have exploded on impact, and made a worse leak at the water-line. This shell produced heavier results. Following the roar of the gun, by the merest fraction of a second, came a louder roar—a crashing, crackling riot of deafening sound containing every note in the chromatic scale. The deck and black sides of the bark amidships rose and bulged, separating across the planks, and from the interior belched, upward and outward, a burning, blinding sheet of red, which hurled Captain MacNab and his men to the deck, hairless, blistered, and writhing.

Captain MacNab arose a few moments later, dragged himself painfully to the rail, and looked over at an agitated turmoil of water, on which appeared, at intervals, boxes, small spars, slivers of planking, and an occasional red-shirted body, or part of one. The bark was gone. Broken in half by the explosion of the powder-magazine, she had sunk to the bottom, and of the half-hundred men comprising her crew at the beginning of the fight, not one came to the surface alive. They were martyrs

to a chivalry not known in the ethics of civilized warfare.

Raising his blood-smeared face and outstretched arms to the blue cloud of smoke above, Captain MacNab groaned hoarsely: "Thou didst blow wi' thy wind, the sea covered them; they sank as lead i' the mighty waters." Then he fell to the deck.

Twenty years later a French corvette appeared off the mouth of the river with the island at its mouth, and was boarded by a Krooman, who could speak English, but not French, and who offered to pilot the ship in for a consideration. As the captain understood English, he was available, and was engaged. Conning the ship up the north channel, the pilot pointed out to the captain the remains of a ten-gun battery on the island, which covered all approach from the river above, and explained that a long time ago—before he came to the town—a black schooner, with torn sails and no top-masts, had come in and grounded on the river-bar. Then her crew had unloaded stores and guns, built a house, set fire to the schooner, and lived for many years on yams they grew and fish they caught. Whenever the natives above would come down in their canoes to visit them, they were fired at by one or more of the guns, and they decided at last to let them alone. One day, a white-haired old man, scarred and shriveled of face, had come over from the island, explaining that all his comrades had died, and this white-haired, gentle old man had lived with the natives many years more, nursing them when sick, and teach-

ing them of the white man's God, until, as the town grew up and traders arrived, he went away to the interior, while those whom he had taught wept and prayed for him. But he never came back, and while with them had not told them anything of himself, so they did not know, to this day, who the white men were, or why they had burned their vessel and lived on the island.

While the ship took in water and yams that day, the captain called his gig and visited the island. He looked closely at the dismounted and half-mired guns and nodded his head. Then he stood over a square of ground up from the beach and counted two rows of ten and one of nine head-stones. Around this plot was a fence of chain stretched over the trunks of young trees planted at its edge, every three feet of which chain was marked by a shackle.

"Ze chains bind—in death as in life," mused the captain. "Twenty-nine here—ze mate, ovare on ze beach—and ze captain; ah, ze captain, he turn missionary to ze natives. It is ze poetree of justice, but it is horeeble."

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